880.8
C 616
7

7542

880.8
C 616
7

7542

The Greek Classics Vol. 7
Drama, Romance

DATE DUE	BORROWER'S NAME	ROOM NUMBER
NOV 9	NOV 9 RECD Mike Giusti	M 311

RECD

LIBRARY
College of St. Francis
JOLIET, ILL.

University of St. Francis
GEN 880.8 C616
Miller
The Greek Classics v.7
3 0301 00035102 9

This book may be kept

FOURTEEN DAYS

A fine of TWO CENTS will be charged for each day the Book is kept over time.

DE 12 '63
Oct. 22
NO 1 1 '65
NO 23 '65
OC 27 '66
NO 22 '66
NO 30 '67
OC 17 '68
OC 31 '68
DE 14 '71
NO 9 '72

Library Bureau Cat. No. 1137.24

This is Volume Seven of a complete set of

THE CLASSICS—GREEK AND LATIN

consisting of fifteen volumes issued strictly as a Limited Edition. In Volume One will be found a certificate as to the Limitation of the Edition and the Registered Number of this Set.

THE CLASSICS
GREEK & LATIN

THE MOST CELEBRATED WORKS OF HELLENIC AND ROMAN LITERATVRE, EMBRACING POETRY, ROMANCE, HISTORY, ORATORY, SCIENCE, AND PHILOSOPHY, TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH PROSE AND VERSE BY DISTINGVISHED MEN OF LETTERS, WITH CRITICAL APPRECIATIONS BY AN INTERNATIONAL COVNCIL OF CLASSICAL SCHOLARS. * *

MARION MILLS MILLER, Litt.D.
(PRINCETON) EDITOR IN CHIEF

VINCENT·PARKE
AND · COMPANY·
NEW·YORK

THE CLASSICS
GREEK AND LATIN

CONTRIBUTING CLASSIC COUNCIL

J. P. MAHAFFY, D.C.L., Trinity College, Dublin
SIR ALEXANDER GRANT, LL.D., Edinburgh
EDWARD POSTE, M.A., Oxford University
J. H. FREESE, M.A., Cambridge University
BASIL L. GILDERSLEEVE, LL.D.,
Professor of Greek, Johns Hopkins University
JOHN HENRY WRIGHT, LL.D.,
Professor of Greek, Harvard University
HENRY P. WRIGHT, PH.D.,
Professor of Latin, Yale University
HARRY THURSTON PECK, L.H.D.,
Professor of Latin, Columbia University
SAMUEL ROSS WINANS, PH.D.,
Professor of Greek, Princeton University
CHARLES E. BENNETT, LITT.D.,
Professor of Latin, Cornell University
WILLIAM A. LAMBERTON, LITT.D.,
Professor of Greek, University of Pennsylvania
JOHN DAMEN MAGUIRE, PH.D.,
Professor of Latin, Catholic University of America
PAUL SHOREY, PH.D.,
Professor of Greek, University of Chicago
MARTIN LUTHER D'OOGE, PH.D.,
Professor of Greek, University of Michigan
ANDREW J. BELL, M.A.,
Professor of Latin, University of Toronto
WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MERRILL, L.H.D.,
Professor of Latin, University of California
MARY LEAL HARKNESS, M.A.,
Professor of Latin, Tulane University

MARION MILLS MILLER, LITT. D. (Princeton)
Editor-in-Chief

VINCENT PARKE AND
COMPANY, NEW YORK

Copyright, 1909, by
Vincent Parke and Company,
New York

THE GREEK CLASSICS

VOLUME SEVEN

Drama, Romance

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION: PAGE

ÆSCHYLUS, THE SOLDIER POET 15
By Reginald S. Copleston, D.D., Bishop of Colombo

THE PROMETHEUS BOUND OF ÆSCHYLUS:
Translated into English Verse by Elizabeth Barrett Browning 29

INTRODUCTION:

SOPHOCLES, THE ATTIC BEE 69
By Clifton W. Collins, M.A.

THE ANTIGONE OF SOPHOCLES:
Translated into English Verse by Thomas Francklin 81

INTRODUCTION:

EURIPIDES, THE DRAMATIST OF PATHOS . . . 123
By William Bodham Donne

THE MEDEA OF EURIPIDES:
Translated into English Verse by Michael Wodhull 133

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF ARISTOPHANES:
By Henry Morley 185

INTRODUCTION TO THE CLOUDS OF ARISTOPHANES:
By Benjamin Bickley Rogers, Esq. 186

THE CLOUDS OF ARISTOPHANES:
Translated into English Verse by Benjamin Bickley Rogers 191

7542

INTRODUCTION: PAGE

THE OLD, MIDDLE AND NEW COMEDY 253

FRAGMENTS OF THE COMIC DRAMATISTS:

Translated into English Verse by F. A. Paley and Others 258

ALEXIS — ANAXANDRIDES — ANAXILAS — ANTIPHANES — APOLLODORUS OF CARYSTUS — ARISTOPHON — AXIONICUS — CRATINUS — CLEARCHUS — DIPHILUS — EPICRATES — EUBULUS — EUPHRON — EUPOLIS — HEGESIPPUS — HERMIPPUS — MENANDER — METAGENES — PHERECRATES — PHILEMON — PHILIPPIDES — PLATO COMICUS — THEOPOMPUS — XENARCHUS

INTRODUCTION:

GREEK NOVELS AND ROMANCES 297

THE HUNTER OF EUBŒA, BY DIO CHRYSOSTOM:

Translated by Samuel Ross Winans, Ph.D., Professor of Greek in Princeton University . . . 302

THE PASTORALS, OR THE LOVES OF DAPHNIS AND CHLOE, BY LONGUS:

Translated for the Athenian Society . . . 321

THE ÆTHIOPICA, OR THE ADVENTURES OF THEAGENES AND CHARICLEA, BY HELIODORUS:

Translated for the Athenian Society . . . 393

ILLUSTRATIONS

PAGE

PROMETHEUS BOUND . . . . . Frontispiece

From a painting by Gustav Graef

ANTIGONE 78

From a painting by E. Tischendorf

MEDEA 132

From a painting by Nathanael Sichel

THE PROMETHEUS BOUND

OF

ÆSCHYLUS

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE BY

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

WITH AN INTRODUCTION UPON

ÆSCHYLUS, THE SOLDIER-POET

BY

REGINALD S. COPLESTON, D.D.
BISHOP OF COLOMBO

INTRODUCTION

ÆSCHYLUS, THE SOLDIER-POET

BY REGINALD S. COPLESTON, D.D
Bishop of Colombo

THE ORIGIN OF THE GREEK DRAMA

IN order rightly to understand the drama of the Greeks, and especially their tragedy, we must rid ourselves, as far as possible, of those ideas and associations which now cling round the names of "play" and "theatre." For our modern plays are so unlike a Greek tragedy, and the position which they occupy is so entirely different from that of the Athenian theatre, that the few points which both have in common are more likely to impede than assist us.

The Athenian theatre was a national institution; no private speculation, but the pride and glory of a great people; somewhat like, in this respect, to the celebrated theatres of some of the small German states, such as those of Dresden or Mannheim. It was also a religious institution; not merely a scene of national amusement, but at the same time a solemn ceremony in honour of the god Bacchus [Dionysus]. The performances took place only at rare intervals, when the festivals of that divinity came round, and so were invested with a dignity which cannot attach to our modern theatres, open as these are every day in the year or in the season. And as a consequence of the rarity of the representations, each play was, as a rule, enacted only once.

All these facts—that the theatre was national, and religious, and rarely open—combined to make the audience on each occasion very numerous. It was a point of national pride, of religious duty, and of common prudence on the part of every citizen, not to miss the two great dramatic festivals of the year when their season came. Accordingly, we hear that thirty

thousand people used to be present together; and we may infer from this, as well as from other indisputable evidence, the vast size of the theatre itself. The performance took place in the day-time, and lasted nearly all day, for several plays were presented in succession; and the theatre was open to the sky and to the fields, so that when a man looked away from the solemn half-mysterious representation of the legendary glories of his country, his eye would fall on the city itself, with its temples and its harbours, or on the rocky cliffs of Salamis and the sunny islands of Ægean. Finally, the performance was musical, and so more like an opera than an ordinary play, though we shall see that even this resemblance is little more than superficial.

Living with no anxieties; surrounded by the constant presence of deities who showed themselves to him through every form of natural beauty; reared on sunny hills amid the olive and the vine, and looking out always on bright bays and islands of the eastern sea; trained in every exercise of health; beautiful in face and person as the gods he believed in,—every Greek was in his measure an Apollo, always young in spirit, and cheerful and strong. The epochs of his simple life were the seasons of seed-time and harvest, of pruning and vintage; and they were marked by rustic ceremonies in honour of the gods of fruit and flowers and corn and wine.

Of all these seasons, those connected with the grape were naturally the merriest and most famous. When the rich clusters were carried home, all the country-side would gather round a rustic altar of Bacchus, at the foot of the warm hills on which the vines grew so richly, and there they danced, and sang, and played games,—simple indeed, but marked by the grace and beauty which seems inseparable from the nature of a Greek. This Bacchus whom they worshipped was not, as he is to us, a statue, or a picture, or a name, but a real merry boy with a crown of ivy-leaves and a strange power of inspiring wild thoughts in the human breast. His laughing eyes had often peeped through the thick coverts of vines at the village maidens, and stories were told how once he had leapt from his tiger-chariot to win the love of Ariadne. When spring came round, and the last year's wine was opened, there was another

festival, even more joyous, and merriment became boisterous as the power of the god made itself felt; and these spring festivals grew to be the chief ones of the year. Many rude games arose, in which the young men contended for a goat,[1] the victim sacrificed, or for a cup or tripod. One of the sports was to dance upon the slippery changing surface of a skin of wine, and he who kept his footing best carried off the skin of wine for his prize. Another was to sing extemporised songs in honour of the god; and when, in any district, a poetical spirit sprang up, this became a leading feature of the contests. Some particular village, we may suppose, would get famous for the hymns sung yearly at its spring festival, and become the centre of a district: the villagers made themselves a name, and went about to sing at neighbouring feasts; then matches were made up between different companies of singers, or individual poets contended together; and the thing grew until there were organised bands of twelve or more, who danced round the altar of Bacchus singing their hymns in his praise, and ballads describing his birth, and his loves, and his exploits. The first systematising of this form of entertainment is connected with the name of one Arion of Corinth. In his hands the dithyrambic dance and song (such was the name) became an orderly and solemn ceremony, and as such was kept up for many years in different parts of Greece. The number of the chorus was raised to fifty, and set music and words were composed for it. But it was in Attica, the land of the drama, that the first great addition was made to the simplicity of this chorus. Thespis, an inhabitant of one of the country districts, introduced into the pauses of the choric song a rude dialogue, maintained probably at first by himself on the one hand, and the leader of the singers on the other. This may have been sometimes comic, not much more dignified than the repartees with which our clowns fill up the pauses in a circus; sometimes it consisted of questions and answers concerning some story or exploit of Bacchus or Hercules;—at any rate, it soon grew to more. The actor, for so we must now begin to call him,

[1] The memory of this custom is probably still preserved in the name of "Tragedy," which means "the goat-song."

would narrate, not without explanatory gesture and action, some mythical story, while the chorus would sing from time to time songs in continuation of his tale, or in comment upon it; songs of triumph when a victory was described, of mourning when the action was sad, and at all times of moral and pious reflection upon the dealings of the gods with men.

Such was the earliest form of the Attic tragedy, and much as it was afterwards developed, it never entirely lost this form. To the one actor of THESPIS, who was the Father of Greek Drama (sixth century B.C.), another was soon added, so that there was now a complete dialogue independent of the chorus; but to anything like the modern system, of many parts, each supported by a separate actor, the Greek tragedy never attained. Three is the largest number of actors employed in any of the plays of Æschylus; so that, although each took more than one part in succession, there could never be more than three speaking characters upon the stage at once, except when, as was often the case, the chorus took part in the action.

The chorus of Thespis had danced upon a raised platform, in the midst of which stood the altar of the god; the introduction of a second actor made an increase of space and means of entrance and exit necessary, and thus the platform grew into the stage. In course of time a separate place was made for the chorus, and called the orchestra, or dancing stage, while the stage proper was left for the actors, and for the chorus when it assumed an actor's part. Further, as there were now two actors exhibiting a story by means of dialogue, each naturally presented a different hero or deity; to make this assumption of character more effective, masks were introduced, and before long great perfection was arrived at in their construction.

From the very first, as we have seen, these choric songs were produced at annual contests during the spring festival of the god of wine; and the same custom was continued when the dialogue had been added to the chorus, and the now developed dramas were presented in succession to compete for an annual prize. Having its origin in the country villages of Attica, this form of poetic contest found its centre in Athens, and the two spring festivals there became distinguished among

the chief solemnities of Greece. When Athens began to take the lead among Grecian states, as she did after the Persian war, while her art and literature, though still only in embryo, were preparing to rise to that eminence which soon afterwards they attained, all that was most solemn in religion, most enthusiastic in national feeling, most beautiful in art, found its expression in the rival dramas which twice in every spring were presented, one after another, in the great theatre of Bacchus to contend for the tragic prize. Foremost among the poets for many years was Æschylus; but there must have been many others who rivalled and sometimes defeated him, and these contributed their share towards the advances which were made in his time by the art.

LIFE OF ÆSCHYLUS

ÆSCHYLUS was born about the year 525 B.C. at Eleusis, near Athens, a village celebrated for the secret rites of Demeter there performed,—those Eleusinian mysteries which are among the most remarkable institutions that the world has seen. The great goddess of Eleusis, Demeter, or Mother Earth, was one of the most august of the divinities of Greece. She represented the earth in its power and its kindliness; in the conception formed of her, the earth's venerable age and greatness, and the mysterious influence by which she quickens seed and nourishes life, were combined with the genial fertility and rich healthy fruitfulness of the soil; and so was made up the notion of a goddess, awful from her power, but a kind mother still to men. Eleusis was one of the chief seats of her worship, and thence originated a sort of sacred freemasonry, which was widely spread among the different tribes of Greece. For there were certain secret doctrines which only the initiated might learn, and rites at which only the initiated might assist; and these rites and doctrines, whatever they were, were no formal or trifling thing, but furnished a creed and an interest which raised the initiated, in some degree, to a higher level than his fellow-men. We have no means of guessing what it was that was taught in them. It has been supposed that some vestiges of the true faith, ideas of the unity of God and the immortality of the soul, were kept alive and handed down by

these mysteries: however that may be, they were regarded as peculiarly holy, and the place on which the shadow of their solemnity fell could not fail to suggest grand thoughts to a powerful and imaginative mind. It can hardly be merely fanciful to ascribe, in some degree at least, to this influence the delight which Æschylus shows, throughout his extant works, in all that is mysterious and awful, as well as his preference for the more dimly known and ancient of the gods. A boyhood passed in longing to know the meaning of the crowds that constantly were coming to his native village, and of the long processions which sometimes passed through its fields; in wondering at the awestruck look of the men who came out from the sacred place, or in guessing the import of the dim allusions which he heard from time to time;—a boyhood so passed must surely give a solemnity and earnestness to the whole nature of the man. And certainly Æschylus, if we may believe his biographers, was from an early age haunted by solemn imaginations, and by a consciousness of the presence of the gods. It is said that he told this story of himself. Once, when quite a child, he was left in a vineyard to guard or watch the grapes, and, tired with the sun, he lay down and slept; and he saw coming through the rows of vines the flushed face of Bacchus, merry, yet terrible; and Bacchus bade him give himself henceforth to the tragic art. On this anecdote we cannot place much reliance—it sounds like a later fabrication; but we may well believe that a "fine frenzy" was early seen in the eyes of Æschylus, and that his character was early marked by a fiery earnestness and pride.

He was born of noble family, and in after-years, when he saw changes passing over the society of Athens, by which the prestige of nobility was lowered, and new men were helped to rise to the highest offices in the state, his pride of birth showed itself in a spirit of haughty reserve and stern conservatism. But in this contempt for the rising citizens of his day there was at least one great truth implied; a truth, that is, very needful for the time in which he lived. Love of moderation and due proportion, and a hatred of the vulgarity of excess—this, the characteristic principle of Greek art in all its branches, was beginning to make itself felt and con-

sciously accepted; and this is the very principle which new men, in every age, are most apt to violate. And Æschylus as a leader in the development of the artistic spirit, could not but be rightly indignant at the arrogance of newly-gotten wealth. To him, as to all true Greeks, such arrogance was a sin against the gods. A man exulting in his great prosperity, and presuming on it, was a sight at which the gods were angry: they would impel such a man to violent deeds, and make his pride the instrument of his destruction. The moderate wealth and well-founded dignity of an ancient family had all charms for Æschylus; he loved all that was venerable, and hated arrogance above all crimes. Of this influence of his noble birth we shall find frequent indications.

But an Athenian citizen, though he might plume himself in private on his birth, would not think of disdaining to mingle on equal terms with the mass of his fellow-citizens in the field and the assembly. In many a stern battle Æschylus fought as readily as any; and his hardihood was not, as with some of our own well-born soldiers, a virtue rarely shown, called out by the occasion, and contrasting strangely with the almost effeminate indolence and luxury of ordinary days. Something of this character appeared afterwards in Alcibiades, but we may be very sure there was none of it in Æschylus. He, like all the Greeks of his day, was hardy and warlike always; more warlike than most, almost fierce perhaps he was; and though he could turn to elegant pursuits,—though he was a courtier and a poet as well as a soldier,—yet this was not to be noticed in him as an exceptional combination. For an Athenian was expected to be a man of many powers, and not, because he excelled in one thing, therefore to fail in every other: rather, to be excellent was with them to excel in all things to which a free and cultivated man might turn his hand. This point it is which makes Æschylus, as soldier-poet, so remarkable an object for our consideration.

Æschylus, though holding no high command, was selected, with his two brothers, for the prize of pre-eminent bravery at Marathon, and his brother again won the highest honour in the battle of Salamis. Now to be distinguished at Marathon was something worth living for. Civilisation, art, and

culture, against barbarism, wealth, and numbers; freedom against despotism; Europe against Asia,—no less a strife than this was decided that day. The Greeks came to the encounter with the anxiety of men who were trying a new weapon against an enemy of new powers. They were unused to the vast numbers and imposing equipment of the Persians, and the power of freedom and culture had hardly yet been tried. It would have been impious to distrust such weapons and such a cause, but still it was an anxious crisis. And when it ended in the utter rout of Darius and his innumerable hosts, the triumph was proportionate to that anxiety. Greece was greater that day than any country has ever been since, and on that day Æschylus was among the greatest of Greece. And ten years afterward there came a day, less critical, indeed, but even more splendid, when "ships by thousands lay" off Salamis, and the Athenians led the Greeks to the fullest victory. The Athenians then had sacrificed their homes and the temples of their gods to fight for fellow-countrymen who were ungrateful and remiss; the virtue of one Athenian and the genius of another had made the victory possible; and on this proudest day that Athens ever saw the brother of Æschylus was named as having borne himself the best, and the poet himself was doubtless not far behind.

During the interval between these two battles our poet had produced many plays, and several times won the prize; and a few years after the battle of Salamis he wrote the "Persians," a tragedy founded on that event, and representing the tragical end of Xerxes as brought on him by his overweening confidence and pride. In some other plays as well as in this—in "The Seven against Thebes," for instance, and the "Eumenides"—Æschylus treated political subjects directly or indirectly, and inculcated a conservative policy which should not seek through violence the aggrandisement of the state, nor carelessly change her venerable institutions. But in Athens at that time all was progress. Æschylus had neither the taste nor the opinions which would tend to make a man popular there. Discouraged perhaps by the changes effected in the constitution, piqued at the success of younger men, and, in particular, of Sophocles, and annoyed by a charge of sacrilege

which he was supposed to have incurred by disclosing on the stage some details of the Eleusinian mysteries, he left Athens in his old age, never to return.

He retired to the court of Hiero in Syracuse, where he had before been a frequent guest, and there, in the midst of a literary circle, with Pindar, Simonides, and Epicharmus, he passed the remainder of his life. Several plays he wrote during his stay there, and these were probably produced at Athens by the care of his friends. It is likely that his greatest work, the Story of Orestes, was among them. He died at Gela, in Sicily, in the sixty-ninth year of his age. The inhabitants of Gela gave him a splendid funeral, and inscribed his own epitaph upon his tomb: —

> This tomb the dust of Æschylus doth hide,
> Euphorion's son, and fruitful Gela's pride:
> How tried his valour Marathon may tell,
> And long-haired Medes who know it all too well.
>
> — *Translated by* PLUMPTRE.

PROMETHEUS BOUND

OF the few remaining plays of Æschylus[1] the "Prometheus Bound" is the easiest, the most typical, and the most interesting.

It is, in several respects, as simple as it could be. The interest is undivided, for the one hero is present throughout, and the other persons who appear from time to time are all introduced directly for the sake of their connection with him. The unity which all plays, and indeed all works of art, ought to possess, is generally attained, if at all, by less simple means. The main thread is often lost sight of for a time, and our interest is temporarily engaged in some side-plot, which is only afterwards and indirectly seen to bear upon the main issue; so that the poet's skill is shown in enlisting our sympathies in the separate aims of a number of persons, and yet making all those aims subservient, in one way or another, to the chief action of the piece. But in the "Prometheus" unity is directly secured by having only one person of predominant influence.

[1] Æschylus is said to have written seventy or even a hundred plays, but we have only seven extant.

There is not much elaborate art, certainly, in this course, nor is a result so attained ever quite as striking as that of the more complicated process, when that is used with great power and is completely successful; but such success is rare indeed. It is too often the case that the surrounding interests, instead of contributing their several currents to the main stream, are only so many drains detracting from it. And so it is that few plays of those written with most elaborate art produce anything like the imposing sense of unity which we gain from the "Prometheus."

In its plot, too, this play is exceedingly simple. If we consider the series of steps by which the catastrophe is brought about in a modern play, the great number of events which take place between the rising of the curtain and its fall, how many people pass through vicissitudes of hope and despair, are married and killed, what a long time often elapses, long enough even for changes to appear in the character of the persons;—if we consider this complexity, and then turn to the plot of the "Prometheus," we shall feel that we are dealing with quite a different kind of composition.

Prometheus is nailed to a rock, and refuses even under this torture to yield to the will of Jove. That is all. Other persons come and speak to him, urge or command him to relent, or threaten him with the result, but only to be repelled in turn. The attitude of the hero never alters, the issue is never doubtful. This naturally seems to us only a scene out of a longer play—and such, in a sense, it is. It is probably the second part in one of those series of three plays, or trilogies, of which we have one complete specimen in the "Story of Orestes." The first of the three would have exhibited the crime of Prometheus, his stealing the divine fire for men; then came the Prometheus Bound, his punishment; and lastly, Prometheus Freed, his restoration. There were, in that case, three complete pictures, together making one story. We have only one picture left, and it is perhaps the simplest, and certainly the most affecting, of the three.

Another respect in which the play is simple is its scene. From the nature of the story, this remains unchanged throughout, until it is lost in the final convulsion.

Now, to have the attention concentrated on one person, in one set of circumstances, in one place, would of course be most tedious, unless the play were short. And it is, like most of our author's plays, much shorter than even the average of Greek tragedies. It is little more than a *tableau vivant,* exhibiting the punishment and fortitude of Prometheus; a signal instance of that character by which the Attic tragedy is especially distinguised from the modern, of statuesque and colossal simplicity. It is a single statue, not even a group: it is less complicated than the Laocoon: though evidently one of a series, it is complete in itself.

Lastly, the play is much the most universally interesting of the surviving dramas of Æschylus. There is very little in it that is exclusively Greek or Athenian; no allusions, or very few, to historical events or national institutions, so that it is as suitable almost to one place and time as to another. The spectacle of a god suffering for the sake of men, so wonderful a prophecy as it is of the great fact of Christianity, has, for most minds, a strong fascination. Goethe, Shelley, and many others, have tried their hands upon the subject—not, it is true, following the plain story of Æschylus, but each adapting the materials to his own creed. Goethe's work is only a fragment. The "Prometheus Unbound" of Shelley, though it is a poem in many points painful and in many fantastic, yet has many passages which illustrate Æschylus with remarkable clearness. But one thing must always prevent any modern adaptation of the situation from being complete, if it is to avoid being blasphemous. In the Greek play Prometheus represents the cause of man against Zeus, and openly rebels against him. Now, so long as the supreme god is represented as wicked or unjust, such an attitude can be an object of sympathy; but to those who believe in the true God, a rebel against Him cannot be regarded as a friend to men, or be an object of anything but hatred. Hence it is that the nearest parallel to Prometheus which modern literature affords is Satan himself in "Paradise Lost." As a spectacle of indomitable will, not succumbing under torture, and raising to the last a voice of defiance to heaven, Satan is the very counterpart of Prometheus; but all that wins our sympathy for Prometheus,—his goodness, and

7541

gentleness, and love of men—is of course wanting in the character of Satan. Shelley has made his adaptation more complete, and it scarcely escapes the charge of blasphemy. The race of men are represented, in the person of his Prometheus, as always baffled in all desires and aims at good by the tyranny of some cruel power. In Byron's "Cain," this attitude is still more openly assumed, but the person of Cain is not represented as entirely deserving of our sympathy. However, these instances show how favourite a theme this, of mankind suffering in the person of one, has been with later poets.

But we will turn to a pleasanter comparison, and see mankind suffering, not in antagonism but in conscious submission to the will of God. In the oldest of all poems, it may be, in the Book of Job, the same great spectacle of heroic endurance is set before us, and there too the hero represents humanity. Prometheus, after his long suffering, is restored to happiness; humanity suffers and is restored in his person. So it is, in a much higher sense, with Job. Not only in his physical sufferings and restoration, but in the deeper agony of the moral problem which overpowers him, and the higher elevation of the future to which he looks, Job represents all mankind. In him are answered the angry questions which Shelley and Byron ask. "What means," say they, "this constant baffling of man's best efforts, this universal presence of pain and sin, this obscurity in the ways of God?" These are the questions of humanity in its sufferings, and in Job is found the answer. As he was restored, mankind will be freed from this pain; as he learned the explanation of God's ways, so will mankind be taught. The resurrection will come, and the latter end of the human race will be blessed abundantly; for, in a higher sense than Job could know of, its "Redeemer liveth, and will stand at the latter day upon the earth."

So Prometheus is the Job of the heathen—their prophecy of Christ; and this gives this drama an interest which no other can possess.

There is one other point which must be mentioned about this play, before we proceed to its actual description. It does not so much give us excitement or instruction, as imprint on our minds a figure. This is somewhat the case with "Hamlet;"

it is the case with "Don Quixote." We rise from the perusal of such a work enriched with a constant companion: a strongly-marked character, almost a well-defined form, is stored up within our minds. So is it with the "Prometheus." Just as those who have been among the Alps may carry about with them the vivid presence of some solitary height which stands up alone and defiant in the face of heaven, its rough sides beaten by a thousand storms, and the great mountains sinking at its feet,—so those who have studied the "Prometheus" have always in their mind that exhibition of unapproachable greatness and indomitable will.

Now who was this Prometheus? He was one of the Titans, the older race of gods who reigned in Olympus before Jove and his dynasty came to the throne of heaven. Jove was supposed to have obtained his position by conspiracy against his father Saturn—an impiety in some sort justifiable, because Saturn had dispossessed his father Uranus by means not less outrageous. It is a curious question, What could have led the Greeks to rest the claims of their gods on such foundations? —but we cannot enter upon it here. Jove was aided, of course, in his enterprise, by the gods who, when he had succeeded, found places by his side; and Prometheus, at the first, was one of these. He had always been a pitying friend to the human race, and his mother Themis, or Right, had encouraged him in the hope that the reign of Jove would be beneficial to mankind. His name, Prometheus, means "forethought," and in his love of men is implied the lesson that forethought is the source of all human happiness. Hoping, then, to confer a blessing on mankind, he had helped to raise Zeus to power, at the expense of the old gods, and the Titans, his kindred; but he was disappointed at the result. Zeus entirely neglected mankind, or even sought to depress them more and more, till he should have put an end to the race altogether. To remedy their sad state, Prometheus carried down from heaven by stealth some sparks of fire concealed in a stalk of fennel, that men might learn to forge tools and instruments, and so arts and wealth might arise upon the earth. But to use this element of fire had been the special prerogative of the gods, and they would not have an inferior race strengthened by it; fearing,

perhaps, lest, so equipped, mankind might aspire to supplant them in the empire of heaven. So their wrath was great against Prometheus, and he was regarded as the foe of the gods and the friend of the upstart tribes of men, and Zeus condemned him to be bound upon a peak of Mount Caucasus, there to linger out the long years of eternity; and all the other gods, who enjoyed their prerogatives only through his aid, joined in rejoicing over his fall. Only a few who, like himself, were victims of the tyranny of the new Ruler, were found to sympathise with his troubles.

ÆSCHYLUS

PROMETHEUS BOUND

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA

Prometheus	Hephæstus
Oceanus	Io, *daughter of Inachus*
Hermes	Strength *and* Force

Chorus *of Ocean Nymphs*

Scene—Strength *and* Force, Hephæstus *and* Prometheus, *at the Rocks*

Strength. We reach the utmost limit of the earth,—
The Scythian track, the desert without man.
And now, Hephæstus, thou must needs fulfil
The mandate of our Father, and with links
Indissoluble of adamantine chains
Fasten against this beetling precipice
This guilty god. Because he filched away
Thine own bright flower, the glory of plastic fire,
And gifted mortals with it,—such a sin
It doth behoove he expiate to the gods,
Learning to accept the empery of Zeus,
And leave off his old trick of loving man.

Hephæstus. O Strength and Force, for you our Zeus's will
Presents a deed for doing, no more!—But *I*,
I lack your daring, up this storm-rent chasm
To fix with violent hands a kindred god,
Howbeit necessity compels me so
That I must dare it, and our Zeus commands
With a most inevitable word. Ho, thou!
High-thoughted son of Themis, who is sage!
Thee loath, I loath must rivet fast in chains
Against this rocky height unclomb by man,
Where never human voice nor face shall find
Out thee who lov'st them; and thy beauty's flower,

Scorched in the sun's clear heat, shall fade away.
Night shall come up with garniture of stars
To comfort thee with shadow, and the sun
Disperse with retrickt beams the morning-frosts;
But through all changes, sense of present woe
Shall vex thee sore, because with none of them
There comes a hand to free. Such fruit is plucked
From love of man! And in that thou, a god,
Didst brave the wrath of gods, and give away
Undue respect to mortals, for that crime
Thou art adjudged to guard this joyless rock,
Erect, unslumbering, bending not the knee,
And many a cry and unavailing moan
To utter on the air. For Zeus is stern,
And new-made kings are cruel.

STRENGTH. Be it so.
Why loiter in vain pity? Why not hate
A god the gods hate?—one, too, who betrayed
Thy glory unto men?

HEPHÆSTUS. An awful thing
Is kinship joined to friendship.

STRENGTH. Grant it be:
Is disobedience to the Father's word
A possible thing? Dost quail not more for that?

HEPHÆSTUS. Thou, at least, art a stern one, ever bold.

STRENGTH. Why, if I wept, it were no remedy;
And do not *thou* spend labor on the air
To bootless uses.

HEPHÆSTUS. Cursed handicraft!
I curse and hate thee, O my craft!

STRENGTH. Why hate
Thy craft most plainly innocent of all
These pending ills?

HEPHÆSTUS. I would some other hand
Were here to work it!

STRENGTH. All work hath its pain,
Except to rule the gods. There is none free
Except King Zeus.

HEPHÆSTUS. I know it very well;

I argue not against it.

STRENGTH. Why not, then,
Make haste and lock the fetters over HIM,
Lest Zeus behold thee lagging?

HEPHÆSTUS. Here be chains.
Zeus may behold these.

STRENGTH. Seize him; strike amain;
Strike with the hammer on each side his hands;
Rivet him to the rock.

HEPHÆSTUS. The work is done,
And thoroughly done.

STRENGTH. Still faster grapple him;
Wedge him in deeper; leave no inch to stir.
He's terrible for finding a way out
From the irremediable.

HEPHÆSTUS. Here's an arm, at least
Grappled past freeing.

STRENGTH. Now, then, buckle me
The other securely. Let this wise one learn
He's duller than our Zeus.

HEPHÆSTUS. Oh, none but he
Accuse me justly.

STRENGTH. Now, straight through the chest,
Take him and bite him with the clenching tooth
Of the adamantine wedge, and rivet him.

HEPHÆSTUS. Alas, Prometheus, what thou sufferest here
I sorrow over.

STRENGTH. Dost thou flinch again,
And breathe groans for the enemies of Zeus?
Beware lest thine own pity find thee out.

HEPHÆSTUS. Thou dost behold a spectacle that turns
The sight o' the eyes to pity.

STRENGTH. I behold
A sinner suffer his sin's penalty.
But lash the thongs about his sides.

HEPHÆSTUS. So much
I must do. Urge no farther than I must.

STRENGTH. Ay, but I *will* urge! and, with shout on shout,
Will hound thee at this quarry. Get thee down,

7542

And ring amain the iron round his legs.

HEPHÆSTUS. That work was not long doing.

STRENGTH. Heavily now
Let fall the strokes upon the perforant gyves;
For he who rates the work has a heavy hand.

HEPHÆSTUS. Thy speech is savage as thy shape.

STRENGTH. Be thou
Gentle and tender, but revile not me
For the firm will and the untruckling hate.

HEPHÆSTUS. Let us go. He is netted round with chains.

STRENGTH. Here, now, taunt on! and, having spoiled the gods
Of honors, crown withal thy mortal men
Who live a whole day out. Why, how could *they*
Draw off from thee one single of thy griefs?
Methinks the Dæmons gave thee a wrong name,
Prometheus, which means Providence, because
Thou dost thyself need providence to see
Thy roll and ruin from the top of doom.

PROMETHEUS (*alone*). O holy Æther, and swift-wingèd Winds,
And River-wells, and Laughter innumerous
Of yon sea-waves! Earth, mother of us all,
And all-viewing cyclic Sun, I cry on you,—
Behold me a god, what I endure from gods!
Behold, with throe on throe,
How, wasted by this woe,
I wrestle down the myriad years of time!
Behold how, fast around me,
The new King of the happy ones sublime
Has flung the chain he forged, has shamed and bound me!
Woe, woe! to-day's woe and the coming morrow's
I cover with one groan. And where is found me
A limit to these sorrows?
And yet what word do I say? I have foreknown
Clearly all things that should be; nothing done
Comes sudden to my soul; and I must bear
What is ordained with patience, being aware
Necessity doth front the universe

With an invincible gesture. Yet this curse
Which strikes me now I find it hard to brave
In silence or in speech. Because I gave
Honor to mortals, I have yoked my soul
To this compelling fate. Because I stole
The secret fount of fire, whose bubbles went
Over the ferule's brim, and manward sent
Art's mighty means and perfect rudiment,
That sin I expiate in this agony,
Hung here in fetters, 'neath the blanching sky.
Ah, ah me! what a sound!
What a fragrance sweeps up from a pinion unseen
Of a god, or a mortal, or nature between,
Sweeping up to this rock where the Earth has her bound,
To have sight of my pangs, or some guerdon obtain.
Lo, a god in the anguish, a god in the chain!
The god Zeus hateth sore.
And his gods hate again,
As many as tread on his glorified floor,
Because I loved mortals too much evermore.
Alas me! what a murmur and motion I hear,
As of birds flying near!
And the air undersings
The light stroke of their wings,
And all life that approaches I wait for in fear.

Strophe 1

CHORUS OF SEA-NYMPHS. Fear nothing! our troop
Floats lovingly up
With a quick-oaring stroke
Of wings steered to the rock,
Having softened the soul of our father below.
For the gales of swift-bearing have sent me a sound,
And the clank of the iron, the malletted blow,
Smote down the profound
Of my caverns of old,
And struck the red light in a blush from my brow,
Till I sprang up unsandalled, in haste to behold,
And rushed forth on my chariot of wings manifold.

PROMETHEUS. Alas me! alas me!
Ye offspring of Tethys, who bore at her breast
Many children, and eke of Oceanus, he,
Coiling still around earth with perpetual unrest!
Behold me and see
How transfixed with the fang
Of a fetter I hang
On the high-jutting rocks of this fissure, and keep
An uncoveted watch o'er the world and the deep.

Antistrophe 1

CHORUS. I behold thee, Prometheus; yet now, yet now,
A terrible cloud whose rain is tears
Sweeps over mine eyes that witness how
Thy body appears
Hung awaste on the rocks by infrangible chains;
For new is the hand, new the rudder, that steers
The ship of Olympus through surge and wind,
And of old things passed, no track is behind.

PROMETHEUS. Under earth, under Hades,
Where the home of the shade is,
All into the deep, deep Tartarus,
I would he had hurled me adown.
I would he had plunged me, fastened thus
In the knotted chain, with the savage clang,
All into the dark, where there should be none,
Neither god nor another, to laugh and see.
But now the winds sing through and shake
The hurtling chains wherein I hang,
And I in my naked sorrows make
Much mirth for my enemy.

Strophe 2

CHORUS. Nay! who of the gods hath a heart so stern
As to use thy woe for a mock and mirth?
Who would not turn more mild to learn
Thy sorrows? who of the heaven and earth
Save Zeus? But he
Right wrathfully

Bears on his sceptral soul unbent,
And rules thereby the heavenly seed,
Nor will he pause till he content
His thirsty heart in a finished deed,
Or till Another shall appear,
To win by fraud, to seize by fear,
The hard-to-be-captured government.

PROMETHEUS. Yet even of *me* he shall have need,
That monarch of the blessed seed,—
Of me, of me who now am cursed
By his fetters dire,—
To wring my secret out withal,
And learn by whom his sceptre shall
Be filched from him, as was at first
His heavenly fire.
But he never shall enchant me
With his honey-lipped persuasion;
Never, never, shall he daunt me,
With the oath and threat of passion,
Into speaking as they want me,
Till he loose this savage chain,
And accept the expiation
Of my sorrow in his pain.

Antistrophe 2

CHORUS. Thou art, sooth, a brave god,
And, for all thou hast borne
From the stroke of the rod,
Nought relaxest from scorn.
But thou speakest unto me
Too free and unworn;
And a terror strikes through me
And festers my soul,
And I fear, in the roll
Of the storm, for thy fate
In the ship far from shore;
Since the son of Saturnus is hard in his hate,
And unmoved in his heart evermore.

PROMETHEUS. I know that Zeus is stern;
I know he metes his justice by his will; ,
And yet his soul shall learn
More softness when once broken by this ill;
And, curbing his unconquerable vaunt,
He shall rush on in fear to meet with me
Who rush to meet with him in agony,
To issues of harmonious covenant.

CHORUS. Remove the veil from all things, and relate
The story to us,—of what crime accused,
Zeus smites thee with dishonorable pangs.
Speak, if to teach us do not grieve thyself.

PROMETHEUS. The utterance of these things is torture to me,
But so, too, is their silence: each way lies
Woe strong as fate.
When gods began with wrath,
And war rose up between their starry brows,
Some choosing to cast Chronos from his throne
That Zeus might king it there, and some in haste
With opposite oaths, that they would have no Zeus
To rule the gods forever,—I, who brought
The counsel I thought meetest, could not move
The Titans, children of the Heaven and Earth,
What time, disdaining in their rugged souls
My subtle machinations, they assumed
It was an easy thing for force to take
The mastery of fate. My mother, then,
Who is called not only Themis, but Earth too,
(Her single beauty joys in many names)
Did teach me with reiterant prophecy
What future should be, and how conquering gods
Should not prevail by strength and violence,
But by guile only. When I told them so,
They would not deign to contemplate the truth
On all sides round; whereat I deemed it best
To lead my willing mother upwardly,
And set my Themis face to face with Zeus

As willing to receive her. Tartarus,
With its abysmal cloister of the Dark,
Because I gave that counsel, covers up
The antique Chronos and his siding hosts,
And, by that counsel helped, the king of gods
Hath recompensed me with these bitter pangs;
For kingship wears a cancer at the heart,—
Distrust in friendship. Do ye also ask
What crime it is for which he tortures me?
That shall be clear before you. When at first
He filled his father's throne, he instantly
Made various gifts of glory to the gods,
And dealt the empire out. Alone of men,
Of miserable men, he took no count,
But yearned to sweep their track off from the world,
And plant a newer race there. Not a god
Resisted such desire, except myself.
I dared it! *I* drew mortals back to light,
From meditated ruin deep as hell!
For which wrong I am bent down in these pangs
Dreadful to suffer, mournful to behold,
And I who pitied man am thought myself
Unworthy of pity; while I render out
Deep rhythms of anguish 'neath the harping hand
That strikes me thus,—a sight to shame your Zeus!

CHORUS. Hard as thy chains, and cold as all these rocks,
Is he, Prometheus, who withholds his heart
From joining in thy woe. I yearned before
To fly this sight; and, now I gaze on it,
I sicken inwards.

PROMETHEUS. To my friends, indeed,
I must be a sad sight.

CHORUS. And didst thou sin
No more than so?

PROMETHEUS. I did restrain besides
My mortals from premeditating death.

CHORUS. How didst thou medicine the plague-fear of death?

PROMETHEUS. I set blind Hopes to inhabit in their house.

CHORUS. By that gift thou didst help thy mortals well.
PROMETHEUS. I gave them also fire.
CHORUS. And have they now,
Those creatures of a day, the red-eyed fire?
PROMETHEUS. They have, and shall learn by it many arts.
CHORUS. And truly for such sins Zeus tortures thee,
And will remit no anguish? Is there set
No limit before thee to thine agony?
PROMETHEUS. No other—only what seems good to HIM.
CHORUS. And how will it seem good? what hope remains?
Seest thou not that thou hast sinned? But that thou hast sinned
It glads me not to speak of, and grieves thee;
Then let it pass from both, and seek thyself
Some outlet from distress.
PROMETHEUS. It is in truth
An easy thing to stand aloof from pain,
And lavish exhortation and advice
On one vexed sorely by it. I have known
All in prevision. By my choice, my choice,
I freely sinned,—I will confess my sin,—
And, helping mortals, found mine own despair.
I did not think indeed that I should pine
Beneath such pangs against such skyey rocks,
Doomed to this drear hill, and no neighboring
Of any life. But mourn not ye for griefs
I bear to-day: hear rather, dropping down
To the plain, how other woes creep on to me,
And learn the consummation of my doom.
Beseech you, nymphs, beseech you, grieve for me
Who now am grieving; for Grief walks the earth,
And sits down at the foot of each by turns.
CHORUS. We hear the deep clash of thy words, Prometheus, and obey.
And I spring with a rapid foot away
From the rushing car and the holy air, The track of birds;
And I drop to the rugged ground, and there
Await the tale of thy despair.

OCEANUS *enters*

OCEANUS. I reach the bourne of my weary road
Where I may see and answer thee,
Prometheus, in thine agony.
On the back of the quick-winged bird I glode,
And I bridled him in
With the will of a god.
Behold, thy sorrow aches in me
Constrained by the force of kin.
Nay, though that tie were all undone,
For the life of none beneath the sun
Would I seek a larger benison
Than I seek for thine.
And thou shalt learn my words are truth,
That no fair parlance of the mouth
Grows falsely out of mine.
Now give me a deed to prove my faith;
For no faster friend is named in breath
Than I, Oceanus, am thine.

PROMETHEUS. Ha! what has brought thee? Hast thou also come
To look upon my woe? How hast thou dared
To leave the depths called after thee? the caves
Self-hewn, and self-rooted with spontaneous rock,
To visit Earth, the mother of my chain?
Hast come, indeed, to view my doom, and mourn
That I should sorrow thus? Gaze on, and see
How I, the fast friend of your Zeus,—how I
The erector of the empire in his hand,
Am bent beneath that hand in this despair.

OCEANUS. Prometheus, I behold; and I would fain
Exhort thee, though already subtle enough,
To a better wisdom. Titan, know thyself,
And take new softness to thy manners, since
A new king rules the gods. If words like these,
Harsh words and trenchant, thou wilt fling abroad,
Zeus haply, though he sit so far and high,
May hear thee do it, and so this wrath of his,

Which now affects thee fiercely, shall appear
A mere child's sport at vengeance. Wretched god,
Rather dismiss the passion which thou hast,
And seek a change from grief. Perhaps I seem
To address thee with old saws and outworn sense;
Yet such a curse, Prometheus, surely waits
On lips that speak too proudly: thou, meantime,
Art none the meeker, nor dost yield a jot
To evil circumstance, preparing still
To swell the account of grief with other griefs
Than what are borne. Beseech thee, use me, then,
For counsel: do not spurn against the pricks,
Seeing that who reigns, reigns by cruelty
Instead of right. And now I go from hence,
And will endeavor if a power of mine
Can break thy fetters through. For thee—be calm,
And smooth thy words from passion. Knowest thou not
Of perfect knowledge, thou who knowest too much,
That, where the tongue wags, ruin never lags?

PROMETHEUS. I gratulate thee who hast shared and dared
All things with me, except their penalty.
Enough so! leave these thoughts. It cannot be
That thou shouldst move HIM. HE may *not* be moved;
And *thou,* beware of sorrow on this road.

OCEANUS. Ay! ever wiser for another's use
Than thine. The event, and not the prophecy,
Attests it to me. Yet, where now I rush,
Thy wisdom hath no power to drag me back,
Because I glory, glory, to go hence,
And win for thee deliverance from thy pangs,
As a free gift from Zeus.

PROMETHEUS. Why there, again,
I give thee gratulation and applause.
Thou lackest no good will. But, as for deeds,
Do naught! 'twere all done vainly, helping naught,
Whatever thou wouldst do. Rather take rest,
And keep thyself from evil. If I grieve,
I do not therefore wish to multiply
The griefs of others. Verily, not so!

For still my brother's doom doth vex my soul,—
My brother Atlas, standing in the west,
Shouldering the column of the heaven and earth,
A difficult burden! I have also seen,
And pitied as I saw, the earth-born one,
The inhabitant of old Cilician caves,
The great war-monster of the hundred heads,
(All taken and bowed beneath the violent Hand)
Typhon the fierce, who did resist the gods,
And, hissing slaughter from his dreadful jaws,
Flash out ferocious glory from his eyes
As if to storm the throne of Zeus. Whereat,
The sleepless arrow of Zeus flew straight at him,
The headlong bolt of thunder-breathing flame,
And struck him downward from his eminence
Of exultation; through the very soul
It struck him, and his strength was withered up
To ashes, thunder-blasted. Now he lies,
A helpless trunk, supinely, at full length
Beside the strait of ocean, spurred into
By roots of Ætna, high upon whose tops
Hephæstus sits, and strikes the flashing ore.
From thence the rivers of fire shall burst away
Hereafter, and devour with savage jaws
The equal plains of fruitful Sicily,
Such passion he shall boil back in hot darts
Of an insatiate fury and sough of flame,
Fallen Typhon, howsoever struck and charred
By Zeus's bolted thunder. But for thee,
Thou art not so unlearned as to need
My teaching; let thy knowledge save thyself.
I quaff the full cup of a present doom,
And wait till Zeus hath quenched his will in wrath.

OCEANUS. Prometheus, art thou ignorant of this,
That words do medicine anger?

PROMETHEUS. If the word
With seasonable softness touch the soul,
And, where the parts are ulcerous, sear them not
By any rudeness.

OCEANUS. With a noble aim
To dare as nobly—is there harm in *that?*
Dost thou discern it? Teach me.
PROMETHEUS. I discern
Vain aspiration, unresultive work.
OCEANUS. Then suffer me to bear the brunt of this,
Since it is profitable that one who is wise
Should seem not wise at all.
PROMETHEUS. And such would seem
My very crime.
OCEANUS. In truth thine argument
Sends me back home.
PROMETHEUS. Lest any lament for me
Should cast thee down to hate.
OCEANUS. The hate of him
Who sits a new king on the absolute throne?
PROMETHEUS. Beware of him, lest thine heart grieve by him.
OCEANUS. Thy doom, Prometheus, be my teacher!
PROMETHEUS. Go!
Depart! Beware! And keep the mind thou hast.
OCEANUS. Thy words drive after, as I rush before.
Lo, my four-footed bird sweeps smooth and wide
The flats of air with balanced pinions, glad
To bend his knee at home in the ocean-stall.

[OCEANUS *departs.*]

Strophe 1

CHORUS. I moan thy fate, I moan for thee,
Prometheus! From my eyes too tender
Drop after drop incessantly
The tears of my heart's pity render
My cheeks wet from their fountains free;
Because that Zeus, the stern and cold,
Whose law is taken from his breast,
Uplifts his sceptre manifest
Over the gods of old.

Antistrophe 1

All the land is moaning
With a murmured plaint to-day;
All the mortal nations
Having habitations
In the holy Asia
Are a dirge entoning
For thine honor and thy brothers',
Once majestic beyond others
In the old belief,—
Now are groaning in the groaning
Of thy deep-voiced grief.

Strophe 2

Mourn the maids inhabitant
Of the Colchian land,
Who with white, calm bosoms stand
In the battle's roar:
Mourn the Scythian tribes that haunt
The verge of earth, Mæotis' shore.

Antistrophe 2

Yea! Arabia's battle crown,
And dwellers in the beetling town
Mt. Caucasus sublimely nears—
An iron squadron, thundering down
With the sharp-prowed spears.
But one other before have I seen to remain
By invincible pain,
Bound and vanquished,—one Titan! 'twas Atlas, who bears
In a curse from the gods, by that strength of his own
Which he evermore wears,
The weight of the heaven on his shoulder alone,
While he sighs up the stars;
And the tides of the ocean wail, bursting their bars;
Murmurs still the profound,
And black Hades roars up through the chasm of the ground,
And the fountains of pure-running rivers moan low
In a pathos of woe.

PROMETHEUS. Beseech you, think not I am silent thus
Through pride or scorn. I only gnaw my heart
With meditation, seeing myself so wronged.
For see—their honors to these new-made gods,
What other gave but I, and dealt them out
With distribution? Ay! but here I am dumb;
For here I should repeat your knowledge to you,
If I spake aught. List rather to the deeds
I did for mortals; how, being fools before,
I made them wise and true in aim of soul.
And let me tell you,—not as taunting men,
But teaching you the intention of my gifts,—
How, first beholding, they beheld in vain,
And, hearing, heard not, but, like shapes in dreams,
Mixed all things wildly down the tedious time,
Nor knew to build a house against the sun
With wicketed sides, nor any wood-craft knew,
But lived, like silly ants, beneath the ground
In hollow caves unsunned. There came to them
No steadfast sign of winter, nor of spring
Flower-perfumed, nor of summer full of fruit,
But blindly and lawlessly they did all things,
Until I taught them how the stars do rise
And set in mystery, and devised for them
Number, the inducer of philosophies,
The synthesis of letters, and, beside,
The artificer of all things, memory,
That sweet muse-mother. I was first to yoke
The servile beasts in couples, carrying
An heirdom of man's burdens on their backs.
I joined to chariots, steeds, that love the bit
They champ at,—the chief pomp of golden ease.
And none but I originated ships,
The seaman's chariots, wanderings on the brine
With linen wings. And I—oh, miserable!—
Who did devise for mortals all these arts,
Have no device left now to save myself
From the woe I suffer.

CHORUS. Most unseemly woe

Thou sufferest, and dost stagger from the sense
Bewildered! Like a bad leech falling sick,
Thou art faint at soul, and canst not find the drugs
Required to save thyself.

PROMETHEUS. Harken the rest,
And marvel further, what more arts and means
I did invent,—this, greatest: if a man
Fell sick, there was no cure, nor esculent
Nor chrism nor liquid, but for lack of drugs
Men pined and wasted, till I showed them all
Those mixtures of emollient remedies
Whereby they might be rescued from disease.
I fixed the various rules of mantic art,
Discerned the vision from the common dream,
Instructed them in vocal auguries
Hard to interpret, and defined as plain
The wayside omens,—flights of crook-clawed birds,—
Showed which are by their nature fortunate,
And which not so, and what the food of each,
And what the hates, affections, social needs
Of all to one another,—taught what sign
Of visceral lightness, colored to a shade,
May charm the genial gods, and what fair spots
Commend the lung and liver. Burning so
The limbs incased in fat, and the long chine,
I led my mortals on to an art abstruse,
And cleared their eyes to the image in the fire,
Erst filmed in dark. Enough said now of this.
For the other helps of man hid underground,
The iron and the brass, silver and gold,
Can any dare affirm he found them out
Before me? None, I know! unless he chose
To lie in his vaunt. In one word learn the whole,—
That all arts came to mortals from Prometheus.

CHORUS. Give mortals now no inexpedient help,
Neglecting thine own sorrow. I have hope still
To see thee, breaking from the fetter here,
Stand up as strong as Zeus.

PROMETHEUS. This ends not thus,

The oracular fate ordains. I must be bowed
By infinite woes and pangs to escape this chain.
Necessity is stronger than mine art.

CHORUS. Who holds the helm of that Necessity?

PROMETHEUS. The threefold Fates and the unforgetting Furies.

CHORUS. Is Zeus less absolute than these are?

PROMETHEUS. Yea,
And therefore cannot fly what is ordained.

CHORUS. What is ordained for Zeus, except to be
A king forever?

PROMETHEUS. 'Tis too early yet
For thee to learn it: ask no more.

CHORUS. Perhaps
Thy secret may be something holy?

PROMETHEUS. Turn
To another matter: this, it is not time
To speak abroad, but utterly to veil
In silence. For by that same secret kept,
I 'scape this chain's dishonor, and its woe.

Strophe 1

CHORUS. Never, oh never,
May Zeus, the all-giver,
Wrestle down from his throne
In that might of his own
To antagonize mine!
Nor let me delay
As I bend on my way
Toward the gods of the shrine
Where the altar is full
Of the blood of the bull,
Near the tossing brine
Of Ocean my father.
May no sin be sped in the word that is said,
But my vow be rather
Consummated,
Nor evermore fail, nor evermore pine.

Antistrophe 1

'Tis sweet to have
Life lengthened out
With hopes proved brave
By the very doubt,
Till the spirit infold
Those manifest joys which were foretold.
But I thrill to behold
Thee, victim doomed,
By the countless cares
And the drear despairs
Forever consumed,—
And all because thou, who art fearless now
Of Zeus above,
Didst overflow for mankind below
With a free-souled, reverent love.

Ah, friend, behold and see!
What's all the beauty of humanity?
Can it be fair?
What's all the strength? Is it strong?
And what hope can they bear,
These dying livers, living one day long?
Ah, seest thou not, my friend,
How feeble and slow,
And like a dream, doth go
This poor blind manhood, drifted from its end?
And how no mortal wranglings can confuse
The harmony of Zeus?

Prometheus, I have learnt these things
From the sorrow in thy face.
Another song did fold its wings
Upon my lips in other days,
When round the bath and round the bed
The hymeneal chant instead
I sang for thee, and smiled,
And thou didst lead, with gifts and vows,
Hesione, my father's child,
To be thy wedded spouse.

Io *enters*

Io. What land is this? what people is here?
And who is he that writhes, I see,
In the rock-hung chain?
Now what is the crime that hath brought thee to pain?
Now what is the land—make answer free—
Which I wander through in my wrong and fear?
Ah, ah, ah me!
The gad-fly stingeth to agony!
O Earth, keep off that phantasm pale
Of earth-born Argus!—ah! I quail
When my soul descries
That herdsman with the myriad eyes
Which seem, as he comes, one crafty eye.
Graves hide him not, though he should die;
But he doggeth me in my misery
From the roots of death, on high, on high;
And along the sands of the siding deep,
All famine-worn, he follows me,
And his waxen reed doth undersound
The waters round,
And giveth a measure that giveth sleep.

Woe, woe, woe!
Where shall my weary course be done?
What wouldst thou with me, Saturn's son?
And in what have I sinned, that I should go
Thus yoked to grief by thine hand forever?
Ah, ah! dost vex me so
That I madden and shiver
Stung through with dread?
Flash the fire down to burn me!
Heave the earth up to cover me!
Plunge me in the deep, with the salt waves over me,
That the sea-beasts may be fed!
O king do not spurn me
In my prayer!
For this wandering everlonger, evermore,
Hath overworn me,

And I know not on what shore
I may rest from my despair.

CHORUS. Hearest thou what the ox-horned maiden saith?
PROMETHEUS. How could I choose but harken what she saith,
The frenzied maiden?—Inachus's child?—
Who love-warms Zeus's heart, and now is lashed
By Heré's hate along the unending ways?
Io. Who taught thee to articulate that name,—
My father's? Speak to his child
By grief and shame defiled!
Who art thou, victim, thou who dost acclaim
Mine anguish in true words on the wide air,
And callest, too, by name the curse that came
From Heré unaware,
To waste and pierce me with its maddening goad?
Ah, ah, I leap
With the pang of the hungry; I bound on the road;
I am driven by my doom;
I am overcome
By the wrath of an enemy strong and deep!
Are any of those who have tasted pain,
Alas! as wretched as I?
Now tell me plain, doth aught remain
For my soul to endure beneath the sky?
Is there any help to be holpen by?
If knowledge be in thee, let it be said!
Cry aloud—cry
To the wandering, woful maid.
PROMETHEUS. Whatever thou wouldst learn, I will declare;
No riddle upon my lips, but such straight words
As friends should use to each other when they talk.
Thou seest Prometheus, who gave mortals fire.
Io. O common help of all men, known of all,
O miserable Prometheus, for what cause
Dost thou endure thus?
PROMETHEUS. I have done with wail
For my own griefs but lately.

Io. Wilt thou not
Vouchsafe the boon to me?
PROMETHEUS. Say what thou wilt,
For I vouchsafe all.
Io. Speak, then, and reveal
Who shut thee in this chasm.
PROMETHEUS. The will of Zeus,
The hand of his Hephæstus.
Io. And what crime
Dost expiate so?
PROMETHEUS. Enough for thee I have told
In so much only.
Io. Nay, but show besides
The limit of my wandering, and the time
Which yet is lacking to fulfil my grief.
PROMETHEUS. Why, not to know were better than to know
For such as thou.
Io. Beseech thee, blind me not
To that which I must suffer.
PROMETHEUS. If I do,
The reason is not that I grudge a boon.
Io. What reason, then, prevents thy speaking out?
PROMETHEUS. No grudging, but a fear to break thine heart.
Io. Less care for me, I pray thee. Certainty
I count for advantage.
PROMETHEUS. Thou wilt have it so,
And therefore I must speak. Now hear—
CHORUS. Not yet.
Give half the guerdon my way. Let us learn
First what the curse is that befell the maid,
Her own voice telling her own wasting woes:
The sequence of that anguish shall await
The teaching of thy lips.
PROMETHEUS. It doth behoove
That thou, maid Io, shouldst vouchsafe to these
The grace they pray,—the more, because they are called
Thy father's sisters; since to open out
And mourn out grief, where it is possible
To draw a tear from the audience, is a work

That pays its own price well.

Io. I cannot choose
But trust you, nymphs, and tell you all ye ask,
In clear words, though I sob amid my speech
In speaking of the storm-curse sent from Zeus,
And of my beauty, from which height it took
Its swoop on me, poor wretch! left thus deformed
And monstrous to your eyes. For evermore
Around my virgin-chamber, wandering went
The nightly visions which entreated me
With syllabled smooth sweetness,—"Blessed maid,
Why lengthen out thy maiden hours, when fate
Permits the noblest spousal in the world?
When Zeus burns with the arrow of thy love,
And fain would touch thy beauty?—Maiden, thou
Despise not Zeus! depart to Lerné's mead
That's green around thy father's flocks and stalls,
Until the passion of the heavenly Eye
Be quenched in sight." Such dreams did all night long
Constrain me,—me, unhappy!—till I dared
To tell my father how they trod the dark
With visionary steps. Whereat he sent
His frequent heralds to the Pythian fane,
And also to Dodona, and inquired
How best, by act or speech, to please the gods.
The same returning brought back oracles
Of doubtful sense, indefinite response,
Dark to interpret; but at last there came
To Inachus an answer that was clear,
Thrown straight as any bolt, and spoken out,—
This: "He should drive me from my home and land,
And bid me wander to the extreme verge
Of all the earth; or, if he willed it not,
Should have a thunder with a fiery eye
Leap straight from Zeus to burn up all his race
To the last root of it." By which Loxian word
Subdued, he drove me forth, and shut me out,
He loath, me loath; but Zeus's violent bit
Compelled him to the deed: when instantly

My body and soul were changèd and distraught,
And, hornèd as ye see, and spurred along
By the fanged insect, with a maniac leap
I rushed on to Cenchrea's limpid stream,
And Lerné fountain-water. There, the earth-born,
The herdsman Argus, most immitigable
Of wrath, did find me out, and track me out
With countless eyes set staring at my steps;
And though an unexpected sudden doom
Drew him from life, I, curse-tormented still,
Am driven from land to land before the scourge
The gods hold o'er me. So thou hast heard the past;
And, if a bitter future thou canst tell,
Speak on. I charge thee, do not flatter me,
Through pity, with false words; for in my mind
Deceiving works more shame than torturing doth.

CHORUS. Ah, silence here!
Nevermore, nevermore,
Would I languish for
The stranger's word
To thrill in mine ear—
Nevermore for the wrong and the woe and the fear
So hard to behold,
So cruel to bear,
Piercing my soul with a double-edged sword
Of a sliding cold.
Ah, Fate! ah, me!
I shudder to see
This wandering maid in her agony.

PROMETHEUS. Grief is too quick in thee, and fear too full:
Be patient till thou hast learnt the rest.
CHORUS. Speak: teach,
To those who are sad already, it seems sweet,
By clear foreknowledge to make perfect, pain.
PROMETHEUS. The boon ye asked me first was lightly won;
For first ye asked the story of this maid's grief,
As her own lips might tell it. Now remains
To list what other sorrows she so young

Must bear from Heré. Inachus's child,
O thou! drop down thy soul my weighty words,
And measure out the landmarks which are set
To end thy wandering. Toward the orient sun
First turn thy face from mine, and journey on
Along the desert-flats till thou shalt come
Where Scythia's shepherd-peoples dwell aloft,
Perched in wheeled wagons under woven roofs,
And twang the rapid arrow past the bow.
Approach them not, but, siding in thy course
The rugged shore-rocks resonant to the sea,
Depart that country. On the left hand dwell
The iron-workers, called the Chalybes,
Of whom beware, for certes they are uncouth,
And nowise bland to strangers. Reaching so
The stream Hybristes (well the *scorner* called),
Attempt no passage,—it is hard to pass,—
Or ere thou come to Caucasus itself,
That highest of mountains, where the river leaps
The precipice in his strength. Thou must toil up
Those mountain-tops that neighbor with the stars,
And tread the south way, and draw near, at last,
The Amazonian host that hateth man,
Inhabitants of Themiscyra, close
Upon Thermodon, where the sea's rough jaw
Doth gnash at Salmydessa, and provide
A cruel host to seamen, and to ships
A stepdame. They, with unreluctant hand,
Shall lead thee on and on till thou arrive
Just where the ocean-gates show narrowest
On the Cimmerian isthmus. Leaving which,
Behooves thee swim with fortitude of soul
The strait Mæotis. Ay, and evermore
That traverse shall be famous on men's lips,
That strait called Bosphorus, the horned one's road,
So named because of thee, who so wilt pass
From Europe's plain to Asia's continent.
How think ye, nymphs? the king of gods appears
Impartial in ferocious deeds? Behold!

The god desirous of this mortal's love
Hath cursed her with these wanderings. Ah, fair child,
Thou hast met a bitter groom for bridal troth!
For all thou yet hast heard can only prove
The incompleted prelude of thy doom.

Io. Ah, ah!

PROMETHEUS. Is't thy turn now to shriek and moan?
How wilt thou, when thou hast harkened what remains?

CHORUS. Besides the grief thou hast told, can aught remain?

PROMETHEUS. A sea of foredoomed evil worked to storm.

Io. What boots my life, then? why not cast myself
Down headlong from this miserable rock,
That, dashed against the flats, I may redeem
My soul from sorrow? Better once to die
Than day by day to suffer.

PROMETHEUS. Verily,
It would be hard for thee to bear my woe
For whom it is appointed not to die.
Death frees from woe; but I before me see
In all my far prevision not a bound
To all I suffer, ere that Zeus shall fall
From being a king.

Io. And can it ever be
That Zeus shall fall from empire?

PROMETHEUS. *Thou,* methinks, wouldst take some joy to see it.

Io. Could I choose?
I would endure such pangs now, by that god!

PROMETHEUS. Learn from me, therefore, that the event shall be.

Io. By whom shall his imperial sceptred hand
Be emptied so?

PROMETHEUS. Himself shall spoil himself,
Through his idiotic counsels.

Io. How? declare,
Unless the word bring evil.

PROMETHEUS. He shall wed,
And in the marriage-bond be joined to grief.

Io. A heavenly bride, or human? Speak it out,
If it be utterable.
PROMETHEUS. Why should I say which?
It ought not to be uttered, verily.
Io. Then
It is his wife shall tear him from his throne?
PROMETHEUS. It is his wife shall bear a son to him
More mighty than the father.
Io. From this doom
Hath he no refuge?
PROMETHEUS. None: or ere that I
Loosed from these fetters—
Io. Yea; but who shall loose
While Zeus is adverse?
PROMETHEUS. One who is born of thee:
It is ordained so.
Io. What is this thou sayest?
A son of mine shall liberate thee from woe?
PROMETHEUS. After ten generations count three more,
And find him in the third.
Io. The oracle
Remains obscure.
PROMETHEUS. And search it not to learn
Thine own griefs from it.
Io. Point me not to a good
To leave me straight bereaved.
PROMETHEUS. I am prepared
To grant thee one of two things.
Io. But which two?
Set them before me; grant me power to choose.
PROMETHEUS. I grant it; choose now! Shall I name aloud
What griefs remain to wound thee, or what hand
Shall save me out of mine?
CHORUS. Vouchsafe, O god,
The one grace of the twain to her who prays.
The next to me, and turn back neither prayer
Dishonored by denial. To herself
Recount the future wandering of her feet;
Then point me to the looser of thy chain,

Because I yearn to know him.

PROMETHEUS. Since ye will,
Of absolute will, this knowledge, I will set
No contrary against it, nor keep back
A word of all ye ask for. Io, first
To thee I must relate thy wandering course
Far winding. As I tell it, write it down
In thy soul's book of memories. When thou hast past
The refluent bound that parts two continents,
Track on the footsteps of the orient sun
In his own fire across the roar of seas,—
Fly till thou hast reached the Gorgonæan flats
Beside Cisthené. There the Phorcides,
Three ancient maidens, live, with shape of swan,
One tooth between them, and one common eye,
On whom the sun doth never look at all
With all his rays, nor evermore the moon
When she looks through the night. Anear to whom
Are the Gorgon sisters three, enclothed with wings,
With twisted snakes for ringlets, man-abhorred:
There is no mortal gazes in their face.
And gazing can breathe on. I speak of such
To guard thee from their horror. Ay, and list
Another tale of a dreadful sight: beware
The refluent bound that parts two continents,
Those sharp-mouthed dogs!—and the Arimaspian host
Of one-eyed horsemen, habiting beside
The river of Pluto that runs bright with gold:
Approach them not, beseech thee. Presently
Thou'lt come to a distant land, a dusky tribe
Of dwellers at the fountain of the Sun,
Whence flows the River Æthiops; wind along
Its banks, and turn off at the cataracts,
Just as the Nile pours from the Bybline hills
His holy and sweet wave: his course shall guide
Thine own to that triangular Nile-ground
Where, Io, is ordained for thee and thine
A lengthened exile. Have I said in this
Aught darkly or incompletely?—now repeat

The question, make the knowledge fuller! Lo,
I have more leisure than I covet here.

CHORUS. If thou canst tell us aught that's left untold,
Or loosely told; of her most dreary flight,
Declare it straight; but, if thou hast uttered all,
Grant us that latter grace for which we prayed,
Remembering how we prayed it.

PROMETHEUS. She has heard
The uttermost of her wandering. There it ends.
But, that she may be certain not to have heard
All vainly, I will speak what she endured
Ere coming hither, and invoke the past
To prove my prescience true. And so—to leave
A multitude of words, and pass at once
To the subject of thy course—when thou hadst gone
To those Molossian plains which sweep around
Dodona shouldering Heaven, whereby the fane
Of Zeus Thesprotian keepeth oracle,
And, wonder past belief, where oaks do wave
Articulate adjurations—(ay, the same
Saluted thee in no perplexèd phrase,
But clear with glory, noble wife of Zeus
That shouldst be, there some sweetness took thy sense!)
Thou didst rush further onward, stung along
The ocean-shore, toward Rhea's mighty bay,
And, tost back from it, wast tost to it again
In stormy evolution: and know well,
In coming time that hollow of the sea
Shall bear the name Ionian, and present
A monument of Io's passage through,
Unto all mortals. Be these words the signs
Of my soul's power to look beyond the veil
Of visible things. The rest to you and her
I will declare in common audience, nymphs,
Returning thither where my speech brake off.
There is a town, Canobus, built upon
The earth's fair margin, at the mouth of Nile,
And on the mount washed up by it: Io, there
Shall Zeus give back to thee thy perfect mind,

And only by the pressure and the touch
Of a hand not terrible; and thou to Zeus
Shalt bear a dusky son who shall be called
Thence Epaphus, *Touched*. That son shall pluck the fruit
Of all that land wide-watered by the flow
Of Nile; but after him, when counting out
As far as the fifth full generation, then
Full fifty maidens, a fair woman-race,
Shall back to Argos turn reluctantly,
To fly the proffered nuptials of their kin,
Their father's brothers. These being passion-struck,
Like falcons bearing hard on flying doves,
Shall follow hunting at a quarry of love
They should not hunt; till envious Heaven maintain
A curse betwixt that beauty and their desire,
And Greece receive them, to be overcome
In murtherous woman-war by fierce red hands
Kept savage by the night. For every wife
Shall slay a husband, dyeing deep in blood
The sword of a double edge—(I wish indeed
As fair a marriage-joy to all my foes!)
One bride alone shall fail to smite to death
The head upon her pillow, touched with love,
Made impotent of purpose, and impelled
To choose the lesser evil,—shame on her cheeks,
Than blood-guilt on her hands; which bride shall bear
A royal race in Argos. Tedious speech
Were needed to relate particulars
Of these things; 'tis enough that from her seed
Shall spring the strong He, famous with the bow,
Whose arm shall break my fetters off. Behold,
My mother Themis, that old Titaness,
Delivered to me such an oracle;
But how and when, I should be long to speak,
And thou, in hearing, wouldst not gain at all.

Io. Eleleu, eleleu!
How the spasm and the pain,
And the fire on the brain,
Strike, burning me through!

How the sting of the curse, all aflame as it flew,
Pricks me onward again!
How my heart in its terror is spurning my breast,
And my eyes like the wheels of a chariot roll round!
I am whirled from my course, to the east, to the west,
In the whirlwind of frenzy all madly inwound;
And my mouth is unbridled for anguish and hate,
And my words beat in vain, in wild storms of unrest,
On the sea of my desolate fate. [Io *rushes out.*

Strophe

CHORUS. Oh, wise was he, oh, wise was he,
Who first within his spirit knew,
And with his tongue declared it true,
That love comes best that comes unto
The equal of degree!
And that the poor and that the low
Should seek no love from those above,
Whose souls are fluttered with the flow
Of airs about their golden height,
Or proud because they see arow
Ancestral crowns of light.

Antistrophe

Oh, never, never, may ye, Fates,
Behold me with your awful eyes
Lift mine too fondly up the skies
Where Zeus upon the purple waits!
Nor let me step too near, too near,
To any suitor bright from heaven;
Because I see, because I fear,
This loveless maiden vexed and laden
By this fell curse of Heré, driven
On wanderings dread and drear.

Epode

Nay, grant an equal troth instead
Of nuptial love, to bind me by!
It will not hurt, I shall not dread
To meet it in reply.

But let not love from those above
Revert and fix me, as I said,
With that inevitable Eye!
I have no sword to fight that fight,
I have no strength to tread that path,
I know not if my nature hath
The power to bear, I cannot see
Whither from Zeus's infinite
I have the power to flee.

PROMETHEUS. Yet Zeus, albeit most absolute of will,
Shall turn to meekness,—such a marriage-rite
He holds in preparation, which anon,
Shall thrust him headlong from his gerent seat
Adown the abysmal void; and so the curse
His father Chronos muttered in his fall,
As he fell from his ancient throne and cursed,
Shall be accomplished wholly. No escape
From all that ruin shall the filial Zeus
Find granted to him from any of his gods,
Unless I teach him. I the refuge know,
And I, the means. Now, therefore, let him sit
And brave the imminent doom, and fix his faith
On his supernal noises hurtling on
With restless hand the bolt that breathes out fire;
For these things shall not help him, none of them,
Nor hinder his perdition when he falls
To shame, and lower than patience: such a foe
He doth himself prepare against himself,
A wonder of unconquerable hate,
An organizer of sublimer fire
Than glares in lightnings, and of grander sound
Than aught the thunder rolls, out-thundering it,
With power to shatter in Poseidon's fist
The trident-spear, which, while it plagues the sea,
Doth shake the shores around it. Ay, and Zeus,
Precipitated thus, shall learn at length
The difference betwixt rule and servitude.

CHORUS. Thou makest threats for Zeus of thy desires.

PROMETHEUS. I tell you all these things shall be fulfilled
Even so as I desire them.
CHORUS. Must we, then,
Look out for one shall come to master Zeus?
PROMETHEUS. These chains weigh lighter than his sorrows shall.
CHORUS. How art thou not afraid to utter such words?
PROMETHEUS. What should *I* fear, who cannot die?
CHORUS. But *he*
Can visit thee with dreader woe than death's.
PROMETHEUS. Why, let him do it! I am here, prepared
For all things and their pangs.
CHORUS. The wise are they
Who reverence Adrasteia.
PROMETHEUS. Reverence thou,
Adore thou, flatter thou, whomever reigns,
Whenever reigning! But for me, your Zeus
Is less than nothing. Let him act and reign
His brief hour out according to his will:
He will not, therefore, rule the gods too long.
But lo! I see that courier-god of Zeus,
That new-made menial of the new-crowned king:
He, doubtless, comes to announce to us something new.

HERMES *enters*

HERMES. I speak to thee, the sophist, the talker-down
Of scorn by scorn, the sinner against gods,
The reverencer of men, the thief of fire,—
I speak to thee and adjure thee: Zeus requires
Thy declaration of what marriage-rite
Thus moves thy vaunt, and shall hereafter cause
His fall from empire. Do not wrap thy speech
In riddles, but speak clearly. Never cast
Ambiguous paths, Prometheus, for my feet,
Since Zeus, thou mayst perceive, is scarcely won
To mercy by such means.
PROMETHEUS. A speech well-mouthed
In the utterance, and full-minded in the sense,
As doth befit a servant of the gods!

New gods, ye newly reign, and think, forsooth,
Ye dwell in towers too high for any dart
To carry a wound there! Have I not stood by
While two kings fell from thence? and shall I not
Behold the third, the same who rules you now,
Fall, shamed to sudden ruin? Do I seem
To tremble and quail before your modern gods?
Far be it from me! For thyself, depart;
Re-tread thy steps in haste. To all thou hast asked
I answer nothing.

HERMES. Such a wind of pride
Impelled thee of yore full sail upon these rocks.

PROMETHEUS. I would not barter—learn thou soothly that!—
My suffering for thy service. I maintain
It is a nobler thing to serve these rocks
Than live a faithful slave to father Zeus.
Thus upon scorners I retort their scorn.

HERMES. It seems that thou dost glory in thy despair.

PROMETHEUS. I glory? Would my foes did glory so,
And I stood by to see them!—naming whom,
Thou art not unremembered.

HERMES. Dost thou charge
Me also with the blame of thy mischance?

PROMETHEUS. I tell thee I loathe the universal gods,
Who, for the good I gave them, rendered back
The ill of their injustice.

HERMES. Thou art mad,
Thou art raving, Titan, at the fever-height.

PROMETHEUS. If it be madness to abhor my foes,
May I be mad!

HERMES. If thou wert prosperous,
Thou wouldst be unendurable.

PROMETHEUS. Alas!

HERMES. Zeus knows not that word.

PROMETHEUS. But maturing Time
Teaches all things.

HERMES. Howbeit, thou hast not learnt
The wisdom yet, thou needest.

PROMETHEUS. If I had,
I should not talk thus with a slave like thee.
HERMES. No answer thou vouchsafest, I believe,
To the great Sire's requirement.
PROMETHEUS. Verily
I owe him grateful service, and should pay it.
HERMES. Why thou dost mock me, Titan, as I stood
A child before thy face.
PROMETHEUS. No child, forsooth,
But yet more foolish than a foolish child,
If thou expect that I should answer aught
Thy Zeus can ask. No torture from his hand,
Nor any machination in the world,
Shall force my utterance ere he loose, himself,
These cankerous fetters from me. For the rest,
Let him now hurl his blanching lightnings down,
And with his white-winged snows, and mutterings deep
Of subterranean thunders, mix all things,
Confound them in disorder. None of this
Shall bend my sturdy will, and make me speak
The name of his dethroner who shall come.
HERMES. Can this avail thee? Look to it!
PROMETHEUS. Long ago
It was looked forward to, precounselled of.
HERMES. Vain god, take righteous courage! Dare for once
To apprehend and front thine agonies
With a just prudence.
PROMETHEUS. Vainly dost thou chafe
My soul with exhortations, as yonder sea
Goes beating on the rock. Oh! think no more
That I, fear-struck by Zeus to a woman's mind,
Will supplicate him, loathed as he is,
With feminine upliftings of my hands,
To break these chains. Far from me be the thought!
HERMES. I have indeed, methinks, said much in vain,
For still thy heart beneath my showers of prayers
Lies dry and hard, nay, leaps like a young horse
Who bites against the new bit in his teeth,
And tugs and struggles against the new-tried rein,

Still fiercest in the feeblest thing of all,
Which sophism is; since absolute will disjoined
From perfect mind is worse than weak. Behold,
Unless my words persuade thee, what a blast
And whirlwind of inevitable woe
Must sweep persuasion through thee! For at first
The Father will split up this jut of rock
With the great thunder and the bolted flame,
And hide thy body where a hinge of stone
Shall catch it like an arm; and, when thou hast passed
A long black time within, thou shalt come out
To front the sun while Zeus's winged hound,
The strong, carnivorous eagle, shall wheel down
To meet thee, self-called to a daily feast,
And set his fierce beak in thee, and tear off
The long rags of thy flesh, and batten deep
Upon thy dusky liver. Do not look
For any end, moreover, to this curse,
Or ere some god appear to accept thy pangs
On his own head vicarious, and descend
With unreluctant step the darks of hell
And gloomy abysses around Tartarus.
Then ponder this,—this threat is not a growth
Of vain invention; it is spoken and meant:
King Zeus's mouth is impotent to lie,
Consummating the utterance by the act.
So, look to it, thou! take heed, and nevermore
Forget good counsel to indulge self-will.

CHORUS. Our Hermes suits his reasons to the times,
At least I think so, since he bids thee drop
Self-will for prudent counsel. Yield to him!
When the wise err, their wisdom makes their shame.

PROMETHEUS. Unto me the foreknower, this mandate of power
He cries, to reveal it.
What's strange in my fate, if I suffer from hate
At the hour that I feel it?
Let the locks of the lightning, all bristling and whitening,
Flash, coiling me round,

While the ether goes surging 'neath thunder and scourging
Of wild winds unbound!
Let the blast of the firmament whirl from its place
The earth rooted below,
And the brine of the ocean, in rapid emotion,
Be driven in the face
Of the stars up in heaven, as they walk to and fro!
Let him hurl me anon into Tartarus—on—
To the blackest degree,
With Necessity's vortices strangling me down;
But he cannot join death to a fate meant for *me!*

HERMES. Why, the words that he speaks and the thoughts that he thinks
Are maniacal!—add,
If the Fate who hath bound him should loose not the links,
He were utterly mad.
Then depart ye who groan with him,
Leaving to moan with him;
Go in haste! lest the roar of the thunder anearing
Should blast you to idiocy, living and hearing.

CHORUS. Change thy speech for another, thy thought for a new,
If to move me and teach me indeed be thy care;
For thy words swerve so far from the royal and true
That the thunder of Zeus seems more easy to bear.
How! couldst teach me to venture such vileness? behold!
I *choose* with this victim this anguish foretold!
I recoil from the traitor in haste and disdain,
And I know that the curse of the treason is worse
Than the pang of the chain.

HERMES. Then remember, O nymphs, what I tell you before,
Nor, when pierced by the arrows that Até will throw you,
Cast blame on your fate, and declare evermore
That Zeus thrust you on anguish he did not foreshow you.
Nay, verily, nay! for ye perish anon
For your deed, by your choice. By no blindness of doubt,
No abruptness of doom, but by madness alone,
In the great net of Até, whence none cometh out,

Ye are wound and undone.

PROMETHEUS. Ay! in act now, in word now no more,
Earth is rocking in space.
And the thunders crash up with a roar upon roar,
And the eddying lightnings flash fire in my face,
And the whirlwinds are whirling the dust round and round,
And the blasts of the winds universal leap free,
And blow each upon each with a passion of sound,
An ether goes mingling in storm with the sea.
Such a curse on my head, in a manifest dread,
From the hand of your Zeus has been hurtled along.
Oh my mother's fair glory! O Ether, enringing
All eyes with the sweet common light of thy bringing!
Dost see how I suffer this wrong?

THE ANTIGONE

OF

SOPHOCLES

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY

THOMAS FRANCKLIN

WITH AN INTRODUCTION UPON

SOPHOCLES, THE ATTIC BEE

BY CLIFTON W. COLLINS, M.A

INTRODUCTION

SOPHOCLES, THE ATTIC BEE

Life of Sophocles

The materials for our poet's life are few and untrustworthy. The real biographies have perished; and all that we have in their place is a brief anonymous memoir, some notices in Suidas, and a few anecdotes retailed to us from different sources by Athenæus, the great collector of the scandal and gossip of his day—and these last probably belong to the mock pearls of history. As in the case of Shakspeare, we know little of the man except what we can glean from his writings. Some few facts, however, rest on higher testimony; and these may be shortly noticed.

Colonus, a small village about a mile to the north of Athens, was the birthplace of Sophocles. The landscape of Colonus must have been strikingly picturesque, with its white limestone cliffs, its dark grove sacred to "the gentle goddesses," and echoing with "all throats that gurgle sweet," with the pure clear stream of the Cephisus, never failing in the hottest summer, and watering this garden of Attica. Whatever may have been his father's calling, Sophocles was himself a gentleman. "His natural gifts," says Lord Lytton, "were the rarest that nature bestows on man, genius and beauty." Body and mind were carefully trained under the best masters; and he received the complete liberal education of his age.

Sophocles made an early entrance on public life. At the age of sixteen his grace and beauty were such that he was selected from the youth of Attica to lead the choral dance around the altar which had been raised in honour of the victory of Salamis. Ten years later, we find him coming forward as the rival of Æschylus at the great festival of Bacchus, at which the prizes for tragedy were awarded. Cimon and his nine colleagues had just returned from Samos, bringing with them the bones of Theseus, which were to serve as a talisman against

plague and pestilence. The generals entered the theatre just before the commencement of the performances, and the Archon, estimating rightly the greatness of the occasion, swore them in to judge the case between the rival dramatists. They unanimously awarded the first prize to Sophocles; and Æschylus, it is said, in deep resentment of their verdict, left Athens, and retired to the court of Hiero at Syracuse.

A first success is everything in literature; and Sophocles, like others, found himself famous in a day. For more than forty years he continued to exhibit plays—sometimes winning the first prize, sometimes defeated in his turn by some younger candidate for fame, but never once degraded to the third place. So prolific was his genius, that he is said to have composed upwards of a hundred tragedies. Of these but seven are extant.

He had inherited a moderate income, and it is said this independence was necessary to the poet, for custom and etiquette prevented him from making money by his plays. "The crown of wild olive" was the only stimulus to genius; for the "two obols" paid by each citizen for admission went to the lessees of the theatre, and served to defray the necessary expense of scenery and decorations, as well as to pay the actors. The Greek would have regarded with the same disfavour the tragedian who made a profit on his plays, as the Sophist who might (as many of them in fact did) take money for his lectures, the statesman who should accept salary or pension for what should have been a labour of love, or the artist who exhibited his handiwork for a fee.[1] All such sordid gains, they held, should be left to the base-born mechanic; no gentleman should degrade his profession to the level of a trade. In the case of the poet, who was supposed to receive his inspiration direct from heaven, it would have been simple profanation to sell, as it were, the very bread of life. It was sufficient glory and recompense for him if the State—or some rich citizen repre-

[1] Zeuxis, the Millais of his day, exhibited his picture of Helen, and took money at the doors. Crowds flocked to see the painting, and the painter cleared a large sum—but the name of 'Helen' was changed by a satirical public to 'The Courtesan.'

senting the State—should defray the expenses of a Chorus, that he might "see his poetry put into action—assisted with all the pomp of spectacle and music, hallowed by the solemnity of a religious festival, and breathed, by artists elaborately trained to heighten the eloquence of words, into the ear of assembled Greece."[1]

Like every other Athenian, Sophocles was a politician, and he took his part in the stirring scenes of public life, personally serving in more than one campaign. But public life palled upon him, as it palls on every ardent and enthusiastic character. His temper was too gentle and his principles too chivalrous for him to grapple with the unscrupulous party spirit of the times. Not even the charm of a friendship with Pericles, or the honour of a statesman's position, could console him for the loss of literary ease; and we can understand how gladly he must have left the restless and busy Athens for the peaceful and lovely scenery of Colonus. There, like Pope on his lawn at Twickenham, like Wordsworth in the solitude of Grasmere, —or, to use a more classical illustration, like Horace at his Sabine farm,—he was free to follow the bent of his genius, and to draw from nature his purest and most perfect picture of a Greek landscape.

Yet the scenes which he had left might well have attracted a more ambitious spirit

To scorn delights, and live laborious days.

Athens was then teeming with all the exuberant life which marked the renaissance in modern times. Thought found its utterance in action, in the passion for war and in the restless spirit of enterprise, in all that many-sided energy which marked the Athenians—a people of whom their own historian [Thucydides] speaks as "never quiet themselves, and never allowing others to be so." Assuredly Sophocles was born under a lucky star; for his life was coeval with the greatness of his country, and he did not live to see the Long Walls—the symbol of that greatness—levelled in the dust to the sound of Spartan music. He lived in an age of heroes. All round him were the very men who had made his country what it was, and with most of

[1] Lord Lytton's Athens.

these men he was on terms of the most familiar intercourse. Doors were not then, as now, "barred with gold;" and Athenian society opened its arms to the graceful and engaging poet, so genial in his temper, so lively in conversation, so true a friend, so pleasant a guest.

Sophocles enjoyed a rare popularity in Athens. Even that prince of satirists, Aristophanes, can find neither flaw nor blemish in his moral armour against which to launch an arrow. He directs unsparing raillery against the bombast of Æschylus and the sophistry of Euripides; but he has nothing to say against this "good easy man"—"as gentle below the earth as he was gentle in his lifetime" [The Frogs]. The scandalous anecdotes of Athenæus may be taken for what they are worth; and it is difficult for any one who has read his plays, with all their purity of passion, their delicacy of feeling, their chivalrous principles of honour, to believe them, with Lord Lytton, to have been written by a "profligate" or a "renegade."

He died full of years and honour, loved (as his biographer tells us) in every way by all men; and his fellow-citizens paid due reverence to the tomb of him who was truly "the prince of poets in his time." The god Bacchus, himself, the divine patron of the tragic drama, was said to have appeared to Lysander, whose armies were then beleaguering Athens, and to have demanded that a safe-conduct should be given to the poet's friends to bear his body beyond the city walls to Decelea, and there bury it in the sepulchre of his fathers.

Sacrifices were offered to his Manes, and a statue of bronze was erected to his memory; but "more enduring than brass or marble" has been the epitaph composed in his honour by Simmias of Thebes, thus gracefully translated by Professor Plumptre:—

> Creep gently, ivy, ever gently creep,
> Where Sophocles sleeps on in calm repose;
> Thy pale green tresses o'er the marble sweep,
> While all around shall bloom the purpling rose.
> There let the vine with rich full clusters hang,
> Its fair young tendrils fling around the stone;
> Due meed for that sweet wisdom which he sang,
> By Muses and by Graces called their own.

We now pass to the inner life of Sophocles—to his character and work. It is but a step from Æschylus to him, yet the step involves an immensity of change, not only in the man, but in the age. Instead of the rough son of Mars—the hero of Marathon—who (as Sophocles himself said) "did what was right without knowing it," we have the graceful and artistic poet, skilled in weaving plots and in delineating characters. The change is like passing from storm to sunshine. The wild imagery, the unearthly conceptions, the heroes and the heroines, human indeed, but with the human image dilated to colossal proportions, like the spectre of the Brocken, and with the passions of the Titans who scaled Olympus—the "ox-horned Io," the blood-stained Furies, and the "wild Cassandra,"—all these have disappeared. In their stead the scene is occupied by creations of flesh and blood, with human sympathies and affections, true and real in character, because their types were taken from the gallery of life. The serenity which marked the poet seems to influence his readers and spectators. So true is he to nature, so gradual is his development of each legend, however wonderful or monstrous it may be, that we have no alternative but to believe and sympathise.

The poet fell in with the change that had come over the spirit of his time. The generation of Æschylus—stout warriors who had fought at Marathon, and sturdy seamen who "knew nothing" (as Aristophanes said) "except to call for barley-cake, and shout 'yo-heave-ho'"—had been content to believe implicitly all that Homer and their poets had taught them; and seeing around them traces of some mysterious force whose agency and purpose they were powerless to explain, they made a god of this Necessity or Destiny, and called it Nemesis.

Gradually the Greek mind expanded. The seas were opened, commerce increased, men travelled far and saw much; and thus the same stimulus was given to national thought and feeling by maritime enterprise as to the Jews under Solomon, and to the English under Elizabeth. And as the Athenians grew adventurous, so they grew self-reliant. They doubted and questioned where they had before been content to shudder and believe. They attributed more to themselves and less to the blind agency of Destiny; and thus, in this

progress of rationalism, there ensued that momentous change in thought represented by the transition in history from Herodotus to Thucydides, and in poetry from Æschylus to Sophocles.

With this new generation, man is no longer bound hand and foot, powerless to move against his inevitable doom. He has liberty of choice in action, and by his knowledge or his ignorance, by his virtues or his vices, has made himself what he is. It is not so much a malignant power tormenting men in sheer envy at their wealth or happiness; but it is men themselves, who "play the fool with the times, while the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock them." A long train of disastrous consequences often follows from a single impious speech or guilty deed—nay, even from a hot word or a hasty blow. Thus the idea of Destiny passes into that of retribution. Punishment surely follows sin, if not in a man's own day, yet descending, like an heirloom of misery, upon his children.

In each of his plays Sophocles shows how passion works out its own end—whether it be the pride of Œdipus, the stubbornness of Creon, the insane fury of Ajax, or the jealousy of Dejanira. All these passions are simple and natural; there are no eccentricities of genius, no abnormal mental states, such as furnish the material of the modern drama.

The Athenian audience, with the joyous instincts of children—ever ready to "make believe"—gave themselves up to all the illusions of the scene and story, delighting, and freely expressing their delight, in the picturesque and ever-shifting series of graceful tableaux, so different from the still life of a statue or a painting. They were "as gods," knowing all the good and evil in the future of the play—such knowledge only increasing the expectancy with which they looked forward to Œdipus blinding himself, or Ajax falling on his sword. The manner in which the poet treated each old familiar tale was the test of his art, just as a modern preacher might discuss and illustrate, after his own proper taste and fashion, some well-known text. If we want a modern example of the keen interest and sympathy which may be excited in a large and intelligent audience by the lifelike representation of a history

familiar to them from their childhood, we have not to go far to seek. The Passion-Play now acted at Ober-Ammergau has many points of resemblance to the Greek drama. In both there is the same reality and majestic slowness in the acting, the same rhythmical dialogue, the same melodious choral songs, the same large stage, with architectural scenery half-open to the sky, and, above all, the same intensity of religious feeling, which thrills the actor, and passes from him, like an electric current, to an enthusiastic audience.

Sophocles developed this religious aspect of the drama; and no Athenian citizen could have seen his "Ajax" or "Antigone" without feeling their hearts burn within them, or without being touched and elevated by the mingled sweetness and purity and pathos which earned for the poet the title of the "Attic Bee." From his pages can be gleaned sentences which read like fragments from the inspired writings, and which might have furnished texts for a hundred sermons. With him the Deity is a personal and omnipresent being, far removed from that sombre and vindictive Nemesis which haunted Æschylus. Here are lines which might have been written by a Christian divine:—

> Speak thou no word of pride, nor raise
> A swelling thought against the gods on high;
> For Time uplifteth and Time layeth low
> All human things; and the great gods above
> Abhor the wicked as the good they love.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Be blameless in all duties towards the gods;
> For God the Father in compare with this
> Lightly esteemeth all things else; and so
> Thy righteousness shall with thee to the end
> Endure, and follow thee beyond the grave.
>
> —*Philoctetes.*

These sentiments pervade every play. It is only when unmanned by despair that his heroes are tempted, like Job, in the anguish of their hearts, to "curse God and die." Even then such impiety meets with its own reward. Well, therefore, might his unknown biographer declare Sophocles to have been "dear to the gods as no other man was;" and with equal truth

may Professor Plumptre hail him as one of those who were, in their degree, "schoolmasters unto Christ."

Mingled with this strong religious feeling in Sophocles was that melancholy supposed to be engendered only in the poets of the north. He is oppressed by his sense of the feebleness of human intellect and the impotence of human foresight, as compared with the omnipotent wisdom of an eternal being. Like some master-spirit, he views the actions and passions of the characters which he has created with a half-contemptuous pity. He heaps upon mankind every epithet of scorn—"phantoms," "shadows," "creatures of a day," "born to misery as the sparks fly upwards." Hence springs what has been called his "Irony," so admirably illustrated in Bishop Thirlwall's well-known essay. "Men promise much and perform little. They think they are marching onward to fame and greatness, when the ground is opening beneath their feet, and they are sinking to destruction. They boast of their strength when they are really displaying their weakness. Like Œdipus, they solve the riddle of the Sphinx, and are blind to the riddle of their own lives."

Many improvements are said to have been introduced by Sophocles on the Athenian stage. We are told that he raised the number of actors present at once upon the scene from two to three; that he attired them in splendid dresses—robes of saffron and purple, falling in long and graceful folds,—jewelled chaplets, and broad embroidered girdles. But above all, he increased the number of the Chorus, and gave a new form and spirit to the music which accompanied their odes. We, in our cold climate, can hardly appreciate the effect which music produced on the enthusiastic Greek temperament. The French are more susceptible to such influence; and few who have ever heard it can forget the sublime effect of the Marseillaise thundered out by a vast revolutionary throng. To the Greek, music was a passion and a necessity. Even now, a modern traveller compares their life to an opera, where men sing from birth to death; and perhaps the case was even stronger in the days of Sophocles, when "song rose from an Hellenic village as naturally as from a brake in spring."

Even philosophers recognised this all-pervading influence. Aristotle has devoted a long and learned chapter of his Politics to the "moral influence of music." Ion, the rhapsodist, describes the strong emotion produced in himself and in his hearers by the recitation of Homer. "When that which I recite is pathetic," he says, "my eyes are filled with tears; when it is awful or terrible, my hair stands on end and my heart leaps. Moreover, I see the spectators also weeping in sympathy with my emotion, and looking aghast with terror." If the mere recitation of hexameter verse could produce this effect, far more powerfully must the simple but passionate music of the Tragic Chorus, sung in unison by well-trained singers, have impressed the audience in the theatre, where the masks of perfect beauty, the graceful robes, and the majestic stature of the actors gave a solemn and almost unearthly character to the scene. Though Sophocles had a weak voice, he was himself a skilled musician; and in his choral odes (purposely shortened by him that they might not interrupt the current of the story) we can faintly trace the echo of that sweet and majestic melody which must once have entranced all hearers—we can almost hear the harmony of voices, now rising loud and clear as they hail a prince or victor, and then dying away with a solemn Memnonian cadence as

> They mourn the bridegroom early torn
> From his young bride, and set on high—
> Strength, courage, virtue's golden morn,
> Too good to die. —*Ode IV,* Horace.

Antigone

Of all the plays of Sophocles, Antigone has had the most long-lived popularity. Not only was it frequently acted on the Athenian stage, but it has been translated, imitated, and "adapted" by successive generations of dramatists, from Seneca to Racine. The plot has been illustrated by Alfieri, and the choruses have been set to music by Mendelssohn; and in 1845, the play was actually represented on the boards of Covent Garden Theatre, with all the accessories of classical costume and scenery, and with Helen Faucit as the heroine.

It is not hard to discover the secret of the enduring favour with which "Antigone" has been regarded. The heroine, who absorbs the interest of the piece, is the purest and noblest idea of womanhood that ever inspired a poet. In reading the play we have something of the same feeling as when we look at Delaroche's famous picture of Marie Antoinette. All else in the painting—whether judges, guards, or spectators—sinks into shade and insignificance before the one grand central figure, standing out in bold relief against the darkness of the canvas—

> Death's purpose flashing in her face.

"Antigone" has been said to be the poetry of what Socrates is the prose; that is, she is in fiction what he is in history—a martyr in the cause of truth. The death of both was as truly a martyrdom as that of any Christian who suffered for his faith in the persecutions of Nero or Diocletian. Both chose to obey God rather than man. Both appealed from the law of the land, and from the sentence of an earthly judge, to those laws which are "neither written on tablets nor proclaimed by heralds," but engraven in the heart of man. More than two thousand five hundred years have passed since the day when Antigone made her noble protest; but time has only justified her cause, and her voice still speaks to us across the lapse of years:—

> No ordinance of Man shall override
> The settled laws of Nature and of God;
> Not written these in pages of a book,
> Nor were they framed to-day, nor yesterday;
> We know not whence they are; but this we know,
> That they from all eternity have been,
> And shall to all eternity endure.

It was outraged nature which made this appeal through the mouth of Antigone. Creon had, by his exposure of the body of Polynices, violated the first great law of humanity, and had committed an act which was at once impious and barbarous, detestable alike in the eyes of gods and men. To the Greek, reverence for the dead was the most sacred of all duties. In his national creed, the ghosts of Hades seem more than dis-

embodied spirits;—they retain their bodily senses; they remember the joys and brood over the sorrows of their former life; they carry traces of the mortal wounds or mutilation which caused their death; and so, in the Odyssey, we find them crowding to drink the blood which, like an elixir of life, seems to reanimate their veins, and give them speech and utterance. To the Greek the grave was not a barrier across which there was no return. Hercules had wrestled bodily with Death for the possession of Alcestis; Orpheus had almost regained his Eurydice; and Hesiod tells us how the spirits of the just revisit the loved scenes of their lifetime, like guardian angels—

> Earth haunting, beneficent, holy.
> —*Works and Days.*

But nothing could compensate to the dead for their cruel deprivation of a tomb. Not only was the spirit in such a case condemned to wander restlessly for a hundred years on the banks of Styx—a belief of which Lord Lytton has made such skilful use in his tale of "Sisyphus"—but the laws of the gods in the lower world were violated, and the majesty of Proserpine, the queen of Hades, was set at nought. Few would take the common-sense view of Socrates in Plato's Dialogue, who told his friends that, do what they would, they could not bury *him;* or of Anchises in the Æneid, that

> He lacks not much who lacks a grave.

Tradition unanimously consecrated the importance of sepulture. The fiercest battles in Homer are those waged for the possession of the dead bodies of heroes like Sarpedon or Patroclus. The most cruel insult to the conquered is that of Achilles, when he lashes the corpse of Hector to his chariot, and drags it round the walls of Troy. The most touching scene in all the Iliad is where Priam humbles himself in the dust before the victor to obtain the body of his son for burial. So strong was the feeling even in actual history that after the battle of Arginusæ (fought in the same year that Sophocles died) we find the Athenian people condemning ten victorious generals to death for having allowed the seamen of sinking vessels to be

drowned unrescued, and so be deprived of a grave. Hence, without question, the tragedies which must have excited the keenest sympathy in a Greek audience were those in which the interest turned on the violation of funeral rites—as in the "Ajax" and "Antigone" of Sophocles, and in the "Suppliants" of Euripides.

The sisters Antigone and Ismene had returned to Thebes after the death of Œdipus, and there they lived, under the guardianship of Creon, with their brother Eteocles. Then came the famous siege, of which an account has been given in a preceding volume of this series. For three days the Seven Chieftains had assaulted the seven gates, with varying success, and on the third day the single combat took place which resulted in the death by each other's hands of the two brothers. After their fall, the battle still raged on, until at last Menœceus, son of Creon, devoted himself as a sacrifice for his country, and then the Argive host were seized with a sudden panic, and fled in headlong rout.

It is on the morning after their flight that the play opens. All that scenery can do to heighten the effect has been employed by the poet. In the background rises the palace of the kings of Thebes, and on the walls are hung six suits of armour, taken from the Argive chieftains. One side-scene represents the distant hills of Cithæron; on the other is depicted the city itself, with its houses and temples, the sacred streams of Dirce and Ismenus, and the "Scæan gates," still bearing traces of the late assault.

The audience, who have murmured their applause at the fidelity with which the artist has brought before them a well-known locality, are hushed into silence as the two sisters enter.

SOPHOCLES

ANTIGONE

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA

CREON, *King of Thebes*
EURYDICE, *Wife of Creon*
HÆMON, *Son of Creon*
ANTIGONE, *Daughter of Œdipus*
ISMENE, *Sister of Antigone*
TIRESIAS, *a Prophet*
A MESSENGER, GUARD, SERVANT, *and* ATTENDANTS
CHORUS, *composed of Ancient Men of Thebes*

ACT I

SCENE I

ANTIGONE, ISMENE

ANTIGONE. O my dear sister, my best-beloved Ismene!
Is there an evil, by the wrath of Jove
Reserved for Œdipus' unhappy race,
We have not felt already? Sorrow and shame,
And bitterness and anguish, all that's sad,
All that's distressful, hath been ours, and now
This dreadful edict from the tyrant comes
To double our misfortunes. Hast thou heard
What harsh commands he hath imposed on all,
Or art thou still to know what future ills
Our foes have yet in store to make us wretched?

ISM. Since that unhappy day, Antigone,
When by each other's hand our brothers fell,
And Greece dismissed her armies, I have heard
Naught that could give or joy or grief to me.

ANT. I thought thou wert a stranger to the tidings,
And therefore called thee forth, that here alone
I might impart them to thee.

ISM. Oh! what are they?
For something dreadful labours in thy breast.

ANT. Know then, from Creon, our indulgent lord,

Our hapless brothers met a different fate:
To honour one, and one to infamy
He hath consigned. With funeral rites he graced
The body of our dear Eteocles,
Whilst Polynices' wretched carcase lies
Unburied, unlamented, left exposed
A feast for hungry vultures on the plain.
No pitying friend will dare to violate
The tyrant's harsh command, for public death
Awaits th' offender. Creon comes himself
To tell us of it—such is our condition.
This is the crisis, this the hour, Ismene,
That must declare thee worthy of thy birth,
Or show thee mean, base, and degenerate.
ISM. What wouldst thou have me do?—defy his power?
Contemn the laws?
ANT. To act with me, or not:
Consider and resolve.
ISM. What daring deed
Wouldst thou attempt? What is it? Speak!
ANT. To join
And take the body, my Ismene.
ISM. Ha!
And wouldst thou dare to bury it, when thus
We are forbidden?
ANT. Aye, to bury *him!*
He is my brother, and thine too, Ismene;
Therefore, consent or not, I have determined
I'll not disgrace my birth.
ISM. Hath not the king
Pronounced it death to all?
ANT. He hath no right,
No power to keep me from my own.
ISM. Alas!
Remember our unhappy father's fate:
His eyes torn out by his own fatal hand,
Oppressed with shame and infamy he died;
Fruit of his crimes! a mother, and a wife—
Dreadful alliance!—self-devoted, fell;

And last, in one sad day, Eteocles
And Polynices by each other slain.
Left as we are, deserted and forlorn,
What from our disobedience can we hope
But misery and ruin? Poor weak women,
Helpless, nor formed by nature to contend
With powerful man. We are his subjects too.
Therefore to this, and worse than this, my sister,
We must submit. For me, in humblest prayer
Will I address me to th' infernal powers
For pardon of that crime which well they know
Sprang from necessity, and then obey;
Since to attempt what we can never hope
To execute, is folly all and madness.

ANT. Wert thou to proffer what I do not ask—
Thy poor assistance—I would scorn it now.
Act as thou wilt; I'll bury him myself;
Let me perform but that, and death is welcome:
I'll do the pious deed, and lay me down
By my dear brother. Loving and beloved
We'll rest together; to the powers below
'Tis fit we pay obedience; longer there
We must remain than we can breathe on earth.
There I shall dwell for ever; thou, meantime,
What the gods hold most precious mayst despise.

ISM. I reverence the gods; but, in defiance
Of laws, and unassisted to do this,
It were most dangerous.

ANT. That be thy excuse,
Whilst I prepare the funeral pile.

ISM. Alas!
I tremble for thee.

ANT. Tremble for thyself,
And not for me.

ISM. Oh! do not tell thy purpose,
I beg thee, do not. I shall ne'er betray thee.

ANT. I'd have it known; and I shall hate thee more
For thy concealment, than, if loud to all,
Thou wouldst proclaim the deed.

ISM. Thou hast a heart
Too daring, and ill-suited to thy fate.
ANT. I know my duty, and I'll pay it there
Where 'twill be best accepted.
ISM. Couldst thou do it!
But 'tis not in thy power.
ANT. When I know that
It will be time enough to quit my purpose.
ISM. It cannot be; 'tis folly to attempt it.
ANT. Go on, and I shall hate thee! Our dead brother,
He too shall hate thee as his bitterest foe;
Go, leave me here to suffer for my rashness;
Whate'er befalls, it cannot be so dreadful
As not to die with honour.
ISM. Then farewell,
Since thou wilt have it so; and know, Ismene
Pities thy weakness, but admires thy virtue. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

CHORUS

Strophe 1

By Dirce's sweetly-flowing stream,
Ne'er did the golden eye of day
On Thebes with fairer lustre beam,
Or shine with more auspicious ray.
See the proud Argive, with his silver shield
And glittering armour, quits the hostile plain;
No longer dares maintain the luckless field,
But vanquished flies, nor checks the loosened rein.
With dreadful clangour, like the bird of Jove,
On snowy wings descending from above,
His vaunted powers to this devoted land,
In bitterest wrath did Polynices lead,
With crested helmets, and a numerous band
He came, and fondly hoped that Thebes should bleed.

Antistrophe 1

High on the lofty tower he stood,
And viewed th' encircled gates below,
With spears that thirsted for our blood,
And seemed to scorn th' unequal foe;
But, fraught with vengeance, ere the rising flame
Could waste our bulwarks, or our walls surround,
Mars to assist the fiery serpent came,
And brought the towering eagle to the ground.
That god who hates the boastings of the proud
Saw the rude violence of th' exulting crowd;
Already now the triumph was prepared,
The wreath of victory and the festal song,
When Jove the clash of golden armour heard,
And hurled his thunder on the guilty throng.

Strophe 2

Then Capaneus, elate with pride,
Fierce as the rapid whirlwind came,
Eager he seemed on every side
To spread the all-devouring flame;
But soon he felt the wingèd lightning's blast,
By angry heaven with speedy vengeance sent—
Down from the lofty turrets headlong cast,
For his foul crimes he met the punishment.
Each at his gate, long time the leaders strove,
Then fled, and left their arms to conquering Jove;
Save the unhappy death-devoted pair,
The wretched brethren, who unconquered stood,
With rancorous hate inspired, and fell despair,
They reeked their vengeance in each other's blood.

Antistrophe 2

And lo! with smiles propitious see
To Thebes, for numerous cars renowned,
The goddess comes, fair Victory,
With fame and endless glory crowned!

Henceforth, no longer vexed by war's alarms,
Let all our sorrows, all our labours cease;
Come, let us quit the din of rattling arms,
And fill our temples with the songs of peace.
The god of Thebes shall guide our steps aright,
And crown with many a lay the festive night.
But see, still anxious for his native land,
Our king, Menæceus' valiant son, appear;
With some fair omen by the gods' command
He comes to met his aged council here. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II

Scene I

Creon, Chorus

Creon. At length our empire, shook by civil broils,
The gods to peace and safety have restored;
Wherefore, my friends, you had our late request
That you should meet us here; for well I know
Your firm allegiance to great Laius, next
To Œdipus, and his unhappy sons;
These by each other's hand untimely slain,
To me the sceptre doth of right descend,
As next in blood. Never can man be known,
His mind, his will, his passions ne'er appear
Till power and office call them forth; for me,
'Tis my firm thought, and I have held it ever,
That he who rules and doth not follow that
Which wisdom counsels, but, restrained by fear,
Shuts up his lips, must be the worst of men;
Nor do I deem him worthy who prefers
A friend, how dear soever, to his country.
Should I behold—witness all-seeing Jove!—
This city wronged, I never would be silent,
Never would make the foe of Thebes my friend,
For on her safety must depend our own;
And if she flourish we can never want
Assistance or support. Thus would I act,

And therefore have I sent my edict forth
Touching the sons of Œdipus, commanding
That they should bury him who nobly fought
And died for Thebes, the good Eteocles,
Gracing his memory with each honour due
To the illustrious dead. For Polynices,
Abandoned exile, for a brother's blood
Thirsting insatiate—he who would in flames
Have wasted all, his country and his gods,
And made you slaves—I have decreed he lie
Unburied, his vile carcase to the birds
And hungry dogs a prey. There let him rot
Inglorious—'tis my will; for ne'er from me
Shall vice inherit virtue's due reward,
But him alone who is a friend to Thebes,
Living or dead shall Creon reverence still.

CHOR. Son of Menæceus, 'twas thy great behest
Thus to reward them both; thine is the power
O'er all supreme, the living and the dead.

CREON. Be careful then my orders are obeyed.

CHOR. O sir! to younger hands commit the task.

CREON. I have appointed some to watch the body.

CHOR. What then remains for us?

CREON. To see that none
By your connivance violate the law.

CHOR. Scarce will the man be found so fond of death
As to attempt it.

CREON. Death is the reward
Of him who dares it; but oftimes by hope
Of sordid gain are men betrayed to ruin.

SCENE II

MESSENGER, CREON, CHORUS.

MES. O king! I cannot boast that hither sent
I came with speed, for oft my troubled thoughts
Have driven me back; oft to myself I said,
Why dost thou seek destruction? Yet again

If thou report it not, from other tongues
Creon must hear the tale, and thou wilt suffer.
With doubts like these oppressed, slowly I came,
And the short way seemed like a tedious journey;
At length I come, resolved to tell thee all:
Whate'er the event, I must submit to fate.
CREON. Whence are thy fears, and why this hesitation?
MES. First for myself; I merit not thy wrath;
It was not I, nor have I seen the man
Who did the guilty deed.
CREON. Something of weight
Thou hast t' impart, by this unusual care
To guard thee from our anger.
MES. Fear will come
Where danger is.
CREON. Speak, and thou hast thy pardon.
MES. The body of Polynices some rash hand
Hath buried, scattered o'er his corpse the dust,
And funeral rites performed.
CREON. Who dared do this?
MES. 'Tis yet unknown; no mark of instrument
Is left behind: the earth still level all,
Nor worn by track of chariot wheel. The guard,
Who watched that day, call it a miracle;
No tomb was raised; light lay the scattered earth,
As only meant to avoid the imputed curse;
Nor could we trace the steps of dog or beast
Passing that way. Instant a tumult rose;
The guards accused each other; nought was proved,
But each suspected each, and all denied,
Offering, in proof of innocence, to grasp
The burning steel, to walk through fire, and take
Their solemn oath they knew not of the deed;
At length, one mightier than the rest, proposed—
Nor could we think of better means—that all
Should be to thee discovered; 'twas my lot
To bring th' unwelcome tidings, and I come
To pour my news unwilling into ears
Unwilling to receive it, for I know

None ever loved the messenger of ill.

CHOR. To me it seems as if the hand of heaven
Were in this deed.

CREON. Be silent, ere my rage,
Thou rash old man, pronounce thee fool and dotard;
Horrid suggestion! Think'st thou, then, the gods
Take care of men like these? Would they preserve
Or honour him who came to burn their altars,
Profane their rites, and trample on their laws?
Will they reward the bad? It cannot be.
But well I know the murmuring citizens
Brooked not our mandate, shook their heads in secret,
And, ill-affected to me, would not stoop
Their haughty crests, or bend beneath my yoke.
By hire corrupted, some of these have dared
The venturous deed. Gold is the worst of ills
That ever plagued mankind: this wastes our cities,
Drives forth their natives to a foreign soil,
Taints the pure heart, and turns the virtuous mind
To basest deeds; artificer of fraud
Supreme, and source of every wickedness.
The wretch corrupted for this hateful purpose
Must one day suffer; for, observe me well,
As I revere that power by whom I swear,
Almighty Jove, if you conceal him from me,
If to my eyes you do not bring the traitor,
Know, death alone shall not suffice to glut
My vengeance; living shall you hang in torments
Till you confess, till you have learned from me
There is a profit not to be desired,
And own dishonest gains have ruined more
Than they have saved.

MES. O king! may I depart,
Or wait thy further orders?

CREON. Knowst thou not
Thy speech is hateful? Hence!

MES. Wherefore, my lord?

CREON. Know you not why?

MES. I but offend your ear,
They who have done the deed afflict your soul.
CREON. Away! Thy talk but makes thy guilt appear.
MES. My lord, I did not do it.
CREON. Thou hast sold
Thy life for gain.
MES. 'Tis cruel to suspect me.
CREON. Thou talkst it bravely; but remember all,
Unless you do produce him, you shall find
The miseries which on ill-got wealth await. [*Exit*
MES. Would he were found. That we must leave to fate;
Be it as it may, I never will return:
Thus safe beyond my hopes, 'tis fit I pay
My thanks to the kind gods who have preserved me.
[*Exit*

SCENE III

CHORUS

Strophe 1

Since first this active world began,
Nature is busy all in every part;
But passing all in wisdom and in art,
Superior shines inventive man:
Fearless of wintry winds and circling waves,
He rides the ocean and the tempest braves;
On him unwearied earth with lavish hand,
Immortal goddess, all her bounty pours,
Patient beneath the rigid plough's command,
Year after year she yields her plenteous stores.

Antistrophe 1

To drive the natives of the wood
From their rude haunts, or in the cruel snare,
To catch the winged inhabitants of air,
Or trap the scaly brood;

To tame the fiery courser yet unbroke
With the hard rein, or to the untried yoke
To bend the mountain bull, who wildly free
O'er the steep rocks had wandered unconfined—
These are the arts of mortal industry,
And such the subtle power of humankind.

Strophe 2

By learning, and fair science crowned,
Behold him now full-fraught with wisdom's lore,
The laws of nature anxious to explore,
With depth of thought profound.
But naught, alas! can human wisdom see
In the dark bosom of futurity.
The power of wisdom may awhile prevail,
Awhile suspend a mortal's fleeting breath,
But never can her fruitless arts avail
To conquer fate, or stop the hand of death.

Antistrophe 2

Man's ever-active changeful will
Sometimes to good shall bend his virtuous mind,
Sometimes behold him to foul deeds inclined,
And prone to every ill.
Who guiltless keeps the laws is still approved
By every tongue, and by his country loved;
But he who doth not, from his native land
A wretched exile, far, oh! far from me
May he be driven, by angry Heaven's command,
And live devote to shame and infamy!

CHOR. Amazement! Can it be Antigone?
Or do my eyes deceive me? No, she comes.
O! wretched daughter of a wretched father!
Hast thou transgressed the laws, and art thou ta'en
In this adventurous deed, unhappy maid?

Scene IV

Antigone, Guard, Chorus

Guard. Behold the woman who hath done the deed!
I' th' very act of burial we surprised her.
Where is the king?
Chor. Returned, as we could wish;
E'en now he comes this way.

Scene V

Creon, Antigone, Guard, Chorus

Creon. Whom have we here?
Doth justice smile upon us?
Guard. O my lord!
Never should man too confident assert,
Much less by oath should bind himself to aught,
For soon our judgments change, and one opinion
Destroys another. By thy threats alarmed
But now, I vowed I never would return;
Yet thus preserved beyond my hopes, I come,
Bound by that duty which I owe to thee
And to my country, to bring here this virgin,
Whom, as she sprinkled o'er her brother's dust
The varied wreath, we seized. The willing task
Was mine, nor as of late by lot determined.
Receive her then, O king! Judge and condemn
The guilty as it best becomes thy wisdom;
Henceforth I stand acquitted.
Creon. But say how,
Where didst thou find her?
Guard. To say all, 'twas she
Who buried Polynices.
Creon. Art thou sure?
Guard. These eyes beheld her.
Creon. But say, how discovered?
Guard. Thus then it was. No sooner had I left thee
Than, mindful of thy wrath, with careful hands

From off the putrid carcase we removed
The scattered dust; then, to avoid the stench,
Exhaling noisome, to a hill retired;
There watched at distance, till the mid-day sun
Scorched o'er our heads. Sudden a storm arose,
Shook every leaf, and rattled through the grove,
Filling the troubled element. We closed
Our eyes, and patient bore the wrath of heaven.
At length the tempest ceased, when we beheld
This virgin issuing forth, and heard her cries
Distressful, like the plaintive bird who views
The plundered nest, and mourns her ravished young.
E'en thus the maid, when on the naked corse
She cast her eyes, loud shrieked, and cursed the hand
That did the impious deed, then sprinkled o'er
The crumbled earth, and from a brazen urn,
Of richest work, to the loved relics thrice
Her due libations poured. We saw, and straight
Pursued her. Unappalled she seemed, and still
As we did question her, confessed it all.
It pleased, and yet methought it grieved me too.
To find ourselves released from woe is bliss
Supreme, but thus to see our friends unhappy
Embitters all. I must be thankful still
For my own safety, which I hold most dear.

CREON. Speak thou, who bendst to earth thy drooping head;
Dost thou deny the fact?

ANT. Deny it? No!
'Twas I.

CREON. [*to the* GUARD]. Retire, for thou art free; and now [*turning to* ANTIGONE
Be brief, and tell me; heardst thou our decree?

ANT. I did; 'twas public. How could I avoid it?

CREON. And dar'st thou then to disobey the law?

ANT. I had it not from Jove, nor the just gods
Who rule below; nor could I ever think
A mortal's law of power or strength sufficient
To abrogate th' unwritten law divine,

Immutable, eternal, not like these
Of yesterday, but made ere time began.
Shall man persuade me then to violate
Heaven's great commands, and make the gods my foes?
Without thy mandate, death had one day come;
For who shall 'scape it? and if now I fall
A little sooner, 'tis the thing I wish.
To those who live in misery like me,
Believe me, king, 'tis happiness to die;
Without remorse I shall embrace my fate;
But to my brother had I left the rites
Of sepulture unpaid, I then indeed
Had been most wretched. This to thee may seem
Madness and folly. If it be, 'tis fit
I should act thus—it but resembles thee.

CREON. Sprung from a sire perverse and obstinate,
Like him she cannot bend beneath misfortune;
But know, the proudest hearts may be subdued;
Hast thou not marked the hardest steel by fire
Made soft and flexible? Myself have seen
By a slight rein the fiery courser held.
'Tis not for slaves to be so haughty; yet
This proud offender, not content, it seems,
To violate my laws, adds crime to crime,
Smiles at my threats, and glories in her guilt;
If I should suffer her to 'scape my vengeance,
She were the man, not I; but though she sprang
E'en from my sister, were I bound to her
By ties more dear than is Hercæan Jove,
She should not 'scape. Her sister too I find
Accomplice in the deed—go, call her forth!

[*to one of the Attendants*

She is within, I saw her raving there,
Her senses lost, the common fate of those
Who practise dark and deadly wickedness.

[*Turning to* ANTIGONE.

I cannot bear to see the guilty stand
Convicted of their crimes, and yet pretend
To gloss them o'er with specious names of virtue.

ANT. I am thy captive; thou wouldst have my life;
Will that content thee?
CREON. Yes; 'tis all I wish.
ANT. Why this delay then, when thou knowst my words
To thee as hateful are as thine to me?
Therefore dispatch; I cannot live to do
A deed more glorious: and so these would all
[*pointing to the* CHORUS
Confess, were not their tongues restrained by fear;
It is the tyrant's privilege, we know,
To speak and act whate'er he please, uncensured.
CREON. Lives there another in the land of Thebes
Who thinks as thou dost?
ANT. Yes, a thousand; these—
These think so too, but dare not utter it.
CREON. Dost thou not blush?
ANT. For what? Why blush to pay
A sister's duty?
CREON. But, Eteocles!
Say, was not he thy brother too?
ANT. He was.
CREON. Why then thus reverence him who least deserved it?
ANT. Perhaps that brother thinks not so.
CREON. He must,
If thou payst equal honour to them both.
ANT. He was a brother, not a slave.
CREON. One fought
Against that country which the other saved.
ANT. But equal death the rites of sepulture
Decrees to both.
CREON. What! Reverence alike
The guilty and the innocent!
ANT. Perhaps
The gods below esteem it just.
CREON. A foe,
Though dead, should as a foe be treated still.
ANT. My love shall go with thine, but not my hate.
CREON. Go then, and love them in the tomb! But know,

No woman rules in Thebes whilst Creon lives.

CHOR. Lo! At the portal stands the fair Ismene,
Tears in her lovely eyes, a cloud of grief
Sits on her brow, wetting her beauteous cheek
With pious sorrow for a sister's fate.

SCENE VI

ISMENE, ANTIGONE, CREON, CHORUS

CREON. Come forth, thou serpent! Little did I think
That I had nourished two such deadly foes
To suck my blood, and cast me from my throne.
What sayst thou? Wert thou accomplice in the deed,
Or wilt thou swear that thou art innocent?

ISM. I do acknowledge it, if she permit me;
I was accomplice, and the crime was mine.

ANT. 'Tis false; thou didst refuse, nor would I hold
Communion with thee.

ISM. But in thy misfortunes
Let me partake, my sister; let me be
A fellow-sufferer with thee.

ANT. Witness, death,
And ye infernal gods, to which belongs
The great, the glorious deed! I do not love
These friends in word alone.

ISM. Antigone,
Do not despise me; I but ask to die
With thee and pay due honours to the dead.

ANT. Pretend not to a merit which thou hast not.
Live thou; it is enough for me to perish.

ISM. But what is life without thee?

ANT. Ask thy friend
And patron there. [*Pointing to* CREON.

ISM. Why that unkind reproach,
When thou shouldst rather comfort me?

ANT. Alas!
It gives me pain when I am forced to speak
So bitterly against thee.

ISM. Is there aught
That I can do to save thee?
ANT. Save thyself,
I shall not envy thee.
ISM. And will you not
Permit me then to share your fate?
ANT. Thy choice
Was life. 'Tis mine to die.
ISM. I told thee oft
It would be so.
ANT. Thou didst, and was 't not well
Thus to fulfil thy prophecy?
ISM. The crime
Was mutual; mutual be the punishment.
ANT. Fear not. Thy life is safe, but mine long since
Devoted to the dead.
CREON. Both seem deprived
Of reason. One indeed was ever thus.
ISM. O king! The mind doth seldom keep her seat
When sunk beneath misfortunes.
CREON. Sunk indeed
Thou wert in wretchedness to join with her.
ISM. But what is life without Antigone?
CREON. Then think not of it. For she is no more.
ISM. Wouldst thou destroy thy son's long-destined wife?
CREON. Oh! we shall find a fitter bride.
ISM. Alas!
He will not think so.
CREON. I'll not wed my son
To a base woman.
ANT. O my dearest Hæmon!
And is it thus thy father doth disgrace thee?
CREON. Such an alliance were as hateful to me
As is thyself.
ISM. Wilt thou then take her from him?
CREON. Their nuptials shall be finished by death.
ISM. She then must perish?
CREON. So must you and I;
Therefore no more delay. Go, take them hence;

Confine them both. Henceforth they shall not stir;
When death is near at hand the bravest fly.

CHORUS

Strophe 1

Thrice happy they, whose days in pleasure flow,
Who never taste the bitter cup of woe;
For when the wrath of heaven descends
On some devoted house, there foul disgrace,
With grief and all her train attends,
And shame and sorrow o'erwhelm the wretched race,
E'en as the Thracian sea, when vexed with storms,
Whilst darkness hangs incumbent o'er the deep,
When the black north the troubled scene deforms,
And the black sands in rapid whirlwinds sweep,
The groaning waves beat on the trembling shore,
And echoing hills rebellow to the roar.

Antistrophe 1

O Labdacus! thy house must perish all—
E'en now I see the stately ruin fall;
Shame heaped on shame, and ill on ill,
Disgrace and never-ending woes;
Some angry god pursues thee still,
Nor grants or safety or repose.
One fair and lovely branch unwithered stood
And braved th' inclement skies;
But Pluto comes, inexorable god—
She sinks, she raves, she dies.

Strophe 2

Shall man below control the gods above,
Whose eyes by all-subduing sleep
Are never closed as feeble mortals' are,
But still their watchful vigils keep
Through the large circle of th' eternal year!
Great lord of all, whom neither time nor age

With envious stroke can weaken or decay;
He who alone the future can presage,
Who knows alike to-morrow as to-day;
Whilst wretched man is doomed, by Heaven's decree,
To toil and pain, to sin and misery.

Antistrophe 2

Oftimes the flatterer Hope, that joy inspires,
Fills the proud heart of man with fond desires;
He, careless traveller, wanders still
Through life, unmindful of deceit,
Nor dreads the danger, till he feel
The burning sands beneath his feet.
When heaven impels to guilt the maddening mind,
Then good like ill appears,
And vice, for universal hate designed,
The face of virtue wears. [*Exeunt*

ACT III

Scene I

Creon, Hæmon, Chorus

Chorus. Behold, O king! thy youngest hope appear—
The noble Hæmon. Lost in grief he seems,
Weeping the fate of poor Antigone.
Creon. He comes, and better than a prophet, soon
Shall we divine his inmost thoughts. My son,
Com'st thou, well knowing our decree, to mourn
Thy promised bride, and angry to dispute
A father's will; or, whatsoe'er we do
Still to hold best, and pay obedience to us?
Hæ. My father, I am thine. Do thou command,
And I in all things shall obey. 'Tis fit
My promised nuptial rites give place to thee.
Creon. It will become thee with obedience thus
To bear thee ever, and in every act
To yield submissive to a father's will:

'Tis therefore, O my son! that men do pray
For children who with kind officious duty
May guard their helpless age, resist their foes,
And like their parents love their parents' friend;
But he who gets a disobedient child,
What doth he get but misery and woe?
His enemies will laugh the wretch to scorn.
Take heed, my son, thou yield not up thy reason,
In hopes of pleasure from a worthless woman;
For cold is the embrace of impious love,
And deep the wounds of false dissembled friendship.
Hate then thy bitterest foe, despise her arts,
And leave her to be wedded to the tomb.
Of all the city her alone I found
Rebellious; but I have her, nor shall Thebes
Say I'm a liar: I pronounced her fate,
And she must perish. Let her call on Jove,
Who guards the rights of kindred and the ties
Of nature; for if those by blood united
Transgress the laws, I hold myself more near
E'en to a stranger. Who in private life
Is just and good, will to his country too
Be faithful ever; but the man who, proud
And fierce of soul, contemns authority,
Despiseth justice, and o'er those who rule
Would have dominion, such shall never gain
Th' applauding voice of Creon. He alone,
Whom the consenting citizens approve
Th' acknowledged sovereign, should in all command,
Just or unjust his laws, in things of great
Or little import, whatsoe'er he bids:
A subject is not to dispute his will;
He knows alike to rule and to obey;
And in the day of battle will maintain
The foremost rank, his country's best defence.
Rebellion is the worst of human ills;
This ruins kingdoms, this destroys the peace
Of noblest families, this wages war,
And puts the brave to flight; whilst fair obedience

Keeps all in safety. To preserve it ever
Should be a king's first care. We will not yield
To a weak woman; if we must submit,
At least we will be conquered by a man,
Nor by a female arm thus fall inglorious.

HÆ. Wisdom, my father, is the noblest gift
The gods bestow on man, and better far
Than all his treasures. Why thy judgment deems
Most fit, I cannot, would not reprehend.
Others perhaps might call it wrong. For me,
My duty only bids me to inform you
If aught be done or said that casts reproach
Or blame on you. Such terror would thy looks
Strike on the low plebeian, that he dare not
Say aught unpleasing to thee; be it mine
To tell thee then what I of late have heard
In secret whispered. Your afflicted people
United mourn th' unhappy virgin's fate
Unmerited, most wretched of her sex,
To die for deeds of such distinguished virtue,
For that she would not let a brother lie
Unburied, to the dogs and birds a prey;
Was it not rather, say the murmuring crowd,
Worthy of golden honours and fair praise?
Such are their dark and secret discontents.
Thy welfare and thy happiness alone
Are all my wish; what can a child desire
More than a father's honour, or a father
More than his child's? Oh! do not then retain
Thy will, and still believe no sense but thine
Can judge aright! The man who proudly thinks
None but himself or eloquent, or wise,
By time betrayed, is branded for an idiot;
True wisdom will be ever glad to learn,
And not too fond of power. Observe the trees
That bend to wintry torrents, how their boughs
Unhurt remain, whilst those that brave the storm,
Uprooted torn, shall wither and decay;
The pilot, whose unslackened sail defies

Contending winds, with shattered bark pursues
His dangerous course. Then mitigate thy wrath
My father, and give way to sweet repentance.
If to my youth be aught of judgment given,
He, who by knowledge and true wisdom's rules
Guides every action, is the first of men;
But since to few that happiness is given,
The next is he, who, not too proud to learn,
Follows the counsels of the wise and good.

CHOR. O king! if right the youth advise, 'tis fit
That thou shouldst listen to him; so to thee
Should he attend, as best may profit both.

CREON. And have we lived so long then to be taught
At last our duty by a boy like thee?

HÆ. Young though I am, I still may judge aright;
Wisdom in action lies, and not in years.

CREON. Call you it wisdom then to honour those
Who disobey the laws?

HÆ. I would not have thee
Protect the wicked.

CREON. Is she not most guilty?

HÆ. Thebes doth not think her so.

CREON. Shall Thebes prescribe
To Creon's will?

HÆ. How weakly dost thou talk!

CREON. Am I king here, or shall another reign?

HÆ. 'Tis not a city where but one man rules.

CREON. The city is the king's.

HÆ. Go by thyself then.
And rule henceforth o'er a deserted land.

CREON. [*to the* CHORUS]. He pleads the woman's cause.

HÆ. If thou art she,
I do; for, oh! I speak but for thy sake—
My care is all for thee.

CREON. Abandoned wretch!
Dispute a father's will!

HÆ. I see thee err,
And therefore do it.

CREON. Is it then a crime

To guard my throne and right from violation?
HÆ. He cannot guard them who contemns the gods
And violates their laws.
CREON. Oh! thou art worse,
More impious e'en than her thou hast defended.
HÆ. Naught have I done to merit this reproof.
CREON. Hast thou not pleaded for her?
HÆ. No, for thee,
And for myself—for the infernal gods.
CREON. But know, she shall not live to be thy wife.
HÆ. Then she must die; another too may fall.
CREON. Ha! dost thou threaten me, audacious traitor?
HÆ. What are my threats? Alas! thou heedst them not.
CREON. That thou shalt see; thy insolent instruction
Shall cost thee dear.
HÆ. But for thou art my father
Now would I say thy senses were impaired.
CREON. Think not to make me thus thy scorn and laughter,
Thou woman's slave.
HÆ. Still wouldst thou speak thyself,
And never listen to the voice of truth;
Such is thy will.
CREON. Now, by Olympus here!
I swear thy vile reproaches shall not pass
Unpunished. Call her forth! [*To one of the Attendants.*
Before her bridegroom
She shall be brought, and perish in his sight.
HÆ. These eyes shall never see it. Let the slaves
Who fear thy rage submit to it; but know,
'Tis the last time thou shalt behold thy son. [*Exit* HÆMON.

SCENE II

CREON, CHORUS

CHOR. Sudden in anger fled the youth. O king!
A mind oppressed like his is desperate.
CREON. Why, let him go! and henceforth better learn
Than to oppose me. Be it as it may,

Death is their portion, and he shall not save them.

CHOR. Must they both die then?

CREON. No; 'tis well advised,
Ismene lives; but for Antigone—

CHOR. O king! what death is she decreed to suffer?

CREON. Far from the haunts of men I'll have her led,
And in a rocky cave, beneath the earth,
Buried alive; with her a little food,
Enough to save the city from pollution.
There let her pray the only god she worships
To save her from this death: perhaps he will,
Or, if he doth not, let her learn how vain
It is to reverence the powers below. [*Exit* CREON.

SCENE III

CHORUS

Strophe 1

Mighty power, all powers above,
Great unconquerable love!
Thou, who liest in dimple sleek
On the tender virgin's cheek,
Thee the rich and great obey,
Every creature owns thy sway.
O'er the wide earth and o'er the main
Extends thy universal reign;
All thy maddening influence know,
Gods above and men below;
All thy powers resistless prove,
Great unconquerable love!

Antistrophe 1

Thou canst lead the just astray
From wisdom and from virtue's way;
The ties of nature cease to bind,
When thou disturbst the captive mind
Behold, enslaved by fond desire,
The youth condemns his aged sire

Enamoured of his beauteous maid,
Nor laws nor parents are obeyed;
Thus Venus wills it from above,
And great unconquerable love.

CHOR. E'en I beyond the common bounds of grief
Indulge my sorrows, and from these sad eyes
Fountains of tears will flow, when I behold
Antigone, unhappy maid, approach
The bed of death, and hasten to the tomb.

SCENE IV

ANTIGONE, CHORUS

ANT. Farewell, my friends, my countrymen, farewell!
Here on her last sad journey you behold
The poor Antigone; for never more
Shall I return, or view the light of day:
The hand of death conducts me to the shore
Of dreary Acheron; no nuptial song
Reserved for me—the wretched bride alone
Of Pluto now, and wedded to the tomb.

CHOR. Be it thy glory still, that by the sword
Thou fallst not, nor the slow-consuming hand
Of foul distemperature, but far distinguished
Above thy sex, and to thyself a law,
Doomst thy own death: so shall thy honour live,
And future ages venerate thy name.

ANT. Thus Tantalus' unhappy daughter fell,
The Phrygian Niobe. High on the top
Of towering Sipylus the rock enfolds her,
E'en as the ivy twines her tendrils round
The lofty oak; there still (as fame reports)
To melting showers and everlasting snow
Obvious she stands, her beauteous bosom wet
With tears, that from her ever-streaming eyes
Incessant flow. Her fate resembles mine.

CHOR. A goddess she, and from a goddess sprung;
We are but mortal, and of mortals born:
To meet the fate of gods thus in thy life,

And in thy death, oh! 'tis a glorious doom!
ANT. Alas! thou mockst me! Why, whilst yet I live,
Wouldst thou afflict me with reproach like this?
O my dear country! and my dearer friends
Its blest inhabitants, renowned Thebes!
And ye Dircæan fountains! you I call
To witness that I die by laws unjust,
To my deep prison unlamented go,
To my sad tomb—no fellow-sufferer there
To soothe my woes, the living, or the dead.
CHOR. Rashness like thine must meet with such reward;
A father's crimes, I fear, lie heavy on thee.
ANT. Oh! thou hast touched my worst of miseries,
My father's fate, the woes of all our house,
The wretched race of Labdacus, renowned
For its misfortunes! Oh! the guilty bed
Of those from whom I sprang—unhappy offspring
Of parents most unhappy! Lo! to them
I go accursed—a virgin and a slave.
O my poor brother! most unfortunate
Were thy sad nuptials—they have slain thy sister.
CHOR. Thy piety demands our praise; but know,
Authority is not to be despised;
'Twas thy own rashness brought destruction on thee.
ANT. Thus friendless, unlamented, must I tread
The destined path, no longer to behold
Yon sacred light, and none shall mourn my fate.

SCENE V

CREON, ANTIGONE, CHORUS

CREON. Know ye not, slaves like her, to death devoted,
Would never cease their wailings? Wherefore is it
You thus delay to execute my orders?
Let her be carried instant to the cave,
And leave her there alone, to live, or die;
Her blood rests not on us; but she no longer
Shall breathe on earth. [*Exit* CREON.

Scene VI

Antigone, Chorus

Ant. O dreadful marriage bed!
O my deep dungeon! My eternal home,
Whither I go to join my kindred dead!
For not a few hath fell Persephone
Already ta'en; to her I go, the last
And most unhappy, ere my time was come;
But still I have sweet hope I shall not go
Unwelcome to my father, nor to thee,
My mother. Dear to thee, Eteocles,
Still shall I ever be. These pious hands
Washed your pale bodies, and adorned you both
With rites sepulchral, and libations due!
And thus, my Polynices, for my care
Of thee am I rewarded, and the good
Alone shall praise me. For a husband dead,
Nor, had I been a mother, for my children
Would I have dared to violate the laws:
Another husband and another child
Might soothe affliction. But, my parents dead,
A brother's loss could never be repaired,
And therefore did I dare the venturous deed,
And therefore die by Creon's dread command.
Ne'er shall I taste of Hymen's joys, or know
A mother's pleasures in her infant race;
But, friendless and forlorn, alive descend
Into the dreary mansions of the dead.
And how have I offended the just gods!
But wherefore call on them? Will they protect me,
When thus I meet with the reward of ill
For doing good? If this be just, ye gods,
If I am guilty, let me suffer for it.
But if the crime be theirs, oh! let them feel
That weight of misery they have laid on me!

Chor. The storm continues, and her angry soul
Still pours its sorrows forth.

Scene VII

Creon, Antigone, Chorus

Creon. The slaves shall suffer
For this delay.
Ant. Alas! death cannot be
Far from that voice.
Creon. I would not have thee hope
A moment's respite.
Ant. O my country's gods!
And thou, my native Thebes! I leave you now.
Look on me, princes—see the last of all
My royal race—see what I suffer, see
From whom I bear it, from the worst of men,
Only because I did delight in virtue. [*Exit* Creon.

Scene VIII

Antigone, Chorus

Chorus

Strophe 1

Remember what fair Danae endured,
Condemned to change heaven's cheerful light
For scenes of horror and of night,
Within a brazen tower long time immured;
Yet was the maid of noblest race,
And honoured e'en with Jove's embrace;
But, oh! when fate decrees a mortal's woe
Naught can reverse the doom or stop the blow—
Nor heaven above, nor earth and seas below.

Antistrophe 1

The Thracian monarch, Dryas' hapless son,
Chained to a rock in torment lay,
And breathed his angry soul away,
By wrath misguided, and by pride undone;
Taught by the offended god to know
From foul reproach what evils flow;

For he the rites profaned with slanderous tongue,
The holy flame he quenched, disturbed the song,
And waked to wrath the Muses' tuneful throng.

Strophe 2

His turbid waves where Salmydessus rolled,
And proud Cyane's rocks divide the flood,
There from thy temple, Mars, didst thou behold
The sons of Phineus weltering in their blood;
A mother did the cruel deed,
A mother bade her children bleed;
Both by her impious hand, deprived of light,
In vain lamented long their ravished sight,
And closed their eyes in never-ending night.

Antistrophe 2

Long time they wept a better mother's fate,
Unhappy offspring of a luckless bed?
Yet nobly born, and eminently great
Was she, and midst sequestered caverns bred—
Her father's angry storms among,
Daughter of gods, from Boreas sprung—
Equal in swiftness to the bounding steed,
She skimmed the mountains with a courser's speed,
Yet with the nymph to death and misery decreed.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV

Scene I

Tiresias, Guide, Creon, Chorus

Tir. Princes of Thebes, behold, conducted hither
By my kind guide—such is the blind man's fate—
Tiresias comes!
Creon. O venerable prophet!
What hast thou to impart?
Tir. I will inform thee;
Observe, and be obedient.

CREON. Have I not
Been ever so?
TIR. Thou hast; and therefore Thebes
Hath flourished still—
CREON. By thy protecting hand.
TIR. Therefore be wise. For know, this very hour
Is the important crisis of thy fate.
CREON. Speak then! What is it? How I dread thy words!
TIR. When thou hast heard the portents which my art
But now discovered, thou wilt see it all.
Know then that, sitting on my ancient throne
Augurial, whence each divination comes,
Sudden a strange unusual noise was heard
Of birds, whose loud and barbarous dissonance
I knew not how to interpret. By the sound
Of clashing wings I could discover well
That with their bloody claws they tore each other;
Amazed and fearful, instantly I tried
On burning altars holy sacrifice—
When, from the victim, lo! the sullen flame
Aspired not. Smothered in the ashes still
Laid the moist flesh, and, rolled in smoke, repelled
The rising fire, whilst from their fat the thighs
Were separate. All these signs of deadly omen,
Boding dark vengeance, did I learn from him;
[*pointing to the* GUIDE.
He is my leader, king, and I am thine.
Then mark me well. From thee these evils flow,
From thy unjust decree. Our altars all
Have been polluted by th' unhallowed food
Of birds and dogs, that preyed upon the corse
Of wretched Œdipus' unhappy son;
Nor will the gods accept our offered prayers,
Or from our hands receive the sacrifice;
No longer will the birds send forth their sounds
Auspicious, fattened thus with human blood.
Consider this, my son. And, oh! remember,
To err is human—'tis the common lot

Of frail mortality; and he alone
Is wise and happy, who, when ills are done,
Persists not, but would heal the wound he made;
But self-sufficient obstinacy ever
Is folly's utmost height. Where is the glory
To slay the slain or persecute the dead?
I wish thee well, and therefore have spoke thus;
When those who love advise 'tis sweet to learn.

CREON. I know, old man, I am the general mark,
The butt of all, and you all aim at me.
For me I know your prophecies were made,
And I am sold to this detested race—
Betrayed to them. But make your gains! Go, purchase
Your Sardian amber, and your Indian gold;
They shall not buy a tomb for Polynices.
No, should the eagle seek him for his food,
And towering bear him to the throne of Jove,
I would not bury him. For well I know
The gods by mortals cannot be polluted;
But the best men, by sordid gain corrupt,
Say all that's ill, and fall beneath the lowest.

TIR. Who knows this, or who dare accuse us of it?

CREON. What meanst thou by that question? Askst thou who?

TIR. How far is wisdom beyond every good!

CREON. As far as folly beyond every ill.

TIR. That's a distemper thou'rt afflicted with.

CREON. I'll not revile a prophet.

TIR. But thou dost;
Thou'lt not believe me.

CREON. Your prophetic race
Are lovers all of gold.

TIR. Tyrants are so,
Howe'er ill-gotten.

CREON. Knowst thou 'tis a king
Thou'rt talking thus to?

TIR. Yes, I know it well;
A king who owes to me his country's safety.

CREON. Thou 'rt a wise prophet, but thou art unjust.

TIR. Thou wilt oblige me then to utter that
Which I had purposed to conceal.
CREON. Speak out,
Say what thou wilt, but say it not for hire.
TIR. Thus may it seem to thee.
CREON. But know, old man,
I am not to be sold.
TIR. Remember this:
Not many days shall the bright sun perform
His stated course, ere, sprung from thy own loins,
Thyself shall yield a victim. In thy turn
Thou too shalt weep, for that thy cruel sentence
Decreed a guiltless virgin to the tomb,
And kept on earth, unmindful of the gods,
Ungraced, unburied, an unhallowed corse,
Which not to thee, nor to the gods above
Of right belonged. 'Twas arbitrary power:
But the avenging furies lie concealed,
The ministers of death have spread the snare,
And with like woes await to punish thee.
Do I say this from hopes of promised gold?
Pass but a little time, and thou shalt hear
The shrieks of men, the women's loud laments
O'er all thy palace; see th' offended people
Together rage; thy cities all by dogs
And beasts and birds polluted, and the stench
Of filth obscene on every altar laid.
Thus from my angry soul have I sent forth
Its keenest arrows—for thou hast provoked me—
Nor shall they fly in vain, or thou escape
The destined blow. Now, boy, conduct me home.
On younger heads the tempest of his rage
Shall fall; but, henceforth let him learn to speak
In humbler terms, and bear a better mind.

[*Exit* TIRESIAS.

Scene II

Creon, Chorus

Chor. He's gone, and dreadful were his prophecies;
Since these grey hairs were o'er my temples spread
Nought from those lips hath flowed but sacred truth.
Creon. I know there hath not, and am troubled much
For the event; 'tis grating to submit,
And yet the mind spite of itself must yield
In such distress.
Chor. Son of Manæceus, now
Thou needst most counsel.
Creon. What wouldst thou advise?
I will obey thee.
Chor. Set the virgin free,
And let a tomb be raised for Polynices.
Creon. And dost thou counsel thus?—and must I yield?
Chor. Immediately, O king! for vengeance falls
With hasty footsteps on the guilty head.
Creon. I cannot—yet I must reverse the sentence;
There is no struggling with necessity.
Chor. Do it thyself, nor trust another hand.
Creon. I will; and you my servants, be prepared;
Each with his axe quick hasten to the place;
Myself—for thus I have resolved—will go,
And the same hand that bound shall set her free;
For, oh! I fear 'tis wisest still through life
To keep our ancient laws, and follow virtue.

Scene III

Chorus

Strophe 1.

Bacchus, by various names to mortals known,
Fair Semele's illustrious son,
Offspring of thunder-bearing Jove,
Who honourst famed Italia with thy love!
Who dwellst where erst the dragon's teeth were strewed,

Or where Ismenus pours his gentle flood;
Who dost o'er Ceres' hallowed rites preside,
And at thy native Thebes propitious still reside.

Antistrophe 1.

Where famed Parnassus' forked hills uprise,
To thee ascends the sacrifice;
Corycia's nymphs attend below,
Whilst from Castalia's fount fresh waters flow;
O'er Nysa's mountains wreaths of ivy twine,
And mix their tendrils with the clustering vine;
Around their master crowd the virgin throng,
And praise the god of Thebes in never-dying song.

Strophe 2.

Happiest of cities, Thebes! above the rest
By Semele and Bacchus blest!
Oh! visit now thy once beloved abode,
Oh! heal our woes, thou kind protecting god!
From steep Parnassus, or th' Eubœan sea,
With smiles auspicious come, and bring with thee
Health, joy, and peace, and fair prosperity.

Antistrophe 2.

Immortal leader of the maddening choir,
Whose torches blaze with unextinguished fire,
Great son of Jove, who guidst the tuneful throng,
Thou, who presidest o'er the nightly song,
Come with thy Naxian maids, a festive train,
Who, wild with joy, and raging o'er the plain,
For thee the dance prepare, to thee devote the strain.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V

Scene 1

Messenger, Chorus

Messenger. Ye race of Cadmus, sons of ancient Thebes,
Henceforth no state of human life by me
Shall be or valued or despised: for all

Depends on fortune; she exalts the low,
And casts the mighty down. The fate of men
Can never be foretold. There was a time
When Creon lived in envied happiness,
Ruled o'er renowned Thebes, which from her foes
He had delivered, with successful power;
Blest in his kingdom, in his children blest,
He stretched o'er all his universal sway.
Now all is gone: when pleasure is no more,
Man is but an animated corse,
Nor can be said to live; he may be rich,
Or decked with regal honours, but if joy
Be absent from him, if he tastes them not,
'Tis useless grandeur all, and empty shade.

CHOR. Touching our royal master, bringst thou news
Of sorrow to us?

MES. They are dead; and those
Who lived the dreadful cause.

CHOR. Quick, tell us who—
The slayer and the slain!

MES. Hæmon is dead.

CHOR. Dead! by what hand, his father's or his own?

MES. Enraged and grieving for his murdered love,
He slew himself.

CHOR. O prophet! thy predictions
Were but too true!

MES. Since thus it be, 'tis fit
We should consult; our present state demands it.

CHOR. But see! Eurydice, the wretched wife
Of Creon, comes this way; or chance hath brought her,
Or Hæmon's hapless fate hath reached her ear.

SCENE II

EURYDICE, MESSENGER, CHORUS

EUR. O citizens! as to Minerva's fane
E'en now I went to pay my vows, the doors
I burst, and heard imperfectly the sound
Of most disastrous news which touched me near.

Breathless I fell amidst the virgin throng;
And now I come to know the dreadful truth:
Whate'er it be, I'll hear it now; for, oh!
I am no stranger to calamity.

MES. Then mark, my mistress, I will tell thee all,
Nor will I pass a circumstance unmentioned.
Should I deceive thee with an idle tale
'Twere soon discovered. Truth is always best.
Know then, I followed Creon to the field,
Where, torn by dogs, the wretched carcase lay
Of Polynices. First to Proserpine
And angry Pluto, to appease their wrath,
Our humble prayers addressing, there we laved
In the pure stream the body; then, with leaves
Fresh gathered covering, burnt his poor remains,
And on the neighbouring turf a tomb upraised.
Then, towards the virgin's rocky cave advanced,
When from the dreadful chamber a sad cry
As from afar was heard, a servant ran
To tell the king, and still as we approached
The sound of sorrow from a voice unknown
And undistinguished issued forth. Alas!
Said Creon: "Am I then a faithful prophet?
And do I tread a more unhappy path
Than e'er I went before? It is my son—
I know his voice! But get ye to the door,
My servants, close, look through the stony heap;
Mark if it be so. Is it Hæmon's voice?"
Again he cried: "Or have the gods deceived me?"
Thus spoke the king. We, to our mournful lord
Obedient, looked, and saw Antigone
Down in the deepest hollow of the cave,
By her own vestments hung. Close by her side
The wretched youth, embracing in his arms
Her lifeless corse, weeping his father's crime,
His ravished bride, and horrid nuptial bed,
Creon beheld, and loud reproaching cried:
"What art thou doing? What's thy dreadful purpose?
What means my son? Come forth, my Hæmon, come!

Thy father begs thee." With indignant eye
The youth looked up, nor scornful deigned an answer,
But silent drew his sword, and with fell rage
Struck at his father, who by flight escaped
The blow; then on himself bent all his wrath,
Full in his side the weapon fixed; but still,
Whilst life remained, on the soft bosom hung
Of the dear maid, and his lost spirit breathed
O'er her pale cheek discoloured with his blood.
Thus lay the wretched pair in death united,
And celebrate their nuptials in the tomb—
To future times a terrible example
Of the sad woes which rashness ever brings.

[*Exit* EURYDICE.

SCENE III

MESSENGER, CHORUS

CHOR. What can this mean? She's gone, without a word.

MES. 'Tis strange, and yet I trust she will not loud
Proclaim her griefs to all, but—for I know
She's ever prudent—with her virgin train
In secret weep her murdered Hæmon's fate.

CHOR. Clamour indeed were vain; but such deep silence
Doth ever threaten horrid consequence.

MES. Within we soon shall know if aught she hide
Of deadly purport in her angry soul;
For well thou sayst her silence is most dreadful.

[*Exit* MESSENGER.

CHOR. But lo! the king himself: and in his arms
See his dead son, the monument accursed
Of this sad fate, which, may we say unblamed,
Sprang not from others' guilt, but from his own.

SCENE IV

CREON, MESSENGER, CHORUS

CREON *enters, bearing the body of* HÆMON

CREON. Ah me! What deadly woes from the bad mind
Perpetual flow. Thus in one wretched house

Have you beheld the slayer and the slain!
O fatal counsels! O unhappy son!
Thus with thy youthful bride to sink in death;
Thou diest, my child, and I alone have killed thee!

CHOR. O king! thy justice comes too late.

CREON. It doth,
I know it well, unhappy as I am;
For oh! the god this heavy weight of woe
Hath cast upon me, and his fiercest wrath
Torments me now, changing my joyful state
To keenest anguish. Oh! the fruitless toils
Of wretched mortals!

SCENE V

MESSENGER, CREON, CHORUS

MES. Thus oppressed, my lord,
With bitterest misfortune, more affliction
Awaits thee still, which thou wilt find within.

CREON. And can there be more woes? Is aught to come
More horrible than this?

MES. The queen is dead;
Her wounds yet fresh. Eager, alas! to show
A mother's love, she followed her lost child.

CREON. O death insatiate! how dost thou afflict me!
What cruel news, thou messenger of ill,
Hast thou brought now?

CHOR. A wretch, already dead
With grief, thy horrid tale once more hath slain.

CREON. Didst thou not say a fresh calamity
Had fallen upon me? Didst thou not say my wife
Was dead, alas! for grief of Hæmon's fate?

[*Scene opens and discovers the body of* EURYDICE]

MES. Behold her there!

CREON. O me! another blow!
What now remains? What can I suffer more,
Thus bearing in these arms my breathless son?
My wife too dead! O most unhappy mother!
And oh! thou wretched child!

MES. Close by the altar
She drew the sword, and closed her eyes in death,
Lamenting first her lost Megareus' fate
And Hæmon's death, with imprecations dire
Still poured on thee, the murderer of thy son.
CREON. I shudder at it? Will no friendly hand
Destroy me quickly? For oh! I am most wretched—
Beset with miseries!
MES. She accused thee oft,
And said the guilt of both their deaths was thine.
CREON. Alas! I only am to blame. 'Twas I
Who killed thee, Hæmon; I confess my crime,
Bear me, my servants, bear me far from hence,
For I am—nothing.
CHOR. If in ills like these
Aught can be well, thou hast determined right:
When least we see our woes, we feel them least.
CREON. Quick let my last, my happiest hour appear!
Would it were come, the period of my woes!
Oh! that I might not see another day!
CHOR. Time must determine that: the present hour
Demands our care; the rest be left to heaven.
CREON. But I have wished and prayed for 't.
CHOR. Pray for nothing;
There's no reversing the decrees of fate.
CREON. Take hence this useless load, this guilty wretch
Who slew his child, who slew e'en thee, my wife;
I know not whither to betake me, where
To turn my eyes, for all is dreadful round me,
And fate hath weighed me down on every side.
CHOR. Wisdom alone is man's true happiness;
We are not to dispute the will of heaven;
For ever are the boastings of the proud
By the just gods repaid, and man at last
Is taught to fear their anger, and be wise.

THE MEDEA

OF

EURIPIDES

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE BY

MICHAEL WODHULL

WITH AN INTRODUCTION UPON

EURIPIDES, THE DRAMATIST OF PATHOS

BY WILLIAM BODHAM DONNE

INTRODUCTION

EURIPIDES, THE DRAMATIST OF PATHOS

BY WILLIAM BODHAM DONNE

Life of Euripides

The received date of the birth of Euripides is the year 480 B.C. He was accordingly forty-five years junior to Æschylus, and fifteen years younger than Sophocles. This difference in their respective ages is not unimportant as regards their very different views of dramatic art. His birthplace was the island of Salamis, where his mother, with other Athenian women, and with men too old, or children too young, for the defence of their native city, was taking refuge, and he came into the world on the day of the great sea-fight that has immortalised its name. Of his father Mnesarchus little is known; but it may be supposed he was a person of good station and property, since he could afford his son a liberal and expensive education, such as at that time was within reach of only wealthy families. His mother Clito, thanks to the poet's enemies, is better known to us. Probably she was not of the same social grade as her husband; a "metic" perhaps, or half-caste, with pure Athenian blood on one side only. But that Clito was ever a herb-woman, kept a greengrocer's stall, or hawked fruit and flowers about the streets, is doubtless a tale devised by her son's ill-wishers. In democratic Athens there was at all times a prejudice in favour of high birth; to represent Clito, who very probably owned a garden, as vending her own wares was an irresistible temptation to comic dramatists, indifferent whom they used for mirth and laughter, whether it were a Pericles or a Cleon.

Like many fathers before him and since, Mnesarchus was puzzled about his son's proper calling in life; and so, as modern parents often consult some sound divine about the choice of a school for their lads, he took counsel of those who understood

what the stars or birds of the air forebode as to the destiny of mortals. But either there was a mistake in casting the boy's nativity, or else the birds lied; for both they and the stars advised Mnesarchus to train up his child in the way of boxing and wrestling. So far this muscular education was successful; it enabled the young Euripides to gain a prize or two in the ring, but at local matches only, for though entered for the Olympian games, he was not allowed to put on either the gloves or the belt. There was some informality—he was too young or too old—and he was struck from the lists. It is remarkable, in connection with this period of his life—at the time of his rejection by the Olympic managers he is said to have been about seventeen years of age—that, in his plays, Euripides has never a good word for prophets and soothsayers; while, as for athletes, he denounces them as the most useless and brutal of men. His aversion to them may have arisen from these youthful misadventures. His proper vocation was yet to seek; and until he found it, he seems to have been rather devious in his pursuits, since, among other arts, he studied that of painting, and practised it with some success, a picture by him being, long after his decease exhibited at Megara, either as a creditable performance or a curiosity. The painter may have been of service to the poet; his dramas, especially the lyrical portions of them, display much fondness for words expressing colour. Painting was perhaps as useful an ally to the Greek poet, as skill in music was to Milton in the construction of his verse. The real business of Euripides turned out to be the cultivation of his mind, and not of his muscles. His lines were set in the (to him always pleasant places of poetry and philosophy; his wrestling powers were to be exercised in combats with dramatic rivals, and still more hostile critics. And this was perhaps what the stars really said, only the stupid soothsayers did not read them aright.

The instructors of Euripides in philosophy were Anaxagoras for physical and Protagoras for moral science. Prodicus gave him lectures in rhetoric, and the studies of his youth were confirmed, expanded, or corrected in his manhood by the good sense of Socrates, who, besides being a guide and philosopher, was also his friend. An education of this kind implies that

either Mnesarchus was a man of fortune, or that his son early came into one, inasmuch as the Greek sophistical lecturers were quite as costly as many English private tutors are now. We do not know their actual terms, but we do know that they were beyond the reach of ordinary incomes. "Think," says Hippias to Socrates, "of the sums of money which Protagoras and Prodicus collected from Greece. If you knew how much I had made myself, you would be surprised. From one town, and that a very small one, I carried off more than 150 minæ ($3,000), which I took home and gave to my father, to the extreme astonishment of himself and his fellow-townsmen." It is also a token of Euripides being well provided with money, that he collected a library—large enough to excite observation at the time, and to be recorded afterwards. Forming a library in any age, heathen or Christian, is an expensive taste; and, on the whole, printed books are cheaper than those transcribed by the hand. Grecian sheepskin or good Egyptian paper (papyrus) was a costly luxury.

In his twenty-sixth year Euripides presented himself for the first time among the candidates for the dramatic crown. In that year (455 B.C.) death removed one formidable rival from his path, since in it Æschylus expired. Of the three tragedies produced by him on this his first trial, one was entitled, "The Daughters of Pelias," and a few lines of it which have been preserved show that it turned upon some adventures of Medea—a theme that a few years after he was to handle with signal success. The third prize was awarded to him—no mean distinction for a novice. But not until Euripides was just forty years old did he obtain the first prize; and the name of this successful trilogy is not preserved. Prominent as the "Medea" now stands among his works, the trilogy of which it formed a part gained only the third prize. Six years after the production of the "Medea," Aristophanes opened upon its author his double battery of sarcasm and parody, not indeed against the "Medea," but against a companion drama, now lost, the "Philoctetes." It is difficult to perceive any possible link between the Colchian princess and the possessor of the bow and arrows of Hercules; we may therefore infer that the group to which these two plays belonged was made

up of fables unconnected with each other—a departure from earlier practice that did not originate with Euripides, though he is sometimes taxed with it.

He was twice married; his first wife was Chœrilla, a daughter of the Mnesilochus who appears in Aristophanes's comedy of the "Thesmophoriazusæ;" by her he had three sons: his second was Melitto. According to some accounts he was a bigamist; in Athens, however, bigamy, though uncommon, was not a punishable offence. There was some scandal about one or other or both of these ladies; probably, if there were any ground for it, it applied to Melitto, since Euripides lived for many years with Chœrilla upon, so far as is known, ordinary connubial terms. Athens, however, it must be recollected, in justice to both ladies, was a very gossiping city; nothing (we have it on the authority of St. Paul, seconded by that of Demosthenes,) pleased them so much as to tell and to hear news, and any news about Euripides was certain of welcome to those who had laughed at the representation of him in the "Acharnians."

There is no trace of Euripides having, at any period of his life, taken part in public affairs. He seems never to have been archon, or general, as Sophocles was, or priest, or ambassador, or foreman of a jury. Doubtless he paid some rates or taxes in his parish (*deme*), Phylæ of the Cecropid tribe. He was commonly accounted a morose and sulky fellow; and since he shunned general society, he was naturally charged with keeping low company. He was indeed—far more than was usual in his time, and among a people passing most of their days in public—"a literary man," preferring solitude and his library to the hubbub of the market-place, or the crowding and noise of popular assemblies. According to a story preserved by a Roman anecdotist, Euripides pursued his studies in a grim and gloomy fashion. One Philochorus professed to have seen a "grotto shagged with horrid thorn," in which he composed his tragedies. He is said never to have laughed, rarely to have even smiled, and to have worn habitually a sorrowful visage.

But it is impossible to believe Euripides to have been a mere recluse. His vocation as a writer for the stage must

have brought him into contact with many persons connected with the theatre—with the archon who assigned him a chorus, with the actors, singers, and musicians who performed in his plays, and with the judges who awarded the prizes. Yet if we ask what company he kept, we pause for a reply, and do not get one. We know that he was a friend of Socrates, who never missed attending on the "first night" of a play by Euripides. We know also that every man's house and many men's tables were open to the Silenus-like son of Sophroniscus. Some kind of acquaintance, perhaps not exactly friendship, existed between Alcibiades and Euripides, who once celebrated in verse a chariot-victory of that brilliant but not dangerous citizen's at the Olympic games. With Alcibiades there was certainly some party or friendly relation with Euripides; but it is vain to speculate on its nature. Whatever it was, it would do the tragic poet no good with Aristophanes; and if the story be true that Alcibiades and his associates marred the first and hindered the second representation of "The Clouds,"[1] the baffled and irritated satirist may have suspected Euripides of having a hand in his failure, and for that, and perhaps other weightier reasons, have put him down in his black book.

Certain it is that Aristophanes regarded Euripides with a feeling seemingly compounded of fear and contempt—of contempt for him as a scenic artist, and fear of him as a corrupter of youth.

The enmity of Aristophanes increased with the years, and did not relax with the death of Euripides. The first known attack upon him was made in his comedy of "The Acharnians" or "The Charcoal-Burners." The last was made two years after "Sad Electra's poet" had been struck down by a yet more "insatiate archer" than Aristophanes himself. The spirit that breathes in "The Acharnians" reappears, but with increased bitterness, in "The Frogs," and to sharp censure on Euripidean art is added still sharper on Euripidean theology. Some modern writers on the subject of the Greek drama have contem-

[1] Phidippides, in "The Clouds" of Aristophanes, was a caricature of Alcibiades.

plated Euripides through the eyes of his great satirist. They might, perhaps, have done better to consider, before following their witty leader, whether he was guiding them in the right road; whether the comic writer's objections rested on patriotic or moral, or on party or personal grounds. Aristophanes was a stubborn reactionist: the men of Marathon and Platæa, of Salamis and Mycale, he held to be the type of good Athenians. The new schools appeared to him in the same light as Greek philosophy in general appeared to the sturdy old Sabine Cato—schools of impudence and lying. Pericles himself he seems never to have really liked, but set him below Myronides and Thucydides, men of the good old time, for the return of which, as all reactionists must ever do, he yearned in vain. Euripides, on the other hand, was a man of the new time, perhaps a little beyond as well as of it. More cheerful views of humanity, ampler range of inquiry, greater freedom of thought, supplanted in his mind the gloomy superstition or the slavish faith of a past generation, with whom an eclipse was a token of the wrath of the gods, and by whom the sun was thought to be no bigger than a heavy-armed soldier's buckler. "Between the pass and fell incensed points" of two such opposites there could be nothing but collision; and the tragic poet laboured under this serious disadvantage, that *he* could not bring his antagonist on the stage.

If Euripides were the poet of the few and not of the Athenians in general, his frequent failure to win the ivy wreath may easily be explained. Valerius Maximus, the historian, who wrote centuries after Euripides had passed beyond these and other vexations, cannot conceal his surprise that one Xenocles should have been the successful competitor in a contest with the son of Mnesarchus. He fairly calls the judges and spectators on the occasion a parcel of fools—dunderheads unworthy to bear the name of Athenian. But in missing the first or even the second crown, Euripides only fared alike with Æschylus and Sophocles.

Perhaps another cause occasionally cost Euripides the crown. He, like Ben Jonson, was at times perverse in the choice or in the treatment of his subjects. Even from the satire of Aristophanes it is plain that he had an unlucky pro-

pensity to tread on debatable, and even dangerous, ground. By his innovations in legendary stories, by occasionally tampering with criminal passion, by perhaps carrying to excess his fondness for mere stage effect, he perplexed or offended his audience, not inclined to accept as an apology for the exhibition of wicked characters his plea that in the end they were all well punished for their sins. Even his constant applauder from the benches, Socrates, had, it is said, once to implore him to cut out from a play certain offensive lines; and a story preserved by Valerius Maximus shows that occasionally he was obliged to come on the stage himself, and crave the spectators to keep their seats until the end of the performance. It seems that Euripides could give a tart reply to his audience when their opinions happened to differ from his own; for when the whole house demanded that an offensive passage or sentiment in a tragedy should be struck out, he said, "Good people it is *my* business to teach you, and not to be taught by you."

How the "good people" took this curt rebuff is not recorded; but if they damned his play, he at least did not, as Ben Jonson did, sulk for a few years and leave the "loathèd stage" in dudgeon, after venting his wrath on the public by an abusive ode and some stinging epigrams. On the contrary, Euripides went on preparing plays for the greater and lesser seasons of the theatrical period, until he left Athens and his enemies therein—for ever.

The "Orestes" was the last play exhibited at Athens by Euripides; and he must have quitted that city shortly afterwards, if he was in exile for two years. He was a self-banished man; at least no cause is assigned for his departure. After a short sojourn in Magnesia, he went to Pella, the capital of the then small, and in the eyes of republican Greeks unimportant, kingdom of Macedonia. He was invited to it by the reigning sovereign, Archelaus, who in his way was a sort of Lorenzo de' Medici, attracting to his court artists, poets, and philosophers, and corresponding with them when at a distance. Archelaus—the Macedonian kings always affected to be zealously Hellenic—established a periodical Olympic festival in honour of Jupiter and the Muses.

At Pella Euripides met with a reception that may have led him to regret his not sooner quitting litigious and scurrilous Athens, where housewives abominated his name and doubtless pitied Chœrilla and Melitto, and where orthodox temple-goers were scandalised by his theological opinions. Lucian mentions a report that the poet held some public office in Macedonia, which, seeing that he never meddled with even parish business at home, is scarcely probable. As little likely is it that he turned flatterer of kings in his later days. We can as soon believe that the grim Dante became a parasite at the court of Can Grande della Scala. Aristotle, indeed, a more trustworthy authority than Lucian, tells the following story:—Decamnichus, a young Macedonian, and a favourite of the king, gave deep offence to Euripides by remarks on his bad breath. Complaint being made, the indiscreet youth was handed over to the incensed poet, with the royal permission to flog him; and soundly flogged he seems to have been, since Decamnichus bore his chastisement in mind for six years, and then relieved his feelings by encouraging some friends or acquaintances, Euripides being out of reach, to murder Archelaus.

At the Macedonian court Euripides was not the only Athenian guest. His friend Agathon, flying perhaps from duns, critics, or public informers, found a royal city a pleasanter residence than a democratic one. There, was the celebrated musical composer, Timotheus, whom, when he was hissed at the Odeum some years before, Euripides is said to have consoled by predicting that "he would soon have the audience at his feet"—a prophecy that was fully realised. His presence at Pella may have been convenient to Euripides, who was then employed in putting the last touches to, if not actually composing, two of his finest plays—"The Bacchanals" and the "Iphigenia at Aulis."

Euripides did not long enjoy "retired leisure." He died at Pella in the 76th year of his age, in the year 406 B.C., having, as is supposed, quitted Athens in 408. But his enemies, so far as it lay with them, did not permit him to depart in peace, or even in reputable fashion. One report, current indeed long after his decease, makes him to have been torn to pieces by mastiffs set upon him by two rival poets, Arrhidæus and

Cratenas; another, that he was killed by women when on his way to keep an assignation. This bit of scandal is probably an echo of his ill-repute at home as a woman-hater; and the story of the mastiffs may be a disguise of the fact that he was "cut up" by Macedonian theatrical critics. Yet one who had been handled as he was by Aristophanes and survived, might well have set at nought all dogs, biped or quadruped: and as to nocturnal trysts, they are seldom proposed, or at least kept, by gentlemen over threescore and ten.

Sophocles was deeply affected by the death of his rival, and in the next play he produced forbade the actors to wear crowns or their usual gorgeous dresses. The Athenians were prone to unavailing regret. So, when Euripides was no more, they sent envoys to Pella to bring home his remains. But his host Archelaus would not part with them, and buried them with much pomp and circumstance; and his countrymen were fain to content themselves with a cenotaph on the road from Peiræus to the city, and with a bust or statue of the poet, which they placed in the Dionysiac theatre. Books or furniture that had belonged to Euripides were much sought for and highly prized by their possessors; and Dionysius of Syracuse, himself a dramatic poet, and not an unsuccessful one, purchased at a high price his tablets and pen, and dedicated them in the Temple of the Muses in his own capital. "They kept his bones in Arqua;" and there was seemingly, for centuries after he was quietly inurned, a deep interest, and even a tender sentiment, attached to his tomb.

On his cenotaph was graven the following inscription:—

> To Hellas' bard all Hellas gives a tomb:
> On Macedon's far shores his relics sleep:
> Athens, the pride of Greece, was erst his home,
> Whom now all praise and all in common weep.

These lines, attributed to Thucydides the historian, or to Timotheus the musician, are difficult to reconcile with the caricature-portraits of him by Aristophanes; yet are consistent with the opinion that it was the conservative party in Athens, and not Athenians generally, that were hostile to him in life, or to the memory of—

Our Euripides, the human,
With his droppings of warm tears,
And his touches of things common,
Till they rose to touch the spheres.
—*"Ballaustion's Adventure," by* ROBERT BROWNING.

MEDEA

Aristotle's judgment that Euripides, although he does not manage everything for the best in his plots or his representations of life, is the most pathetic of dramatic poets, is especially true of Medea. The dramatist did not conceive of the Colchian princess as the mere fury for which she was generally taken. He had too deeply studied human character not to be aware that in nature there are no monsters—none at least fit for the ends of dramatic poetry; and accordingly his Medea, though deeply wronged, is yet a woman who loved not wisely but too well. Even Lady Macbeth, though far more criminal than the heroine of this tragedy, since she had no wrongs to avenge, but sins for ambition's sake alone, is not entirely devoid of human feeling. With similar truth, both of art and observation, the Greek poet gives Medea a woman's heart even in the moments when she is meditating on her fell purpose.

The hold that the tragedy has in every age retained upon spectators as well as readers, is a proof that its subject at least was chosen well, however just Aristotle's criticism may be of the other dramas of Euripides. It was translated or adapted by Roman dramatists; it was revived in the early days of the modern theatre in Europe; it is still, wedded to immortal music, attractive; and no one who has seen the part of Medea performed by Pasta or Grisi will question its effect on an audience.

EURIPIDES

MEDEA

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA

Nurse of Medea	Jason
Attendant on the Children	Ægéus
Medea	Messenger
Chorus of Corinthian Women	The Two Sons of Jason and Medea
Creon	

Scene—Before the Palace of Creon at Corinth

Nurse.

Ah! would to heaven the Argo ne'er had urged
Its rapid voyage to the Colchian strand
'Twixt the Cyanean rocks, nor had the pine
Been fell in Pelion's forests, nor the hands
Of those illustrious chiefs, who that famed bark
Ascended to obtain, the golden fleece
For royal Pelias, plied the stubborn oar;
So to Iolchos' turrets had my Queen
Medea never sailed, her soul with love
For Jason smitten, nor, as since her arts
Prevailed on Pelias' daughters to destroy
Their father, in this realm of Corinth dwelt
An exile with her husband and her sons;
Thus to the citizens whose land received her
Had she grown pleasing, and in all his schemes
Assisted Jason: to the wedded pair,
Hence bliss supreme arises, when the bond
Of concord joins them: now their souls are filled
With ruthless hate, and all affection's lost:
For false to his own sons, and her I serve,
With a new consort of imperial birth
Sleeps the perfidious Jason, to the daughter
Of Creon wedded, lord of these domains.

The wretched scorned Medea oft exclaims,
"O by those oaths, by that right hand thou gav'st
The pledge of faith!" She then invokes the gods
To witness what requital she hath found
From Jason. On a couch she lies, no food
Receiving, her whole frame subdued by grief;
And since she marked the treachery of her lord
Melts into tears incessant, from the ground
Her eyes she never raises, never turns
Her face aside, but steadfast as a rock,
Or as the ocean's rising billows, hears
The counsels of her friends, save when she weeps
In silent anguish, with her snowy neck
Averted, for her sire, her native land,
And home, which she forsaking hither came
With him who scorns her now. She from her woes
Too late hath learnt how enviable the lot
Of those who leave not their paternal roof.
She even hates her children, nor with joy
Beholds them: much I dread lest she contrive
Some enterprise unheard of, for her soul
Is vehement, nor will she tamely brook
Injurious treatment; well, full well I know
Her temper, which alarms me, lest she steal
Into their chamber, where the genial couch
Is spread, and with the sword their vitals pierce,
Or to the slaughter of the bridegroom add
That of the monarch, and in some mischance,
Yet more severe than death, herself involve:
For dreadful is her wrath, nor will the object
Of her aversion gain an easy triumph.
But lo, returning from the race, her sons
Draw near: they think not of their mother's woes,
For youthful souls are strangers to affliction.

ATTENDANT, *with the* SONS *of* JASON *and* MEDEA, NURSE

ATTEND. O thou, who for a length of time hast dwelt
Beneath the roofs of that illustrious dame

I serve, why stand'st thou at these gates alone
Repeating to thyself a doleful tale:
Or wherefore by Medea from her presence
Art thou dismissed?

NURSE. Old man, O you who tend
On Jason's sons, to faithful servants aught
Of evil fortune that befalls their lords
Is a calamity: but such a pitch
Of grief am I arrived at, that I felt
An impulse which constrained me to come forth
From these abodes, and to the conscious earth
And heaven proclaim the lost Medea's fate.

ATTEND. Cease not the plaints of that unhappy dame?

NURSE. Your ignorance I envy: for her woes
Are but beginning, nor have yet attained
Their mid career.

ATTEND. O how devoid of reason,
If we with terms thus harsh may brand our lords,
Of ills more recent nothing yet she knows.

NURSE. Old man, what mean you? Scruple not to speak.

ATTEND. Nought. What I have already said repents me.

NURSE. I by that beard conjure you not to hide
The secret from your faithful fellow-servant.
For I the strictest silence will observe
If it be needful.

ATTEND. Some one I o'erheard
(Appearing not to listen, as I came
Where aged men sit near Pirene's fount
And hurl their dice) say that from Corinth's land
Creon, the lord of these domains, will banish
The children with their mother; but I know not
Whether th' intelligence be true, and wish
It may prove otherwise.

NURSE. Will Jason brook
Such an injurious treatment of his sons,
Although he be at variance with their mother.

ATTEND. By new connections are all former ties
Dissolved, and he no longer is a friend
To this neglected race.

NURSE. We shall be plunged
In utter ruin, if to our old woes,
Yet unexhausted, any fresh we add.
ATTEND. Be silent, and suppress the dismal tale,
For 'tis unfit our royal mistress know.
NURSE. Hear, O ye children, how your father's soul
Is turned against you: still, that he may perish
I do not pray, because he is my lord;
Yet treacherous to his friends hath he been found.
ATTEND. Who is not treacherous? Hast thou lived so long
Without discerning how self-love prevails
O'er social? Some by glory, some by gain,
Are prompted. Then what wonder, for the sake
Of a new consort, if the father slight
These children?
NURSE. Go, all will be well, go in.
Keep them as far as possible away,
Nor suffer them to come into the presence
Of their afflicted mother; for her eyes
Have I just seen with wild distraction fired,
As if some horrid purpose against them
She meant to execute; her wrath I know
Will not be pacified, till on some victim
It like a thunderbolt from Heaven descends;
May she assail her foes alone, nor aim
The stroke at those she ought to hold most dear.
MEDEA. [*within.*] Ah me! how grievous are my woes!
What means
Can I devise to end this hated life?
NURSE. 'Tis as I said: strong agitations seize
Your mother's heart, her choler's raised. Dear children,
Beneath these roofs hie instantly, nor come
Into her sight, accost her not, beware
Of these ferocious manners and the rage
Which boils in that ungovernable spirit.
Go with the utmost speed, for I perceive
Too clearly that her plaints, which in thick clouds
Arise at first, will kindle ere 'tis long
With tenfold violence. What deeds of horror

From that high-soaring, that remorseless soul,
May we expect, when goaded by despair!

[*Exeunt* ATTENDANT *and* SONS.

MEDEA. [*within.*] I have endured, alas! I have endured—
Wretch that I am!—such agonies as call
For loudest plaints. Ye execrable sons
Of a devoted mother, perish ye
With your false sire, and perish his whole house!

NURSE. Why should the sons—ah, wretched me!—partake
Their father's guilt? Why hat'st thou them? Ah me!
How greatly, O ye children, do I fear
Lest mischief should befall you: for the souls
Of kings are prone to cruelty, so seldom
Subdued, and over others wont to rule,
That it is difficult for such to change
Their angry purpose. Happier I esteem
The lot of those who still are wont to live
Among their equals. May I thus grow old,
If not in splendour, yet with safety blest!
For first of all, renown attends the name
Of mediocrity, and to mankind
Such station is more useful: but not long
Can the extremes of grandeur ever last;
And heavier are the curses which it brings
When Fortune visits us in all her wrath.

CHORUS, NURSE

CHORUS. The voice of Cholchos' hapless dame I heard—
A clamorous voice, nor yet is she appeased.
Speak, O thou aged matron, for her cries
I from the innermost apartment heard;
Nor can I triumph in the woes with which
This house is visited; for to my soul
Dear are its interests.

NURSE. This whole house is plunged
In ruin, and its interests are no more,
While Corinth's palace to our lord affords
A residence, within her chamber pines
My mistress, and the counsels of her friends

Afford no comfort to her tortured soul.

MEDEA. [*within.*] O that a flaming thunderbolt from Heaven
Would pierce this brain! for what can longer life
To me avail? Fain would I seek repose
In death, and cast away this hated being.

CHORUS. Heard'st thou, all-righteous Jove, thou fostering earth,
And thou, O radiant lamp of day, what plaints,
What clamorous plaints this miserable wife
Hath uttered? Through insatiable desire,
Ah why would you precipitate your death?
O most unwise! These imprecations spare.
What if your lord's affections are engaged
By a new bride, reproach him not, for Jove
Will be the dread avenger of your wrongs;
Nor melt away with unavailing grief,
Weeping for the lost partner of your bed.

MEDEA. [*within.*] Great Themis and Diana, awful queen,
Do ye behold the insults I endure,
Though by each oath most holy I have bound
That execrable husband. May I see
Him and his bride, torn limb from limb, bestrew
The palace; me have they presumed to wrong,
Although I ne'er provoked them. O my sire,
And thou my native land, whence I with shame
Departed when my brother I had slain.

NURSE. Heard ye not all she said, with a loud voice
Invoking Themis, who fulfils the vow,
And Jove, to whom the tribes of men look up
As guardian of their oaths. Medea's rage
Can by no trivial vengeance be appeased.

CHORUS. Could we but draw her hither, and prevail
On her to hear the counsels we suggest,
Then haply might she check that bitter wrath,
That vehemence of temper; for my zeal
Shall not be spared to aid my friends. But go,
And say, "O hasten, ere to those within
Thou do some mischief, for these sorrows rush

With an impetuous tempest on thy soul."

NURSE. This will I do; though there is cause to fear
That on my mistress I shall ne'er prevail:
Yet I my labour gladly will bestow.
Though such a look she on her servants casts
As the ferocious lioness who guards
Her tender young, when anyone draws near
To speak to her. Thou wouldst not judge amiss,
In charging folly and a total want
Of wisdom on the men of ancient days,
Who for their festivals invented hymns,
And to the banquet and the genial board
Confined those actions which o'er human life
Diffuse ecstatic pleasures: but no artist
Hath yet discovered, by the tuneful song,
And varied modulations of the lyre,
How we those piercing sorrows may assuage
Whence slaughters and such horrid mischief spring
As many a prosperous mansion have o'erthrown.
Could music interpose her healing aid
In these inveterate maladies, such gift
Had been the first of blessings to mankind:
But, 'midst choice viands and the circling bowl,
Why should those minstrels strain their useless throat?
To cheer the drooping heart, convivial joys
Are in themselves sufficient. [*Exit* NURSE.

CHORUS. Mingled groans
And lamentations burst upon mine ear:
She in the bitterness of soul exclaims
Against her impious husband, who betrayed
His plighted faith. By grievous wrongs opprest,
She the vindictive gods invokes, and Themis,
Jove's daughter, guardian of the sacred oath,
Who o'er the waves to Greece benignly steered
Their bark adventurous, launched in midnight gloom,
Through ocean's gates which never can be closed!

MEDEA, CHORUS

MEDEA. From my apartment, ye Corinthian dames,

Lest ye my conduct censure, I come forth:
For I have known full many who obtained
Fame and high rank; some to the public gaze
Stood ever forth, while others, in a sphere
More distant, chose their merits to display:
Nor yet a few, who, studious of repose,
Have with malignant obloquy been called
Devoid of spirit: for no human eyes
Can form a just discernment; at one glance,
Before the inmost secrets of the heart
Are clearly known, a bitter hate 'gainst him
Who never wronged us they too oft inspire.
But 'tis a stranger's duty to adopt
The manners of the land in which he dwells;
Nor can I praise that native, led astray
By mere perverseness and o'erweening folly,
Who bitter enmity incurs from those
Of his own city. But, alas! my friends,
This unforeseen calamity hath withered
The vigour of my soul. I am undone,
Bereft of every joy that life can yield,
And therefore wish to die. For as to him,
My husband, whom it did import me most
To have a thorough knowledge of, he proves
The worst of men. But sure among all those
Who have with breath and reason been endued,
We women are the most unhappy race.
First, with abundant gold are we constrained
To buy a husband, and in him receive
A haughty master. Still doth there remain
One mischief than this mischief yet more grievous,
The hazard whether we procure a mate
Worthless or virtuous: for divorces bring
Reproach to woman, nor must she renounce
The man she wedded; as for her who comes
Where usages and edicts, which at home
She learnt not, are established, she the gift
Of divination needs to teach her how
A husband must be chosen: if aright

These duties we perform, and he the yoke
Of wedlock with complacency sustains,
Ours is a happy life; but if we fail
In this great object, better 'twere to die.
For, when afflicted by domestic ills,
A man goes forth, his choler to appease,
And to some friend or comrade can reveal
What he endures; but we to him alone
For succour must look up. They still contend
That we, at home remaining, lead a life
Exempt from danger, while they launch the spear:
False are these judgments; rather would I thrice,
Armed with a target, in th' embattled field
Maintain my stand, than suffer once the throes
Of childbirth. But this language suits not you:
This is your native city, the abode
Of your loved parents, every comfort life
Can furnish is at hand, and with your friends
You here converse: but I, forlorn, and left
Without a home, am by that husband scorned
Who carried me from a Barbarian realm.
Nor mother, brother, or relation now
Have I, to whom I 'midst these storms of woe,
Like an auspicious haven, can repair.
Thus far I therefore crave ye will espouse
My interests, as if haply any means
Or any stratagem can be devised
For me with justice to avenge these wrongs
On my perfidious husband, on the king
Who to that husband's arms his daughter gave,
And the new-wedded princess; to observe
Strict silence. For although at other times
A woman, filled with terror, is unfit
For battle, or to face the lifted sword,
She when her soul by marriage wrongs is fired,
Thirsts with a rage unparalleled for blood.

CHORUS. The silence you request I will observe,
For justly on your lord may you inflict
Severest vengeance: still I wonder not

If your disastrous fortunes you bewail:
But Creon I behold who wields the sceptre
Of these domains; the monarch hither comes
His fresh resolves in person to declare.

CREON, MEDEA, CHORUS

CREON. Thee, O Medea, who, beneath those looks
Stern and forbidding, harbour'st 'gainst thy lord
Resentment, I command to leave these realms
An exile; for companions of thy flight
Take both thy children with thee, nor delay.
Myself pronounce this edict: I my home
Will not revisit, from the utmost bounds
Of this domain, till I have cast thee forth.

MEDEA. Ah, wretched me! I utterly am ruined:
For in the swift pursuit, my ruthless foes,
Each cable loosing, have unfurled their sails,
Nor can I land on any friendly shore
To save myself, yet am resolved to speak,
Though punishment impend. What cause, O Creon
Have you for banishing me?

CREON. Thee I dread
(No longer is it needful to disguise
My thoughts) lest 'gainst my daughter thou contrive
Some evil such as medicine cannot reach.
Full many incidents conspire to raise
This apprehension: with a deep-laid craft
Art thou endued, expert in the device
Of mischiefs numberless, thou also griev'st
Since thou art severed from thy husband's bed
I am informed, too, thou hast menaced vengeance
'Gainst me, because my daughter I bestowed
In marriage, and the bridegroom, and his bride.
Against these threats I therefore ought to guard
Before they take effect; and better far
Is it for me, O woman, to incur
Thy hatred now, than, soothed by thy mild words
Hereafter my forbearance to bewail.

MEDEA. Not now, alas! for the first time, but oft
To me, O Creon, hath opinion proved
Most baleful, and the source of grievous woes.
Nor ever ought the man, who is possest
Of a sound judgment, to train up his children
To be too wise: for they who live exempt
From war and all its toils, the odious name
Among their fellow-citizens acquire
Of abject sluggards. If to the unwise
You some fresh doctrine broach, you are esteemed
Not sapient, but a trifler: when to those
Who in their own conceit possess each branch
Of knowledge, you in state affairs obtain
Superior fame, to them you grow obnoxious.
I also feel the grievance I lament;
Some envy my attainments, others think
My temper uncomplying, though my wisdom
Is not transcendent. But from me it seems
You apprehend some violence; dismiss
Those fears; my situation now is such,
O Creon, that to monarchs I can give
No umbrage: and in what respect have you
Treated me with injustice? You bestowed
Your daughter where your inclination led.
Though I abhor my husband, I suppose
That you have acted wisely, nor repine
At your prosperity. Conclude the match;
Be happy: but allow me in this land
Yet to reside; for I my wrongs will bear
In silence, and to my superiors yield.

CREON. Soft is the sound of thy persuasive words,
But in my soul I feel the strongest dread
Lest thou devise some mischief, and now less
Than ever can I trust thee; for 'gainst those
Of hasty tempers with more ease we guard,
Or men or women, than the silent foe
Who acts with prudence. Therefore be thou gone
With speed, no answer make: it is decreed,
Nor hast thou art sufficient to avert

Thy doom of banishment; for well aware
Am I thou hat'st me.
MEDEA. Spare me, by those knees
And your new-wedded daughter, I implore.
CREON. Lavish of words, thou never shalt persuade me.
MEDEA. Will you then drive me hence, and to my prayers
No reverence yield?
CREON. I do not love thee more
Than those of my own house.
MEDEA. With what regret
Do I remember thee, my native land!
CREON. Except my children, I hold nought so near.
MEDEA. To mortals what a dreadful scourge is love!
CREON. As fortune dictates, love becomes, I ween,
Either a curse or blessing.
MEDEA. Righteous Jove,
Let not the author of my woes escape thee.
CREON. Away vain woman, free me from my cares.
MEDEA. No lack of cares have I.
CREON. Thou from this spot
Shalt by my servants' hands ere long be torn.
MEDEA. Not thus, O Creon, I your mercy crave.
CREON. To trouble me, it seems, thou art resolved.
MEDEA. I will depart, nor urge this fond request.
CREON. Why dost thou struggle then, nor from our realm
Withdraw thyself?
MEDEA. Allow me this one day
Here to remain, till my maturer thoughts
Instruct me to what region I can fly,
Where for my sons find shelter, since their sire
Attends not to the welfare of his race.
Take pity on them, for you also know
What 'tis to be a parent, and must feel
Parental love: as for myself, I heed not
The being doomed to exile, but lament
Their hapless fortunes.
CREON. No tyrannic rage
Within this bosom dwells, but pity oft
Hath warped my better judgment, and though now

My error I perceive, shall thy bequest
Be granted. Yet of this must I forewarn thee:
If when to-morrow with his orient beams
Phœbus the world revisits, he shall view
Thee and thy children still within the bounds
Of these domains, thou certainly shalt die—
Th' irrevocable sentence is pronounced.
But if thou needs must tarry, tarry here
This single day, for in so short a space
Thou canst not execute the ills I dread. [*Exit* CREON.

CHORUS. Alas! thou wretched woman, overpowered
By thy afflictions, whither wilt thou turn?
What hospitable board, what mansion, find
Or country to protect thee from these ills?
Into what storms of misery have the gods
Caused thee to rush!

MEDEA. On every side distress
Assails me: who can contradict this truth?
Yet think not that my sorrows thus shall end.
By yon new-wedded pair must be sustained
Dire conflicts, and no light or trivial woes
By them who in affinity are joined
With this devoted house. Can ye suppose
That I would e'er have soothed him, had no gain
Or stratagem induced me? Else to him
Never would I have spoken, nor once raised
My suppliant hands. But now is he so lost
In folly, that, when all my schemes with ease
He might have baffled, if he from this land
Had cast me forth, he grants me to remain
For this one day, and ere the setting sun
Three of my foes will I destroy—the sire,
The daughter, and my husband: various means
Have I of slaying them, and, O my friends,
Am at a loss to fix on which I first
Shall undertake, or to consume with flames
The bridal mansion, or a dagger plunge
Into their bosoms, entering unperceived
The chamber where they sleep. But there remains

One danger to obstruct my path: if caught
Stealing into the palace, and intent
On such emprise, in death shall I afford
A subject of derision to my foes.
This obvious method were the best, in which
I am most skilled, to take their lives away
By sorceries. Be it so; suppose them dead.
What city will receive me for its guest,
What hospitable foreigner afford
A shelter in his land, or to his hearth
Admit, or snatch me from impending fate?
Alas! I have no friend. I will delay
A little longer therefore; if perchance,
To screen me from destruction, I can find
Some fortress, then I in this deed of blood
With artifice and silence will engage;
But, if by woes inextricable urged
Too closely, snatching up the dagger them
Am I resolved to slay, although myself
Must perish too; for courage unappalled
This bosom animates. By that dread queen,
By her whom first of all th' immortal powers
I worship, and to aid my bold emprise
Have chosen, the thrice awful Hecaté,
Who in my innermost apartment dwells,
Not one of them shall triumph in the pangs
With which they wound my heart; for I will render
This spousal rite to them a plenteous source
Of bitterness and mourning—they shall rue
Their union, rue my exile from this land.
But now come on, nor, O Medea, spare
Thy utmost science to devise and frame
Deep stratagems, with swift career advance
To deeds of horror. Such a strife demands
Thy utmost courage. Hast thou any sense
Of these indignities? Nor is it fit
That thou, who spring'st from an illustrious sire,
And from that great progenitor the sun,
Shouldst be derided by the impious brood

Of Sisyphus, at Jason's nuptial feast
Exposed to scorn: for thou hast ample skill
To right thyself. Although by Nature formed
Without a genius apt for virtuous deeds,
We women are in mischiefs most expert.

CHORUS

ODE

I. 1.

Now upward to their source the rivers flow,
And in a retrograde career
Justice and all the baffled virtues go.
The views of man are insincere,
Nor to the gods though he appeal,
And with an oath each promise seal,
Can he be trusted. Yet doth veering fame
Loudly assert the female claim,
Causing our sex to be renowned,
And our whole lives with glory crowned.
No longer shall we mourn the wrongs
Of slanderous and inhuman tongues.

I. 2.

Nor shall the Muses, as in ancient days,
Make the deceit of womankind
The constant theme of their malignant lays.
For ne'er on our uncultured mind
Hath Phœbus, god of verse, bestowed
Genius to frame the lofty ode;
Else had we waked the lyre, and in reply
With descants on man's infamy
Oft lengthened out th' opprobrious page.
Yet may we from each distant age
Collect such records as disgrace
Both us and man's imperious race.

II. 1.

By love distracted, from thy native strand,
Thou 'twixt the ocean's clashing rocks didst sail
But now, loathed inmate of a foreign land,
Thy treacherous husband's loss art doomed to wail.
O hapless matron, overwhelmed with woe,
From this unpitying realm dishonoured must thou go.

II. 2.

No longer sacred oaths their credit bear,
And virtuous shame hath left the Grecian plain,
She mounts to Heaven, and breathes a purer air.
For thee doth no paternal house remain
The sheltering haven from affliction's tides;
Over these hostile roofs a mightier queen presides.

JASON, MEDEA, CHORUS

JASON. Not now for the first time, but oft, full oft
Have I observed that anger is a pest
The most unruly. For when in this land,
These mansions, you in peace might have abode,
By patiently submitting to the will
Of your superiors, you, for empty words,
Are doomed to exile. Not that I regard
Your calling Jason with incessant rage
The worst of men; but for those bitter taunts
With which you have reviled a mighty king,
Too mild a penalty may you esteem
Such banishment. I still have soothed the wrath
Of the offended monarch, still have wished
That you might here continue; but no bounds
Your folly knows, nor can that tongue e'er cease
To utter menaces against your lords;
Hence from these regions justly are you doomed
To be cast forth. But with unwearied love
Attentive to your interest am I come,
Lest with your children you by cruel want
Should be encompassed; exile with it brings
Full many evils. Me, though you abhor,

To you I harbour no unfriendly thought.

MEDEA. Thou worst of villains (for this bitter charge
Against thy abject cowardice my tongue
May justly urge), com'st thou to me, O wretch,
Who to the gods art odious, and to me
And all the human race? It is no proof
Of courage, or of steadfastness, to face
Thy injured friends, but impudence, the worst
Of all diseases. Yet hast thou done well
In coming: I by uttering the reproaches
Which thou deservest shall ease my burdened soul,
And thou wilt grieve to hear them. With th' events
Which happened first will I begin my charge.
Each Grecian chief who in the Argo sailed
Knows how from death I saved thee, when to yoke
The raging bulls whose nostrils poured forth flames,
And sow the baleful harvest, thou wert sent:
Then having slain the dragon, who preserved
With many a scaly fold the golden fleece,
Nor ever closed in sleep his watchful eyes,
I caused the morn with its auspicious beams
To shine on thy deliverance; but, my sire
And native land betraying, came with thee
To Pelion, the Iolchos' gates: for love
Prevailed o'er reason. Pelias next I slew—
Most wretched death—by his own daughters' hands,
And thus delivered thee from all thy fears.
Yet though to me, O most ungrateful man,
Thus much indebted, hast thou proved a traitor,
And to the arms of this new consort fled,
Although a rising progeny is thine.
Hadst thou been childless, 'twere a venial fault
In thee to court another for thy bride.
But vanished is the faith which oaths erst bore,
Nor can I judge whether thou think'st the gods
Who ruled the world have lost their ancient power
Or that fresh laws at present are in force
Among mankind, because thou to thyself
Art conscious, thou thy plighted faith has broken.

O my right hand, which thou didst oft embrace,
Oft to these knees a suppliant cling! How vainly
Did I my virgin purity yield up
To a perfidious husband, led astray
By flattering hopes! Yet I to thee will speak
As if thou wert a friend, and I expected
From thee some mighty favour to obtain:
Yet thou, if strictly questioned, must appear
More odious. Whither shall I turn me now?
To those deserted mansions of my father,
Which, with my country, I to thee betrayed,
And hither came; or to the wretched daughters
Of Pelias? They forsooth, whose sire I slew,
Beneath their roofs with kindness would receive me.
'Tis even thus: by those of my own house
Am I detested, and, to serve thy cause,
Those very friends, whom least of all I ought
To have unkindly treated, have I made
My enemies. But eager to repay
Such favours, 'mongst unnumbered Grecian dames,
On me superior bliss hast thou bestowed,
And I, unhappy woman, find in thee
A husband who deserves to be admired
For his fidelity. But from this realm
When I am exiled, and by every friend
Deserted, with my children left forlorn,
A glorious triumph, in thy bridal hour,
To thee will it afford, if those thy sons,
And I who saved thee, should like vagrants roam.
Wherefore, O Jove, didst thou instruct mankind
How to distinguish by undoubted marks
Counterfeit gold, yet in the front of vice
Impress no brand to show the tainted heart?

CHORUS. How sharp their wrath, how hard to be appeased,
When friends with friends begin the cruel strife.

JASON. I ought not to be rash, it seems, in speech,
But like the skilful pilot, who, with sails
Scarce half unfurled, his bark more surely guides,
Escape, O woman, your ungoverned tongue.

Since you the benefits on me conferred
Exaggerate in so proud a strain, I deem
That I to Venus only, and no god
Or man beside, my prosperous voyage owe.
Although a wondrous subtlety of soul
To you belong, 'twere an invidious speech
For me to make should I relate how Love
By his inevitable shafts constrained you
To save my life. I will not therefore state
This argument too nicely, but allow,
As you did aid me, it was kindly done.
But by preserving me have you gained more
Than you bestowed, as I shall prove: and first,
Transplanted from barbaric shores, and dwell
In Grecian regions, and have here been taught
To act as justice and the laws ordain,
Nor follow the caprice of brutal strength.
By all the Greeks your wisdom is perceived,
And you acquire renown; but had you still
Inhabited that distant spot of earth,
You never had been named. I would not wish
For mansions heaped with gold, or to exceed
The sweetest notes of Orpheus' magic lyre,
Were those unfading wreaths which fame bestows
From me withheld by fortune. I thus far
On my own labours only have discoursed.
For you this odious strife of words began.
But in espousing Creon's royal daughter,
With which you have reproached me, I will prove
That I in acting thus am wise and chaste,
That I to you have been the best of friends,
And to our children. But make no reply.
Since hither from Iolchos' land I came,
Accompanied by many woes, and such
As could not be avoided, what device
More advantageous could an exile frame
Than wedding the king's daughter? Not through hate
To you, which you reproach me with, not smitten
With love for a new consort, or a wish

The number of my children to augment:
For those we have already might suffice,
And I complain not. But to me it seemed
Of great importance that we both might live
As suits our rank, nor suffer abject need,
Well knowing that each friend avoids the poor.
I also wished to educate our sons
In such a manner as befits my race,
And with their noble brothers yet unborn,
Make them one family, that thus, my house
Cementing, I might prosper. In some measure
Is it your interest too that by my bride
I should have sons, and me it much imports,
By future children, to provide for those
Who are in being. Have I judged amiss?
You would not censure me, unless your soul
Were by a rival stung. But your whole sex
Hath these ideas; if in marriage blest
Ye deem nought wanting, but if some reverse
Of fortune e'er betide the nuptial couch,
All that was good and lovely ye abhor.
Far better were it for the human race
Had children been produced by other means,
No females e'er existing: hence might man
Exempt from every evil have remained.

CHORUS. Thy words hast thou with specious art adorned,
Yet thou to me (it is against my will
That I such language hold), O Jason, seem'st
Not to have acted justly in betraying
Thy consort.

MEDEA. From the many I dissent
In many points: for, in my judgment, he
Who tramples on the laws, but can express
His thoughts with plausibility, deserves
Severest punishment: for that injustice
On which he glories, with his artful tongue,
That he a fair appearance can bestow,
He dares to practise, nor is truly wise.
No longer then this specious language hold

To me, who by one word can strike thee dumb.
Hadst thou not acted with a base design,
It was thy duty first to have prevailed
On me to give consent, ere these espousals
Thou hadst contracted, nor kept such design
A secret from thy friends.

JASON. You would have served
My cause most gloriously, had I disclosed
To you my purposed nuptials, when the rage
Of that proud heart still unsubdued remains.

MEDEA. Thy real motive was not what thou sayst,
But a Barbarian wife, in thy old age,
Might have appeared to tarnish thy renown.

JASON. Be well assured, love urged me not to take
The daughter of the monarch to my bed.
But 'twas my wish to save you from distress,
As I already have declared, and raise
Some royal brothers to our former sons,
Strengthening with fresh supports our shattered house.

MEDEA. May that prosperity which brings remorse
Be never mine, nor riches such as sting
The soul with anguish.

JASON. Are you not aware
You soon will change your mind and grow more wise?
Forbear to spurn the blessings you possess,
Nor droop beneath imaginary woes,
When you are happy.

MEDEA. Scoff at my distress,
For thou hast an asylum to receive thee:
But from this land am I constrained to roam
A lonely exile.

JASON. This was your own choice:
Accuse none else.

MEDEA. What have I done—betrayed
My plighted faith and sought a foreign bed?

JASON. You uttered impious curses 'gainst the king.

MEDEA. I also in thy mansions am accursed.

JASON. With you I on these subjects will contend
No longer. But speak freely, what relief,

Or for the children or your exiled state,
You from my prosperous fortunes would receive:
For with a liberal hand am I inclined
My bounties to confer, and hence despatch
Such tokens, as to hospitable kindness
Will recommend you. Woman, to refuse
These offers were mere folly; from your soul
Banish resentment, and no trifling gain
Will hence ensue.

MEDEA. No use I of thy friends
Will make, nor aught accept; thy presents spare,
For nothing which the wicked man can give
Proves beneficial.

JASON. I invoke the gods
To witness that I gladly would supply
You and your children with whate'er ye need:
But you these favours loathe, and with disdain
Repel your friends: hence an increase of woe
Shall be your lot.

MEDEA. Be gone; for thou, with love
For thy young bride inflamed, too long remain'st
Without the palace. Wed her; though perhaps
(Yet with submission to the righteous gods,
This I announce) such marriage thou mayst rue.

[*Exit* JASON.

CHORUS

ODE

I. 1.

Th' immoderate loves in their career,
Nor glory nor esteem attends,
But when the Cyprian queen descends
Benignant from her starry sphere,
No goddess can more justly claim
From man the grateful prayer.
Thy wrath, O Venus, still forbear,
Nor at my tender bosom aim
That venomed arrow, ever wont t' inspire
Winged from thy golden bow, the pangs of keen desire.

I. 2.

May I in modesty delight,
Best present which the gods can give,
Nor torn by jarring passions live
A prey to wrath and cankered spite,
Still envious of a rival's charms,
Nor rouse the endless strife
While on my soul another wife
Impresses vehement alarms:
On us, dread queen, thy mildest influence shed,
Thou who discern'st each crime that stains the nuptial bed.

II. 1.

My native land, and dearest home!
May I ne'er know an exiled state,
Nor be it ever my sad fate
While from thy well-known bourn I roam,
My hopeless anguish to bemoan.
Rather let death, let death
Take at that hour my forfeit breath,
For surely never was there known
On earth a curse so great as to exceed,
From his loved country torn, the wretched exile's need.

II. 2.

These eyes attest thy piteous tale,
Which not from fame alone we know;
But, O thou royal dame, thy woe
No generous city doth bewail,
Nor one among thy former friends.
Abhorred by Heaven and earth,
Perish the wretch devoid of worth,
Engrossed by mean and selfish ends,
Whose heart expands not those he loved to aid;
Never may I lament attachments thus repaid.

ÆGEUS, MEDEA, CHORUS

ÆGEUS. Medea, hail! for no man can devise
Terms more auspicious to accost his friends.

MEDEA. And you, O son of wise Pandion, hail
Illustrious Ægeus. But to these domains
Whence came you?
ÆGEUS. From Apollo's ancient shrine.
MEDEA. But to that centre of the world, whence sounds
Prophetic issue, why did you repair?
ÆGEUS. To question by what means I may obtain
A race of children.
MEDEA. By the gods, inform me,
Are you still doomed to drag a childless life?
ÆGEUS. Such is the influence of some adverse demon.
MEDEA. Have you a wife, or did you never try
The nuptial yoke?
ÆGEUS. With wedlock's sacred bonds
I am not unacquainted.
MEDEA. On the subject
Of children, what did Phœbus say?
ÆGEUS. His words
Were such as mortals cannot comprehend.
MEDEA. Am I allowed to know the god's reply?
ÆGEUS. Thou surely art: such mystery to expound
There needs the help of thy sagacious soul.
MEDEA. Inform me what the oracle pronounced,
If I may hear it.
ÆGEUS. "The projecting foot,
Thou, of the vessel must not dare to loose"—
MEDEA. Till you do what, or to what region come?
ÆGEUS. "Till thou return to thy paternal lares."
MEDEA. But what are you in need of, that you steer
Your bark to Corinth's shores?
ÆGEUS. A king, whose name
Is Pittheus, o'er Trœzene's realm presides.
MEDEA. That most religious man, they say, is son
Of Pelops.
ÆGEUS. I with him would fain discuss
The god's prophetic voice.
MEDEA. For he is wise,
And in this science long hath been expert.
ÆGEUS. Dearest to me of those with whom I formed

A league of friendship in the embattled field.
MEDEA. But, O may you be happy, and obtain
All that you wish for.
ÆGEUS. Why those downcast eyes,
That wasted form?
MEDEA. O Ægeus, he I wedded
To me hath proved of all mankind most base.
ÆGEUS. What mean'st thou? In plain terms thy grief declare.
MEDEA. Jason hath wronged me, though without a cause.
ÆGEUS. Be more explicit, what injurious treatment
Complain'st thou of?
MEDEA. To me hath he preferred
Another wife, the mistress of this house.
ÆGEUS. Dared he to act so basely?
MEDEA. Be assured
That I, whom erst he loved, am now forsaken.
ÆGEUS. What amorous passion triumphs o'er his soul?
Or doth he loathe thy bed?
MEDEA. 'Tis mighty love,
That to his first attachment makes him false.
ÆGEUS. Let him depart then, if he be so void
Of honour as thou sayst.
MEDEA. He sought to form
Alliance with a monarch.
ÆGEUS. Who bestows
On him a royal bride? Conclude thy tale.
MEDEA. Creon, the ruler of this land.
ÆGEUS. Thy sorrows
Are then excusable.
MEDEA. I am undone,
And banished hence.
ÆGEUS. By whom? There's not a word
Thou utter'st but unfolds fresh scenes of woe.
MEDEA. Me from this realm to exile Creon drives.
ÆGEUS. Doth Jason suffer this? I cannot praise
Such conduct.
MEDEA. Not in words: though he submits
Without reluctance. But I by that beard,

And by those knees, a wretched suppliant, crave
Your pity; see me not cast forth forlorn,
But to your realms and to your social hearth
Receive me as a guest; so may your desire
For children be accomplished by the gods,
And happiness your close of life attend.
But how important a discovery Fortune
To you here makes you are not yet apprised:
For destitute of heirs will I permit you
No longer to remain, but through my aid
Shall you have sons, such potent drugs I know.

ÆGEUS. Various inducements urge me to comply
With this request, O woman; first an awe
For the immortal gods, and then the hope
That I the promised issue shall obtain.
On what my senses scarce can comprehend
I will rely. O that thy arts may prove
Effectual! Thee, if haply thou arriv'st
In my domain, with hospitable rites
Shall it be my endeavour to receive,
As justice dictates: but to thee, thus much
It previously behoves me to announce:
I will not take thee with me from this realm;
But to my house if of thyself thou come
Thou a secure asylum there shalt find,
Nor will I yield thee up to any foe.
But hence without by aid must thou depart,
For I, from those who in this neighbouring land
Of Corinth entertain me as their guest,
Wish to incur no censure.

MEDEA. Your commands
Shall be obeyed: but would you plight your faith
That you this promise will to me perform,
A noble friend in you shall I have found.

ÆGEUS. Believ'st thou not? Whence rise these anxious doubts?

MEDEA. In you I trust; though Pelia's hostile race
And Creon's hate pursue me: but, if bound
By the firm sanction of a solemn oath,

You will not suffer them with brutal force
To drag me from your realm, but having entered
Into such compact, and by every god
Sworn to protect me, still remain a friend,
Nor hearken to their embassies. My fortune
Is in its wane, but wealth to them belongs,
And an imperial mansion.

ÆGEUS. In these words
Hast thou expressed great forethought: but if thus
Thou art disposed to act, I my consent
Will not refuse; for I shall be more safe
If to thy foes some plausible excuse
I can allege, and thee more firmly stablish.
But say thou first what gods I shall invoke.

MEDEA. Swear by the earth on which we tread, the sun
My grandsire, and by all the race of gods.

ÆGEUS. What action, or to do or to forbear?

MEDEA. That from your land you never will expel,
Nor while you live consent that any foe
Shall tear me thence.

ÆGEUS. By earth, the radiant sun,
And every god I swear, I to the terms
Thou hast proposed will steadfastly adhere.

MEDEA. This may suffice. But what if you infringe
Your oath, what punishment will you endure?

ÆGEUS. Each curse that can befall the impious man.

MEDEA. Depart, and prosper: all things now advance
In their right track, and with the utmost speed
I to your city will direct my course,
When I have executed those designs
I meditate, and compassed what I wish. [*Exit* ÆGEUS.

CHORUS. But thee, O king, may Maia's wingéd son
Lead to thy Athens; there mayst thou attain
All that thy soul desires, for thou to me,
O Ægeus, seem'st most generous.

MEDEA. Awful Jove,
Thou too, O Justice, who art ever joined
With thundering Jove, and bright Hyperion's beams,
You I invoke. Now, O my friends, o'er those

I hate shall we prevail: 'tis the career
Of victory that we tread, and I at length
Have hopes the strictest vengeance on my foes
To execute: for where we most in need
Of a protector stood, appeared this stranger,
The haven of my counsels: we shall fix
Our cables to this poop, soon as we reach
That hallowed city where Minerva reigns.
But now to you the whole of my designs
Will I relate; look not for such a tale
As yields delight: some servant will I send
An interview with Jason to request,
And on his coming, in the softest words
Address him; say these matters are well pleasing
To me, and in the strongest terms applaud
That marriage with the daughter of the king,
Which now the traitor celebrates; then add,
"'Tis for our mutual good, 'tis rightly done."
But the request which I intend to make
Is that he here will let my children stay;
Not that I mean to leave them thus behind,
Exposed to insults in a hostile realm
From those I hate; but that my arts may slay
The royal maid: with presents in their hands,
A vesture finely wrought and golden crown,
Will I despatch them; these they to the bride
Shall bear, that she their exile may reverse:
If these destructive ornaments she take
And put them on, both she, and every one
Who touches her, shall miserably perish—
My presents with such drugs I will anoint.
Far as to this relates, here ends my speech.
But I with anguish think upon a deed
Of more than common horror, which remains
By me to be accomplished: for my sons
Am I resolved to slay, them from this arm
Shall no man rescue. When I thus have filled
With dire confusion Jason's wretched house,
I, from this land, yet reeking with the gore

Of my dear sons, will fly, and having dared
A deed most impious. For the scornful taunts
Of those we hate are not to be endured,
Happen what may. Can life be any gain
To me who have no country left, no home,
No place of refuge? Greatly did I err
When I forsook the mansions of my sire,
Persuaded by the flattery of that Greek
Whom I will punish, if just Heaven permit.
For he shall not again behold the children
I bore him while yet living. From his bride
Nor shall there issue any second race,
Since that vile woman by my baleful drugs
Vilely to perish have the Fates ordained.
None shall think lightly of me, as if weak,
Of courage void, or with a soul too tame,
But formed by Heaven in a far different mould,
The terror of my foes, and to my friends
Benignant: for most glorious are the lives
Of those who act with such determined zeal.

CHORUS. Since thy design thus freely thou to us
Communicat'st, I, through a wish to serve
Thy interests, and a reverence for those laws
Which all mankind hold sacred, from thy purpose
Exhort thee to desist.

MEDEA. This cannot be:
Yet I from you, because ye have not felt
Distress like mine, such language can excuse.

CHORUS. Thy guiltless children wilt thou dare to slay?

MEDEA. My husband hence more deeply shall I wound.

CHORUS. But thou wilt of all women be most wretched.

MEDEA. No matter: all the counsels ye can give
Are now superfluous. But this instant go
And Jason hither bring; for on your faith,
In all things I depend; nor these resolves
Will you divulge if you your mistress love,
And feel a woman's interest in my wrongs.

CHORUS.

I. 1.

Heroes of Erectheus' race
To the gods who owe your birth,
And in a long succession trace
Your sacred origin from earth,
Who on wisdom's fruit regale,
Purest breezes still inhale,
And behold skies ever bright,
Wandering through those haunted glades
Where fame relates that the Pierian maids,
Soothing the soul of man with chaste delight,
Taught Harmony to breathe her first enchanting tale.

I. 2.

From Cephisus' amber tide,
At the Cyprian queen's command,
As sing the Muses, are supplied
To refresh the thirsty land,
Fragrant gales of temperate air;
While around her auburn hair,
In a vivid chaplet twined
Never-fading roses bloom
And scent the champaign with their rich perfume,
Love comes in unison with wisdom joined,
Each virtue thrives if Beauty lend her fostering care.

II. 1.

For its holy streams renowned
Can that city, can that state
Where friendship's generous train are found
Shelter thee from public hate,
When, defiled with horrid guilt,
Thou thy children's blood hast spilt?
Think on this atrocious deed
Ere the dagger aim the blow:
Around thy knees our suppliant arms we throw;
O doom not, doom them not to bleed.

II. 2.

How can thy relentless heart
All humanity disclaim,
Thy lifted arm perform its part?
Lost to a sense of honest shame,
Canst thou take their lives away
And these guiltless children slay?
Soon as thou thy sons shalt view,
How wilt thou the tear restrain,
Or with their blood thy ruthless hands distain,
When prostrate they for mercy sue?

JASON, MEDEA, CHORUS

JASON. I at your call am come; for though such hate
To me you bear, you shall not be denied
In this request; but let me hear what else
You would solicit.

MEDEA. Jason, I of thee
Crave pardon for the hasty words I spoke;
Since just it were that thou shouldst bear my wrath,
When by such mutual proofs of love our union
Hath been cemented. For I reasoned thus,
And in these terms reproached myself: "O wretch,
Wretch that I am, what madness fires my breast?
Or why 'gainst those who counsel me aright
Such fierce resentment harbour? What just cause
Have I to hate the rulers of this land,
My husband too, who acts but for my good
In his espousals with the royal maid,
That to my sons he hence may add a race
Of noble brothers? Shall not I appease
The tempest of my soul? Why, when the gods
Confer their choicest blessings, should I grieve?
Have not I helpless children? Well I know
That we are banished from Thessalia's realm
And left without a friend." When I these thoughts
Maturely had revolved, I saw how great
My folly and how groundless was my wrath.
Now therefore I commend, now deem thee wise

In forming this connection for my sake:
But I was void of wisdom, or had borne
A part in these designs, the genial bed
Obsequiously attended, and with joy
Performed each menial office for the bride.
I will not speak in too reproachful terms
Of my own sex; but we, weak women, are
What nature formed us; therefore our defects
Thou must not imitate, nor yet return
Folly for folly. I submit and own
My judgment was erroneous, but at length
Have I formed better counsels. O my sons,
Come hither, leave the palace, from those doors
Advance, and in a soft persuasive strain
With me unite your father to accost,
Forget past enmity, and to your friends
Be reconciled, for 'twixt us is a league
Of peace established, and my wrath subsides.
[*The* Sons *of* Jason *and* Medea *enter.*
Take hold of his right hand. Ah me, how great
Are my afflictions oft as I revolve
A deed of darkness in my labouring soul!
How long, alas! my sons, are ye ordained
To live, how long to stretch forth those dear arms?
Wretch that I am! how much am I disposed
To weep! how subject to each fresh alarm!
For I at length desisting from that strife,
Which with your sire I rashly did maintain,
Feel gushing tears bedew my tender cheek.

Chorus. Fresh tears too from these eyes have forced their way;
And may no greater ill than that which now
We suffer, overtake us!

Jason. I applaud
Your present conduct, and your former rage
Condemn not; for 'tis natural that the race
Of women should be angry when their lord
For a new consort trucks them. But your heart
Is for the better changed, and you, though late,

At length acknowledge the resistless power
Of reason; this is acting like a dame
Endued with prudence. But for you, my sons,
Abundant safety your considerate sire
Hath with the favour of the gods procured,
For ye, I trust, shall with my future race
Bear the first rank in this Corinthian realm,
Advance to full maturity; the rest,
Aided by each benignant god, your father
Shall soon accomplish. Virtuously trained up
May I behold you at a riper age
Obtain pre-eminence o'er those I hate.
But, ha! Why with fresh tears do you thus keep
Those eyelids moist? From your averted cheeks
Why is the colour fled, or why these words
Receive you not with a complacent ear?

MEDEA. Nothing: my thoughts were busied for these children.

JASON. Be of good courage, and for them depend
On my protecting care.

MEDEA. I will obey,
Nor disbelieve the promise thou hast made:
But woman, ever frail, is prone to shed
Involuntary tears.

JASON. But why bewail
With such deep groans these children?

MEDEA. Them I bore;
And that our sons might live, while to the gods
Thou didst address thy vows, a pitying thought
Entered my soul; 'twas whether this could be.
But of th' affairs on which thou com'st to hold
This conference with me, have I told a part
Already, and to thee will now disclose
The sequel: since the rulers of this land
Resolve to banish me, as well I know
That it were best for me to give no umbrage,
Or to the king of Corinth, or to thee,
By dwelling here: because I to this house
Seem to bear enmity, from these domains

Will I depart: but urge thy suit to Creon,
That under thy paternal care our sons
May be trained up, nor from this realm expelled.
JASON. Though doubtful of success, I yet am bound
To make th' attempt.
MEDEA. Thou rather shouldst enjoin
Thy bride her royal father to entreat,
That he these children's exile may reverse.
JASON. With pleasure; and I doubt not but on her,
If like her sex humane, I shall prevail.
MEDEA. To aid thee in this difficult emprise
Shall be my care, for I to her will send
Gifts that I know in beauty far exceed
The gorgeous works of man; a tissued vest
And golden crown the children shall present,
But with the utmost speed these ornaments
One of thy menial train must hither bring,
For not with one, but with ten thousand blessings
Shall she be gratified; thee, best of men,
Obtaining for the partner of her bed,
And in possession of those splendid robes
Which erst the sun my grandsire did bestow
On his descendants: take them in your hands,
My children, to the happy royal bride
Instantly bear them, and in dower bestow,
For such a gift as ought not to be scorned
Shall she receive.
JASON. Why rashly part with these?
Of tissued robes or gold can you suppose
The palace destitute? These trappings keep,
Nor to another give: for if the dame
On me place real value, well I know
My love she to all treasures will prefer.
MEDEA. Speak not so hastily: the gods themselves
By gifts are swayed, as fame relates; and gold
Hath a far greater influence o'er the souls
Of mortals than the most persuasive words:
With fortune, the propitious heavens conspire
To add fresh glories to thy youthful bride,

All here submits to her despotic sway.
But I my children's exile would redeem,
Though at the cost of life, not gold alone.
But these adjacent mansions of the king
Soon as ye enter, O ye little ones,
Your sire's new consort and my queen entreat
That ye may not be banished from this land:
At the same time these ornaments present,
For most important is it that these gifts
With her own hands the royal dame receive.
Go forth, delay not, and, if ye succeed,
Your mother with the welcome tidings greet.

[*Exeunt* JASON *and* SONS.

CHORUS

I. 1.

Now from my soul each hope is fled,
I deem those hapless children dead,
They rush to meet the wound:
Mistrustful of no latent pest
Th' exulting bride will seize the gorgeous vest,
Her auburn tresses crowned
By baleful Pluto, shall she stand,
And take the presents with an eager hand.

I. 2.

The splendid robe of thousand dyes
Will fascinate her raptured eyes,
And tempt her till she wear
The golden diadem, arrayed
To meet her bridegroom in th' infernal shade
She thus into the snare
Of death shall be surprised by fate,
Nor 'scape remorseless Atè's direful hate.

II. 1.

But as for thee whose nuptials bring
The proud alliance of a king,
'Midst dangers unespied
Thou madly rushing, aid'st the blow

Ordained by Heaven to lay thy children low,
And thy lamented bride:
O man, how little dost thou know
That o'er thy head impends severest woe!

II. 2.

Thy anguish I no less bemoan,
No less for thee, O mother, groan,
Bent on a horrid deed,
Thy children who resolv'st to slay,
Nor fear'st to take their guiltless lives away.
Those innocents must bleed,
Because, disdainful of thy charms,
The husband flies to a new consort's arms.

ATTENDANT, SONS, MEDEA, CHORUS

ATTEND. Your sons, my honoured mistress, are set free
From banishment; in her own hands those gifts
With courtesy the royal bride received:
Hence are ye hastening to a world unknown.
MEDEA. No matter.
ATTEND. Why stand you in confusion, when befriended
By prosperous fortune?
MEDEA. Ah!
ATTEND. This harsh reception
Accords not with the tidings which I bring.
MEDEA. Alas! and yet again I say, alas!
ATTEND. Have I related with unconscious tongue
Some great calamity, by the fond hope
Of bearing glad intelligence misled?
MEDEA. For having told what thou hast told, no blame
To thee do I impute.
ATTEND. But on the ground
Why fix those eyes, and shed abundant tears?
MEDEA. Necessity constrains me: for the gods
Of Erebus and I in evil hour
Our baleful machinations have devised.
ATTEND. Be of good cheer; for in your children still
Are you successful.

MEDEA. 'Midst the realms of night
Others I first will plunge. Ah, wretched me!
ATTEND. Not you alone are from your children torn,
Mortal you are, and therefore must endure
Calamity with patience.
MEDEA. I these counsels
Will practise: but go thou into the palace,
And for the children whatsoe'er to-day
Is requisite, make ready. [*Exit* ATTENDANT.
O my sons!
My sons! ye have a city and a house
Where, leaving hapless me behind, without
A mother ye for ever shall reside.
But I to other realms an exile go,
Ere any help from you I could derive,
Or see you blest; the hymeneal pomp,
The bride, the genïal couch, for you adorn,
And in these hands the kindled torch sustain.
How wretched am I through my own perverseness!
You, O my sons, I then in vain have nurtured,
In vain have toiled, and, wasted with fatigue,
Suffered the pregnant matron's grievous throes.
On you, in my afflictions, many hopes
I founded erst: that ye with pious care
Would foster my old age, and on the bier
Extend me after death—much envied lot
Of mortals; but these pleasing anxious thoughts
Are vanished now; for, losing you, a life
Of bitterness and anguish shall I lead.
But as for you, my sons, with those dear eyes
Fated no more your mother to behold,
Hence have your sons obtained their peace.
Why do ye gaze on me with such a look
Of tenderness, or wherefore smile? for these
Are your last smiles. Ah wretched, wretched me!
What shall I do? My resolution fails.
Sparkling with joy now I their looks have seen,
My friends, I can no more. To those past schemes
I bid adieu, and with me from this land

My children will convey. Why should I cause
A twofold portion of distress to fall
On my own head, that I may grieve the sire
By punishing his sons? This shall not be:
Such counsels I dismiss. But in my purpose
What means this change? Can I prefer derision,
And with impunity permit the foe
To 'scape? My utmost courage I must rouse:
For the suggestion of these tender thoughts
Proceeds from an enervate heart. My sons,
Enter the regal mansion. [*Exeunt* Sons.
As for those
Who deem that to be present were unholy
While I the destined victims offer up,
Let them see to it. This uplifted arm
Shall never shrink. Alas! alas! my soul
Commit not such a deed. Unhappy woman,
Desist and spare thy children; we will live
Together, they in foreign realms shall cheer
Thy exile. No, by those avenging fiends
Who dwell with Pluto in the realms beneath,
This shall not be, nor will I ever leave
My sons to be insulted by their foes.
They certainly must die; since then they must,
I bore and I will slay them: 'tis a deed
Resolved on, nor my purpose will I change.
Full well I know that now the royal bride
Wears on her head the magic diadem,
And in the variegated robe expires:
But, hurried on by fate, I tread a path
Of utter wretchedness, and them will plunge
Into one yet more wretched. To my sons
Fain would I say: "O stretch forth your right hands
Ye children, for your mother to embrace.
O dearest hands, ye lips to me most dear,
Engaging features and ingenuous looks,
May ye be blest, but in another world;
For by the treacherous conduct of your sire
Are ye bereft of all this earth bestowed.

Farewell, sweet kisses—tender limbs, farewell!
And fragrant breath! I never more can bear
To look on you, my children." My afflictions
Have conquered me; I now am well aware
What crimes I venture on: but rage, the cause
Of woes most grievous to the human race,
Over my better reason hath prevailed.

CHORUS. In subtle questions I full many a time
Have heretofore engaged, and this great point
Debated, whether woman should extend
Her search into abstruse and hidden truths.
But we too have a Muse, who with our sex
Associates to expound the mystic lore
Of wisdom, though she dwell not with us all.
Yet haply a small number may be found,
Among the multitude of females, dear
To the celestial Muses. I maintain,
They who in total inexperience live,
Nor ever have been parents, are more happy
Than they to whom much progeny belongs.
Because the childless, having never tried
Whether more pain or pleasure from their offspring
To mortals rises, 'scape unnumbered toils.
But I observe that they, whose fruitful house
Is with a lovely race of infants filled,
Are harassed with perpetual cares; how first
To train them up in virtue, and whence leave
Fit portions for their sons; but on the good
Or worthless, whether they these toils bestow
Remains involved in doubt. I yet must name
One evil the most grievous, to which all
The human race is subject; some there are
Who for their sons have gained sufficient wealth,
Seen them to full maturity advance,
And decked with every virtue, when, by fate
If thus it be ordained, comes death unseen
And hurries them to Pluto's gloomy realm.
Can it be any profit to the gods
To heap the loss of children, that one ill

Than all the rest more bitter, on mankind?

MEDEA. My friends, with anxious expectation long
Here have I waited, from within to learn
How fortune will dispose the dread event.
But one of Jason's servants I behold
With breathless speed advancing: his looks show
That he some recent mischief would relate.

MESSENGER, MEDEA, CHORUS

MESSENGER. O thou, who impiously hast wrought a deed
Of horror, fly, Media, from this land,
Fly with such haste as not to leave the bark
Or from the car alight.

MEDEA. What crime, to merit
A banishment like this, have I committed?

MESSENGER. By thy enchantments is the royal maid
This instant dead, and Creon, too, her sire.

MEDEA. Most glorious are the tidings you relate:
Henceforth shall you be numbered with my friends
And benefactors.

MESSENGER. Ha! what words are these?
Dost thou preserve thy senses yet entire?
O woman, hath not madness fired thy brain?
The wrongs thou to the royal house hast done
Hear'st thou with joy, nor shudder'st at the tale?

MEDEA. Somewhat I have in answer to your speech:
But be not too precipitate, my friend;
Inform me how they died, for twofold joy
Wilt thou afford, if wretchedly they perished.

MESSENGER. When with their father thy two sons arrived
And went into the mansion of the bride,
We servants, who had shared thy griefs, rejoiced;
For a loud rumour instantly prevailed
That all past strife betwixt thy lord and thee
Was reconciled. Some kissed the children's hands,
And some their auburn tresses. I with joy
To those apartments where the women dwell
Attended them. Our mistress, the new object
Of homage such as erst to thee was paid,

Ere she beheld thy sons on Jason cast
A look of fond desire: but then she veiled
Her eyes, and turned her pallid cheeks away
Disgusted at their coming, till his voice
Appeased her anger with these gentle words:
"O be not thou inveterate 'gainst thy friends,
But lay aside disdain, thy beauteous face
Turn hither, and let amity for those
Thy husband loves still warm that generous breast.
Accept these gifts, and to thy father sue,
That, for my sake, the exile of my sons
He will remit." Soon as the princess saw
Thy glittering ornaments, she could resist
No longer, but to all her lord's requests
Assented, and before thy sons were gone
Far from the regal mansion with their sire,
The vest, resplendent with a thousand dyes,
Put on, and o'er her loosely floating hair
Placing the golden crown, before the mirror
Her tresses braided, and with smiles surveyed
Th' inanimated semblance of her charms:
Then rising from her seat across the palace
Walked with a delicate and graceful step,
In the rich gifts exulting, and oft turned
Enraptured eyes on her own stately neck,
Reflected to her view: but now a scene
Of horror followed; her complexion changed,
And she reeled backward, trembling every limb;
Scarce did her chair receive her as she sunk
In time to save her falling to the ground.
One of her menial train, an aged dame,
Possest with an idea that the wrath
Either of Pan or of some god unknown
Her mistress had invaded, in shrill tone
Poured forth a vow to Heaven, till from her mouth
She saw foam issue, in their sockets roll
Her wildly glaring eyeballs, and the blood
Leave her whole frame; a shriek, that differed far
From her first plaints, then gave she. In an instant

This to her father's house, and that to tell
The bridegroom the mischance which had befallen
His consort, rushed impetuous; through the dome
The frequent steps of those who to and fro
Ran in confusion did resound. But soon
As the fleet courser at the goal arrives,
She who was silent, and had closed her eyes,
Roused from her swoon, and burst forth into groans
Most dreadful, for 'gainst her two evils warred:
Placed on her head the golden crown poured forth
A wondrous torrent of devouring flames,
And the embroidered robes, thy children's gifts,
Preyed on the hapless virgin's tender flesh;
Covered with fire she started from her seat
Shaking her hair, and from her head the crown
With violence attempting to remove,
But still more firmly did the heated gold
Adhere, and the fanned blaze with double lustre
Burst forth as she her streaming tresses shook:
Subdued by fate, at length she to the ground
Fell prostrate: scarce could anyone have known her
Except her father; for those radiant eyes
Dropped from their sockets, that majestic face
Its wonted features lost, and blood with fire
Ran down her head in intermingled streams,
While from her bones the flesh, like weeping pitch,
Melted away, through the consuming power
Of those unseen enchantments; 'twas a sight
Most horrible: all feared to touch the corpse,
For her disastrous end had taught us caution.
Meanwhile her hapless sire, who knew not aught
Of this calamity, as he with haste
Entered the palace, stumbled o'er her body,
Instantly shrieking out, then with his arms
Infolded, kissed it oft, and "O my child,
My wretched child," he exclaimed; "What envious god,
Author of thy dishonourable fall,
Of thee bereaves an old decrepit man
Whom the grave claims? With thee I wish to die,

My daughter." Scarcely had the hoary father
These lamentations ended; to uplift
His feeble body striving, he adhered
(As ivy with its pliant tendrils clings
Around the laurel) to the tissued vest.
Dire was the conflict; he to raise his knee
From earth attempted, but his daughter's corse
Still held him down, or if with greater force
He dragged it onward, from his bones he tore
The aged flesh: at length he sunk, and breathed
In agonizing pangs his soul away:
For he against such evil could bear up
No longer. To each other close in death
The daughter and her father lie: their fate
Demands our tears. Warned by my words, with haste
From this domain convey thyself, or vengeance
Will overtake thee for this impious deed.
Not now for the first time do I esteem
Human affairs a shadow. Without fear
Can I pronounce, they who appear endued
With wisdom, and most plausibly trick out
Specious harangues, deserve to be accounted
The worst of fools. The man completely blest
Exists not. Some in overflowing wealth
May be more fortunate, but none are happy.

CHORUS. Heaven its collected store of evil seems
This day resolved with justice to pour down
On perjured Jason. Thy untimely fate
How do we pity, O thou wretched daughter
Of Creon, who in Pluto's mansions go'st
To celebrate thy nuptial feast.

MEDEA. My friends,
I am resolved, as soon as I have slain
My children, from these regions to depart,
Nor through inglorious sloth will I abandon
My sons to perish by detested hands;
They certainly must die: since then they must,
I bore and I will slay them. O my heart!
Be armed with tenfold firmness. What avails it

To loiter, when inevitable ills
Remain to be accomplished? Take the sword,
And, O my hand, on to the goal that ends
Their life, nor let one intervening thought
Of pity or maternal tenderness
Suspend thy purpose: for this one short day
Forget how fondly thou didst love thy sons,
How bring them forth, and after that lament
Their cruel fate: although thou art resolved
To slay, yet hast thou ever held them dear.
But I am of all women the most wretched.

[*Exit* MEDEA.

CHORUS

I.

Earth, and thou sun, whose fervid blaze
From pole to pole illumes each distant land,
View this abandoned woman, ere she raise
Against her children's lives a ruthless hand;
For from thy race, divinely bright,
They spring, and should the sons of gods be slain
By man, 'twere dreadful. O restrain
Her fury, thou celestial source of light,
Ere she with blood pollute your regal dome,
Chased by the demons hence let this Erinnys roam.

II.

The pregnant matron's throes in vain
Hast thou endured, and borne a lovely race,
O thou, who o'er th' inhospitable main,
Where the Cyanean rocks scarce leave a space,
Thy daring voyage didst pursue.
Why, O thou wretch, thy soul doth anger rend,
Such as in murder soon must end?
They who with kindred gore are stained shall rue
Their guilt inexpiable: full well I know
The gods will on this house inflict severest woe.

1ST SON [*within*]. Ah me! what can I do, or whither fly
To 'scape a mother's arm?

2ND SON [*within*]. I cannot tell:
For, O my dearest brother, we are lost.
CHORUS. Heard you the children's shrieks? I (O thou dame,
Whom woes and evil fortune still attend)
Will rush into the regal dome, from death
Resolved to snatch thy sons.
1ST SON [*within*]. We by the gods
Conjure you to protect us in this hour
Of utmost peril, for the treacherous snare
Hath caught us, and we perish by the sword.
CHORUS. Art thou a rock, O wretch, or steel, to slay
With thine own hand that generous race of sons
Whom thou didst bear? I hitherto have heard
But of one woman, who in ancient days
Smote her dear children, Ino, by the gods
With frenzy stung, when Jove's malignant queen
Distracted from her mansion drove her forth.
But she, yet reeking with the impious gore
Of her own progeny, into the waves
Plunged headlong from the ocean's craggy beach,
And shared with her two sons one common fate.
Can there be deeds more horrible than these
Left for succeeding ages to produce?
Disastrous union with the female sex,
How great a source of woes art thou to man!

JASON, CHORUS

JASON. Ye dames who near the portals stand, is she
Who hath committed these atrocious crimes,
Medea, in the palace, or by flight
Hath she retreated? For beneath the ground
Must she conceal herself, or, borne on wings,
Ascend the heights of Ether, to avoid
The vengeance due for Corinth's royal house.
Having destroyed the rulers of the land,
Can she presume she shall escape unhurt
From these abodes? But less am I concerned

On her account, than for my sons, since they
Whom she hath injured will on her inflict
Due punishment: but hither am I come
To save my children's lives, lest on their heads
The noble Creon's kindred should retaliate
That impious murder by their mother wrought.

CHORUS. Thou know'st not yet, O thou unhappy man,
What ills thou art involved in, or these words
Had not escaped thee.

JASON. Ha, what ills are these
Thou speak'st of? Would she also murder me?

CHORUS. By their own mother's hand thy sons are slain.

JASON. What can you mean? How utterly, O woman,
Have you undone me!

CHORUS. Be assured thy children
Are now no more.

JASON. Where was it, or within
Those mansions or without, that she destroyed
Our progeny?

CHORUS. As soon as thou these doors
Hast oped, their weltering corses wilt thou view.

JASON. Loose the firm bars and bolts of yonder gates
With speed, ye servants, that I may behold
This scene of twofold misery, the remains
Of the deceased, and punish her who slew them.

MEDEA, *in a chariot drawn by dragons,* JASON, CHORUS

MEDEA. With levers wherefore dost thou shake those doors
In quest of them who are no more, and me
Who dared to perpetrate the bloody deed?
Desist from such unprofitable toil:
But if there yet be aught that thou with me
Canst want, speak freely whatsoe'er thou wilt:
For with that hand me never shalt thou reach,
Such steeds the sun my grandsire gives to whirl
This chariot and protect me from my foes.

JASON. O most abandoned woman, by the gods,

By me and all the human race abhorred,
Who with the sword could pierce the sons you bore,
And ruin me, a childless wretched man,
Yet after you this impious deed have dared
To perpetrate, still view the radiant sun
And fostering earth; may vengeance overtake you!
For I that reason have regained which erst
Forsook me, when to the abodes of Greece
I from your home, from a barbarian realm,
Conveyed you, to your sire a grievous bane,
And the corrupt betrayer of that land
Which nurtured you. Some envious god first roused
Your evil genius from the shades of hell
For my undoing: after you had slain
Your brother at the altar, you embarked
In the famed Argo. Deeds like these a life
Of guilt commenced; with me in wedlock joined,
You bore those sons, whom you have now destroyed
Because I left your bed. No Grecian dame
Would e'er have ventured on a deed so impious;
Yet I to them preferred you for my bride:
This was a hostile union, and to me
The most destructive; for my arms received
No woman, but a lioness more fell
Than Tuscan Scylla. Vainly should I strive
To wound you with reproaches numberless,
For you are grown insensible of shame!
Vile sorceress, and polluted with the blood
Of your own children, perish—my hard fate
While I lament, for I shall ne'er enjoy
My lovely bride, nor with those sons, who owe
To me their birth and nurture, ever hold
Sweet converse. They, alas! can live no more,
Utterly lost to their desponding sire.

MEDEA. Much could I say in answer to this charge,
Were not the benefits from me received,
And thy abhorred ingratitude, well known
To Jove, dread sire. Yet was it not ordained,
Scorning my bed, that thou shouldst lead a life

Of fond delight, and ridicule my griefs;
Nor that the royal virgin thou didst wed,
Or Creon, who to thee his daughter gave,
Should drive me from these regions unavenged.
A lioness then call me if thou wilt,
Or by the name of Scylla, whose abode
Was in Etrurian caverns. For thy heart,
As justice prompted, in my turn I wounded.

JASON. You grieve, and are the partner of my woes.

MEDEA. Be well assured I am: but what assuages
My grief is this, that thou no more canst scoff.

JASON. How vile a mother, O my sons, was yours!

MEDEA. How did ye perish through your father's lust!

JASON. But my right hand was guiltless of their death.

MEDEA. Not so thy cruel taunts, and that new marriage.

JASON. Was my new marriage a sufficient cause
For thee to murder them?

MEDEA. Canst thou suppose
Such wrongs sit light upon the female breast?

JASON. On a chaste woman's; but your soul abounds
With wickedness.

MEDEA. Thy sons are now no more,
This will afflict thee.

JASON. O'er your head, alas!
They now two evil geniuses impend.

MEDEA. The gods know who these ruthless deeds began.

JASON. They know the hateful temper of your soul.

MEDEA. In detestation thee I hold, and loathe
Thy conversation.

JASON. Yours too I abhor;
But we with ease may settle on what terms
To part for ever.

MEDEA. Name those terms. Say how
Shall I proceed? For such my ardent wish.

JASON. Let me inter the dead, and o'er them weep.

MEDEA. Thou shalt not. For their corses with this hand
Am I resolved to bury in the grove
Sacred to awful Juno, who protects
The citadel of Corinth, lest their foes

Insult them, and with impious rage pluck up
The monumental stone. I in this realm
Of Sisyphus moreover will ordain
A solemn festival and mystic rites,
To make a due atonement for my guilt
In having slain them. To Erectheus' land
I now am on my road, where I shall dwell
With Ægeus, great Pandion's son; but thou
Shalt vilely perish as thy crimes deserve,
Beneath the shattered relics of thy bark,
The Argo, crushed; such is the bitter end
Of our espousals and thy faith betrayed.

JASON. May the Erinnys of our slaughtered sons,
And justice, who requites each murderous deed,
Destroy you utterly!

MEDEA. Will any god
Or demon hear thy curses, O thou wretch,
False to thy oath, and to the sacred laws
Of hospitality?

JASON. Most impious woman,
Those hands yet reeking with your children's gore—

MEDEA. Go to the palace, and inter thy bride.

JASON. Bereft of both my sons, I thither go.

MEDEA. Not yet enough lament'st thou: to increase
Thy sorrows, mayst thou live till thou art old!

JASON. Ye dearest children.

MEDEA. To their mother dear,
But not to thee.

JASON. Yet them have you destroyed.

MEDEA. That I might punish thee.

JASON. One more fond kiss
On their loved lips, ah me! would I imprint.

MEDEA. Now wouldst thou speak to them, and in thine arms
Clasp those whom living thou didst banish hence.

JASON. Allow me, I conjure you by the gods,
My children's tender bodies to embrace.

MEDEA. Thou shalt not: these presumptuous words in vain
By thee were hazarded.

JASON. Jove, hear'st thou this,
How I with scorn am driven away, how wronged
By that detested lioness, whose fangs
Have slain her children? Yet shall my loud plaints,
While here I fix my seat, if 'tis allowed,
And this be possible, call down the gods
To witness that you hinder me from touching
My murdered sons, and paying the deceased
Funereal honours. Would to Heaven I ne'er
Had seen them born to perish by your hand!

CHORUS. Throned on Olympus, with his sovereign nod,
Jove unexpectedly performs the schemes
Divine foreknowledge planned; our firmest hopes
Oft fail us: but the god still finds the means
Of compassing what man could ne'er have looked for;
And thus doth this important business end.

THE CLOUDS

OF

ARISTOPHANES

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE BY

BENJAMIN BICKLEY ROGERS, M.A.

OF LINCOLN'S INN, BARRISTER-AT-LAW, AND SOMETIME FELLOW OF WADHAM COLLEGE, OXFORD

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY THE SAME

PRECEDED BY A

SKETCH OF ARISTOPHANES

BY HENRY MORLEY, LL.D.

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE AT UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON

INTRODUCTIONS

SKETCH OF ARISTOPHANES

By HENRY MORLEY

ARISTOPHANES, son of Philippus, was born in Athens about the year 444 before Christ, and lived probably to the age of about seventy-six. He made social as well as political use of his wit, and wrote (B.C. 427) his first comedy, "The Banquetters," when he was yet a youth below the legal age for competing for a prize. That comedy was the satire of one fresh from the schools upon the sophistries that had crept into the Athenian system of education. There was a father whose two sons had been educated, one in the good old way, the other in the new way, and the chorus, which gave its name to the play, was of a party who had been feasting in the temple of Hercules. That play is known only by tradition; and the next play, "The Babylonians," produced in the next year in the name of Callistratus, is also lost. It obtained the first prize, and was a political caricature of the system of appointing to public offices by lot. Next followed, and in the next year (B.C. 425), also produced in the name of Callistratus, "The Acharnians," produced when the poet's age was about nineteen. "The Knights" followed a year later, and was the first play produced by Aristophanes in his own name. Each of these plays won the first prize in competition. The other plays—omitting those which have been lost and are known only by tradition—were: "The Clouds" (B.C. 423); "The Wasps" (B.C. 422); "Peace" (B.C. 419); "The Birds" (B.C. 414); "Lysistrata" (B.C. 411); "Plutus" (B.C. 408); "The Frogs" (B.C. 405); "Ecclesiazusæ" (B.C. 392). But Aristophanes is said to have written in all fifty-four plays. His three sons, Philippus, Araros, and Nicostratus, were all poets of what is called the Middle Comedy; Aristophanes himself being the only one of many writers of the Old Comedy of whom any complete work is left.

INTRODUCTION TO THE CLOUDS

By BENJAMIN BICKLEY ROGERS

It is a question confessedly difficult to answer, in what manner and to what extent a translator is bound to conform to the conventional decorum of the age and nation in which he lives: whether he is to omit whatever in the least degree runs counter to those rules by which an author is now happily compelled to abide, a method which would infallibly destroy the whole humour of some of the most felicitous, and withal the most harmless passages of Greek Comedy and Roman Satire, or to follow his author even in his wildest extravagances, which would in many cases render his translation unreadable to by far the greater portion of modern society. It has been my endeavor to steer, as far as has been in my power, clear of either extreme: to leave nothing in my translation which can justly offend the classical reader: while at the same time I have not dared entirely to ignore any passage which seemed necessary to the full understanding of the true position of an author, who in spite of these occasional blemishes has been at all times venerated as well as admired, and that too even on moral grounds, by the best and wisest of mankind. For it must have been something more than the exuberance of wit which overflows every page of his Comedies, something more than that brilliancy of sarcastic humour which no imitator has ever approached, and of which, I sincerely hope and believe, no translation can entirely denude them; it must have been something beyond all this which has endeared Aristophanes in such a remarkable degree to so very many great and illustrious names, and among them, as is well known, to one of the severest saints of the Christian Church, the "Glorious Preacher," St. Chrysostom.

It was doubtless the excellence of their moral doctrines, the practical good sense, which, as Gibbon truly remarks, is a faculty rarer and more precious than genius, and with which Aristophanes can, when he chooses to speak soberly, treat

the great questions of Religion and Politics in Athens, and lay bare the causes of decay which were hurrying on that bright Republic to internal misery and external ruin. "Men smile," says Mr. Sewell, in his eloquent Introduction to the Dialogues of Plato, "Men smile when they hear the anecdote of one of the most venerable fathers of the Church, who never went to bed without Aristophanes under his pillow. But the noble tone of morals, the elevated taste, the sound political wisdom, the boldness and acuteness of the satire, the grand object, which is seen throughout, of correcting the follies of the day, and improving the condition of his country, —all these are features in Aristophanes, which however disguised, as they intentionally are, by coarseness and buffoonery, entitle him to the highest respect from every reader of antiquity. There is as much system in the Comedies of Aristophanes as in the Dialogues of Plato. No one play is without its definite object: and the state of national education as the greatest cause of all [the vitiated condition of the public mind] is laid open in The Clouds. Whatever light is thrown by that admirable play upon the character of Socrates, and the position which he occupies in the Platonic Dialogues, it is chiefly valuable as exhibiting in a short but very complete analysis, and by a number of fine Rembrandt-like strokes, not any of which must be overlooked, all the features of that frightful school of sophistry, which at that time was engaged systematically in corrupting the Athenian youth, and against which the whole battery of Plato was pointedly directed."

Moreover it may be observed that The Clouds is by far the purest and the most refined of all the productions of the Aristophanic Muse: it was an attempt, as he says himself, to raise Comedy out of a mere coarse and licentious *aischrologia* [Billingsgate farce] to a philosophic and elegant entertainment: an attempt which unfortunately failed, and the result of that failure may be witnessed in most of the poet's later plays: but an attempt carried out with so much taste and vigor, that it would undoubtedly have been the most successful work of Aristophanes, had it not been for its one great and indelible blemish, its complete and entire misrepre-

sentation of the character and tendencies of Socratic philosophy.

And this, it must be confessed, is another objection to the Play, far more formidable than the plea, which we have just considered, of its occasional indelicacy. But even this may be safely disregarded: for it is not difficult to discover the cause of the enmity which Aristophanes entertained towards Socrates: nor is it necessary that the character of either the one or the other should be vilified, (as has too often been done), to account for it. The spirit of a new intellectual era was brooding over Athens: from one extremity of the Hellenic world to the other, from the coast of Ionia to the coast of Italy, the movements of philosophy were beginning to make themselves felt. Nor can it be denied that this change was accompanied by a change for the worse in the morals and character of the people: the old faith was breaking up, and no new one was offered to their minds: it cannot be denied that the Athenians of the Peloponnesian War had degenerated in generosity, in uprightness, in Pan-Hellenic patriotism from the men of Marathon and Platæa. And doubtless there were at Athens many excellent men who sighed for the integrity, the honor, the moral rectitude of the good old times; who were content to live as their fathers lived, to die as their fathers died: to be no wiser than their ancestors. And this principle though unsound is nevertheless always respectable, and if sometimes a check to beneficial improvement is more frequently a guard against rash and hasty innovation. Such a spirit found an interpreter in Aristophanes: he looked back with regret to the days when the whole education of an Athenian was "to call for his rations and to say his Rhyppapæ,[1]" as distinguished, as indeed they were, by the superior simplicity, honesty, and temperance of their discipline, and he viewed with disgust and apprehension this whole intellectual tendency which appeared to be bringing immorality and licentiousness in its train. His fault was that he did not discriminate: that he did not discern that the tendency was already taking two directions: that he confounded the efforts of Socrates to go on and

[1] A cry of the Athenian rowers, like *yo-heave-ho!*

build up a new and better morality in the place of the old which was now irretrievably undermined, with the sophistical school which would overthrow the old without substituting anything in its place: that he did not see that the only way then practicable of resisting the sophistical theories, was the way in which Socrates was attempting to proceed: that he looked upon their disputes as "of potter against potter," and identifying the two systems which were alike merely in their onward tendency and intellectual progress, thought he should be doing God service by acting against the whole. We, with the writings of Plato and Xenophon in our hands, know that he was wrong: but with his own writings in our hands, that he was honest, who shall dare deny?

But, although an entire misrepresentation of the Socratic philosophy, the picture in The Clouds is a faithful resemblance of what Mr. Mitchell calls "the outer Socrates": so faithful that, as Diogenes Laertius observes, Aristophanes is often really praising him, when he thinks he is holding him up to derision. Without this external likeness the satire could not have had its prodigious effect alike upon the enemies and the friends of Socrates. He himself, conscious as he was of the internal dissimilarity, was, not improbably, the least moved of the audience. His biographer, Diogenes Laertius, says, "He could afford even to contemn the scoffs of his assailants." Indeed that Socrates was believed to have disregarded the attack of the Comedian may be gathered with great probability from the well-known anecdote recorded by Ælian that he stood up in his place in the Theatre the whole time that the play was being acted.

That his followers felt it deeply, may be concluded with certainty from the frequent allusions to The Clouds in the Dialogues which are extant to this day. But their sense of the injustice with which Aristophanes had treated their master, did not for a moment lessen their admiration of his genius: Plato sent this very Comedy to Dionysius of Syracuse, as a specimen of the splendour of Athenian literature: he introduces the poet himself with great good humor in his Symposium: and an epigram of his is still extant, wherein he says,

The Graces, seeking for a shrine,
Whose glories ne'er should cease,
Found, as they strayed, the soul divine
Of Aristophanes.

—*Translated by* MERIVALE.

I think then that, notwithstanding its occasional indelicacy and its uniform misrepresentation of the Socratic system, a play which heathen sages and Christian saints have read with admiration, and love, and almost reverence, may well be presented to the English reader in its full, complete, and undiluted entirety, and that they who view it as it should be viewed will agree with Porson that "there is no man of sound judgment who would not sooner let his son read Aristophanes than Congreve or Vanbrugh."

The drama of The Clouds was represented in the Archonship of Isarchus, B.C. 423, when Socrates was about forty-five years old. It gained only the third prize: the first was carried off by the aged Cratinus with a drama called The Flagon, which was a humorous adaptation of the attack made upon him in the preceding year by Aristophanes in his Knights, on the score of his ultra-convivial habits: Ameipsias with his Connus won the second. Whether, as is said in the didascalia, the defeat of the poet was owing to the machinations of Alcibiades and other friends of Socrates, cannot be determined with certainty, but what we know of the character of Alcibiades renders it at least extremely probable. Disappointed, but not daunted, at the reception given to this his favorite production, Aristophanes re-formed it anew: the portions especially pointed out by the ancient grammarians as belonging to the Second Edition are the Parabasis Proper, the Discussion between the Two Logics, and the burning of the school of Socrates. The same authorities state that it was brought forward again in this condition, and received a more signal defeat: but Dindorf contends, and makes out a tolerable case to shew, that this Second Edition was never brought on the stage.

ARISTOPHANES

THE CLOUDS

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA

Strepsiades	Right Logic
Pheidippides	Wrong Logic
A Servant of Strepsiades	Pasias, *a money lender*
Pupils of Socrates	Amynias, *a money lender*
Socrates	*A witness*
Chorus of Clouds	Chærephon, *a friend of Socrates*

The play opens with a representation of the interior of the house of Strepsiades: *the male part of the household, as was customary in Eastern countries, are all sleeping in one room, each on his own mattress. The third watch of the night has passed, and dawn must be fast drawing on: but not fast enough for the impatient agitation of* Strepsiades, *whose thoughts have kept him awake the whole night long.*

Strepsiades. O dear, O dear!
O Lord! O Zeus! these nights, how long they are.
Will they ne'er pass? Will the day never come?
Surely I heard the cock crow, hours ago.
Yet still my servants snore. These are new customs.
O 'ware of war for many various reasons;
One fears in war even to flog his servants.[1]
And here's this hopeful son of mine wrapped up
Snoring and sweating under five thick blankets.
Come, we'll wrap up and snore in opposition.
[*Tries to sleep.*
—But I can't sleep a wink, devoured and bitten
By ticks, and bug-bears, duns, and race-horses,
All through this son of mine. *He* curls his hair,
And sports his thoroughbreds, and drives his tandem;

[1] For fear that they should desert to the enemy.

Even in dreams he rides: while I—I'm ruined
Now that the Moon has reached her twentieths,
And paying time comes on. Boy! light a candle,
And fetch my ledger: [*Servant brings book*] now I'll reckon up
Who are my creditors, and what I owe them.
Come, let me see then. Fifty pounds to Pasias!
Why fifty pounds to Pasias? what were they for?
O, for the hack from Corinth. O dear! O dear!
I wish my eye had been hacked out before—

PHEIDIPPIDES [*In his sleep*]. You are cheating, Philon; keep to your own side.

STREPS. Ah! there it is! that's what has ruined me!
Why, in his very sleep he thinks of horses.

PHEID. [*In his sleep*]. How many heats do the war-chariots run?

STREPS. A pretty many heats you have run your father.
Now then, what debt assails me after Pasias?
A curricle and wheels. Twelve pounds. Amynias.

PHEID. [*In his sleep*]. Here, give the horse a roll, and take him home.

STREPS. You have rolled me *out* of house and home, my boy,
Cast in some suits already, while some swear
They will distrain for payment.

PHEID. [*Awaking*]. Good, my father,
What makes you toss so restless all night long?

STREPS. There's a bumbailiff from the mattress bites me.

PHEID. Come now, I prithee, let me sleep in peace. [*He turns over and falls asleep again.*]

STREPS. Well then, you sleep: only be sure of this,
These debts will fall on your own head at last.
Alas, alas! Forever cursed be that same match-maker,
Who stirred me up to marry your poor mother.
Mine in the country was the pleasantest life;
I was so rough, unpolished, independent;
Full of my sheep, and honey-bees, and raisins.
Ah! then I married—I a rustic—her
A fine town-lady, niece of Megacles.
A regular, proud, luxurious Cœsyra.[1]

This wife I married, and we came together,
I rank with cheese-racks, wine-lees, dripping wool;
She all with scents, and saffron, and tongue-kissings,
Feasting, expense, and lordly modes of loving.
She was not idle though, she was too fast,
I told her once, shewing my only cloak,
Threadbare and worn: Wife, you're too fast by half.

SERVANT-BOY. Here's no more oil remaining in the lamp.

STREPS. O me! What made you light the tippling lamp?
Come and be whipp'd.

SERV. Why, what would you whip me for?

STREPS. Why did you put one of those thick wicks in?
—Well, when at last to me and my good woman
This hopeful son was born, our son and heir,
Why then we took to wrangle on the name.
She was for giving him some knightly name,[2]
Callippides, Xanthippus, or Charippus:
I wished Pheidonides,[3] his grandsire's name.
Thus for some time we argued: till at last
We compromised it in Pheidippides.
This boy she took, and used to spoil him, saying,
Some day you'll drive in purple to the Rock,[4]
Like Megacles, your uncle: whilst I said,
Some day you'll drive our goats from yonder hills,
In rough inverted hides like me your father.
Well, he[5] cared nought for my advice, but soon
A galloping consumption caught my fortunes.
Now cogitating all night long, I've found

---

[1] Cœsyra was both the daughter of Megacles and the wife of Pisistratus, and presumably proud of her birth and station. The name was hereditary in the family of Megacles.

[2] *i.e.,* one with "horse" (*hippos*) in it.

[3] From *pheidon,* "economical."

[4] The Acropolis, whither the grand procession wended in the Panathenaic jubilee.

[5] Felton reads "she": correctly, says Prof. S. R. Winans of Princeton, for it is the *mother* to whom the father is offering not "advice," but reproof—amending her prophetic rock-a-bye prattle of "Baby will ride." Strepsiades has been protesting.

One way, one marvellous transcendent way,
Which, if he'll follow, we may yet be saved.
So,—but, however, I must rouse him first;
But how to rouse him kindliest? that's the rub.
Pheidippides, my sweet one.

PHEID. Well, my father.

STREPS. Shake hands, Pheidippides, shake hands and kiss me.

PHEID. There; what's the matter?

STREPS. Dost thou love me, boy?

PHEID. Ay! by Poseidon there, the God of horses.

STREPS. No, no, not that: miss out the God of horses,
That god's the origin of all my evils.
But if you love me from your heart and soul,
My son, obey me.

PHEID. Well, and what's your will?

STREPS. Strip with all speed, strip off your present habits,
And go and learn what I'll advise you to.

PHEID. Name your commands.

STREPS. Will you obey?

PHEID. I will,
By Dionysus!

STREPS. Well then, look this way.

[STREPSIADES *takes* PHEIDIPPIDES *to the front; the scene shuts, and they are outside the house.* STREPSIADES points to another *building at the wing:*]

See you that wicket and the lodge beyond?

PHEID. I see: and prithee what is that, my father?

STREPS. That is the thinking-house of sapient souls.
There dwell the men who teach—ay, who persuade us,
That Heaven is one vast fire-extinguisher
Placed round about us, and that we're the cinders[1]
Ay, and they'll teach you (only they'll want some money,)
How one may speak and conquer, right or wrong.[2]

[1] A caricature of the doctrine of Heraclitus that Heat was the great principle of all things.

[2] Aristophanes is wilfully and wrongfully confounding Socrates with the Sophists, who taught for hire how to make the worse appear the better reason.

PHEID. Come, tell their names.
STREPS. Well, I can't quite remember,
But they are deep thinkers, and true gentlemen.
PHEID. Out on the rogues! I know them. Those rank pedants,
Those mealy,[1] unshod vagabonds you mean:
That Chærephon, and Socrates, poor devil.
STREPS. Oh! Oh! hush! hush! don't use those foolish words;
But if the sorrows of my barley[2] touch you,
Enter their schools and cut the Turf for ever.
PHEID. I wouldn't go, so help me Dionysus,
For all Leogoras's breed of Racers!
STREPS. Go, I beseech you, dearest, dearest son,
Go, and be taught.
PHEID. And what would you have me learn?
STREPS. 'Tis known that in their Schools they keep two Logics,
The Worse, Zeus save the mark, the Worse and Better.
This Second Logic then, I mean the Worse one,
They teach to talk unjustly and—prevail[3]
Think then, you only learn that Unjust Logic,
And all the debts, which I have incurred through you,—
I'll never pay, no, not one farthing of them.
PHEID. I will not go. It were a burning shame.
How could I speak to knights, a yellow pedant!
STREPS. O! then, by Zeus, you've ate your last of mine,
You, and your coach-horse, and your out-rider:
Out with you! Go to pot, for all I care.
PHEID. But uncle Megacles won't leave me long
Without a horse; I'll go to him: good bye. [*Exit*

---

[1] Referring to the pallid complexion induced by study.

[2] *i.e.*, bread, meaning cost of living.

[3] Protagoras held that truth was subjective, man being its only criterion, and hence taught his disciples to argue for and against a thesis with equal plausibility. Socrates, of course, did not hold to this view, but his open mode of examining the pros and cons of every thesis and forcing his disciples to prove their contentions lent some color to Aristophanes' charge.

STREPS. I'm thrown, by Zeus, but I won't long lie prostrate.
I'll pray the Gods and send myself to school:
I'll go at once and try their thinking-house.
Stay: how can I, forgetful, slow, old fool,
Learn the nice hair-splittings of subtle Logic?
Well, go I must. 'Twon't do to linger here.
Come on, I'll knock the door. [*He knocks at the door of the School of* SOCRATES.] Boy. Ho, there. Boy.
STUDENT [*Within*]. Ugh! Go to pot! Who's knocking at the door?
STREPS. Me! Pheidon's son: Strepsiades of Cicynna.
STUDENT. Why, what a clown you are! so viciously,
Rudely, and carelessly, to kick our door!
You've made my cogitation to miscarry.[1]
STREPS. Forgive me: I'm an awkward country fool.
But tell me, what was that I made miscarry?
STUD. 'Tis not allowed: students alone may hear.
STREPS. O that's all right: you may tell *me:* I'm come
To be a student in your thinking-house.
STUD. Come then. But they're high mysteries, remember.
'Twas Socrates was asking Chærephon,
How many feet of its own a flea could jump.
For one had just bit Chærephon's huge eyebrow,
Then off it hopped, and pitched on Socrates.
STREPS. How did he measure this?
STUD. Most cleverly,
He warmed some wax, and then he caught the flea,
And dipped its feet into the wax he'd melted:
Then let it cool, and there were Persian slippers!
These he took off, and so he found the distance.
STREPS. O Zeus and king, what subtle intellects!
STUD. What would you say then if you heard another,
Our Master's own?
STREPS. O come, do tell me that.

---

[1] The mother of Socrates was a midwife, and he often humorously referred to his inheritance of her profession in assisting others at the birth of their ideas.

STUD. Why, Chærephon was asking him in turn,
Which theory did he sanction; that the gnats
Hummed through their mouth, or backwards, through the tail?

STREPS. Ay, and what said your Master of the gnat?

STUD. He answered thus: the entrail of the gnat
Is small: and through this narrow pipe the wind
Rushes with violence straight towards the tail;
There, close against this pipe, the hollow rump
Receives the wind, and whistles to the blast.

STREPS. So then, the rump is trumpet to the gnats!
O happy, happy in your entrail[1]-learning:
Full surely need he fear, nor debts, nor duns,
Who knows about the entrails[1] of the gnats.

STUD. And yet, last night a mighty thought we lost
Through a green lizard.

STREPS. Tell me, how was that?

STUD. Why, as Himself, with eyes and mouth wide open
Mused on the moon, her paths and revolutions,
A lizard from the roof squirted full on him.

STREPS. He, he, he, he. I like the lizard's spattering Socrates.

STUD. Then yesterday, poor we, we'd got no dinner.

STREPS. Hah! what did he devise to do for barley? [*i.e.* grub.]

STUD. He sprinkled on the table—some fine sand—
He bent a spit—he raised some compasses—
And—bagged a mantle from the Wrestling School.[2]

---

[1] "Innerd" (plural "innerds"), the vulgar name for entrail, would give more point in the English translation.—*M. M. M.*

[2] Learned *hocus pocus.* Prof. S. R. Winans of Princeton, reading instead of *thoimation,* "mantle," *thumation,* a piece of "sacrificial meat," translates thus:

STUD. Upon the table some fine dust he spread,
Then, with dividers from a skewer bent,
Deduced—some roast meat from the Wrestling School.

It was the hour of the usual sacrifice there; and this applied mathematics—geodesy became geomancy.

[3] Thales was one of the seven sages, a geometrician as well as philosopher.

STREPS. My stars! Why Thales[3] was a fool to this!
O open, open, wide the study door,
And shew me, shew me, shew me, Socrates.
I die to be a student. Burst the door.
[*The door is opened, revealing students in various postures.*]
O Heracles, what kind of beasts are these!
STUD. Why, what's the matter? What d'ye think they're like?
STREPS. Like? Why those Spartans whom we caught at Pylus.[1]
What makes them fix their eyes so on the ground?
STUD. They seek things underground.
STREPS. O! to be sure.
They're seeking truffles. Hollo! don't look there,
I'll tell you where the best and finest grow.
Look! Why do those stoop down so very much?
STUD. They're diving deep into the deepest secrets.
STREPS. Then why's their rump turned up toward the sky?
STUD. It's taking private lessons on the stars.
[*To the other Students.*
Come, come get in: HE[2]'ll catch us presently.
STREPS. Not yet! not yet! just let them stop one moment,
While I impart a little matter to them.
STUD. No, no: they must go in: 'twould never do
To expose themselves too long to the open air.
STREPS. O! by the Gods, now, what are these? [*pointing to mathematical instruments*]: do tell me.
STUD. This is Astronomy.
STREPS. And what is this?
STUD. Geometry.
STREPS. Well, what's the use of that?
STUD. To mete out lands.
STREPS. What, for allotment grounds?
STUD. No, but all lands.
STREPS. A choice idea, truly.
Then every man may take his choice, you mean.

---

[1] *i.e.*, hungry and woebegone captives after a siege.
[2] Socrates.

STUD. Look; here's a chart of the whole world. D'ye see? This city's Athens.

STREPS. Athens? I like that. I see no jury sitting. That's no Athens.[1]

STUD. In very truth, this is the Attic ground.

STREPS. And where, then, are my townsmen of Cicynna?

STUD. Why, there-abouts; and here, you see, Eubœa: Here, reaching out a long way by the shore.

STREPS. Yes, over-reached by us and Pericles.[2] But now, where's Sparta?

STUD. Let me see: O, here.

STREPS. Heavens! how near us. O do please manage this To shove her off from us, a good deal further.

STUD. We can't do that, by Zeus!

STREPS. The worse for you. Hello! who's that? that fellow in the basket?

[SOCRATES *is disclosed, seated in a basket suspended in mid air.*]

STUD. That's HE.

STREPS. Who's HE?

STUD. 'Tis Socrates.

STREPS. Socrates! You sir, call out to him as loud as you can.

STUD. Call him yourself: I have not leisure now.

[*Exit indoors.*

STREPS. Socrates! Socrates! Sweet Socrates!

SOCRATES. Mortal! why call'st thou me?

STREPS. O, first of all, please tell me what you are doing.

SOCR. I walk on air, and contem-plate the Sun.

STREPS. O then from a basket you contemn the Gods, And not from the earth, at any rate?[3]

SOCR. Most true.

---

[1] A hit at the litigious character of the Athenians.

[2] Eubœa had revolted from its allegiance to Athens some years before this war. Pericles had swept the island with an overwhelming force, banished the chiefs of the oligarchical party, and distributed their lands amongst colonists from Athens.

[3] Strepsiades evidently thinks it less impious to blaspheme when not in touch with holy Mother Earth.

I could not have searched out celestial matters
Without suspending judgment, and infusing
My subtle spirit with the kindred air.
If from the ground I were to seek these things,
I could not find: so surely doth the earth
Draw to herself the essence of our thought.
The same too is the case with water-cress.[1]

STREPS. Hello! what's that?
Thought draws the essence into water-cress?
Come down, sweet Socrates, more near my level,[2]
And teach the lessons which I come to learn.

SOCR. And wherefore art thou come?

STREPS. To learn to speak,
For owing to my horrid debts and duns,
My goods are seized, I'm robbed, and mobbed, and plundered.

SOCR. How did you get involved with your eyes open?

STREPS. A galloping consumption seized my money.
Come now: do let me learn the Unjust Logic
That can shirk debts: now do just let me learn it.
Name your own price, by all the Gods I'll pay it.

SOCR. The Gods! why you must know the Gods with us
Don't pass for current coin.

STREPS. Eh? what do you use then?
Have you got iron, as the Byzantines have?[3]

SOCR. Come, would you like to learn celestial matters,
How their truth stands?

STREPS. Yes, if there's any truth.

SOCR. And to hold intercourse with yon bright Clouds,
Our virgin Goddesses?

STREPS. Yes, that I should.

SOCR. Then sit you down upon that sacred bed.

STREPS. Well, I am sitting.

SOCR. Here then, take this chaplet.

STREPS. Chaplet? why? why? now, never, Socrates:

---

[1] A hit at Socrates' use of homely illustrations. He probably refers to the water-cress or nasturtium getting its essential tang from the air.

[2] Strepsiades desires Socrates to descend to his mental as well as his physical plane.

[3] Byzantium through poverty used iron as the metal of its currency.

Don't sacrifice poor me, like Athamas.[1]

SOCR. Fear not: our entrance-services require
All to do this.

STREPS. But what good comes of it?

SOCR. You'll be the flower of talkers, prattlers, gossips:
Only keep quiet.

STREPS. Zeus! your words come true!
I shall be flour indeed with all this peppering.

[SOCRATES *probably has poured a quantity of sand upon the head of* STREPSIADES *as though he were consecrating him. He begins a solemn invocation:*]

SOCR. Old man sit you still, and attend to my will, and
hearken in peace to my prayer.
O Master and King, holding earth in thy swing, O measure-
less infinite Air;
And thou glowing Ether,[2] and Clouds who enwreathe her with
thunder, and lightning, and storms,
Arise ye and shine, bright Ladies Divine, to your student in
bodily forms.

STREPS. No, but stay, no, but stay, just one moment I
pray, while my cloke round my temples I wrap.
To think that I've come, stupid fool, from my home, without
either beaver or cap!

SOCR. Come forth, come forth, dread Clouds, and to
earth your glorious majesty show;
Whether lightly ye rest on the time-honored crest of Olympus
environed in snow,
Or tread the soft dance 'mid the stately expanse of old Ocean,
the nymphs to beguile,
Or stoop to enfold with your pitchers of gold, the mystical
waves of the Nile,
Or around the white foam of Mæotis ye roam, or Mimas all
wintry and bare,
O! hear while we pray, and turn not away from the rites
which your servants prepare.

---

[1] A character in a play of the same name by Sophocles who is brought in with a chaplet on his head to be sacrificed.

[2] The empyrean, or upper air, the abode of fire.

CHORUS [*probably behind the scenes*]. Clouds of all hue,
Rise we aloft with our garments of dew,
Come from old Ocean's unchangeable bed,
Come, till the mountain's green summits we tread,
Come to the peaks with their landscapes untold,
Gaze on the Earth with her harvests of gold,
Gaze on the rivers in majesty streaming,
Gaze on the lordly, invincible Sea,
Come for the Eye of the Ether[1] is beaming,
Come for all Nature is flashing and free,
Let us shake off this close-clinging dew
From our members eternally new,
And sail upwards the wide world to view.
Come away! Come away!

SOCR. O Goddesses mine, great Clouds and divine, ye have heeded and answered my prayer.
Heard ye their sound, and the thunder around, as it thrilled through the petrified air?

STREPS. Yes, by Zeus, and I shake, and I'm all of a quake, and I fear I must sound a reply,
Their thunders have made my soul so afraid, and those terrible voices so nigh:
So if lawful or not, I must run to a pot; by Zeus, if I stop I shall die.

SOCR. Don't act in our schools like those Comedy-fools with their scurrilous scandalous ways.
Deep silence be thine: while this Cluster divine their soul-stirring melody raise.

CHORUS [*probably still invisible, certainly so to* STREPSIADES]. Come then with me.
Daughters of Mist, to the land of the free,
Come to the people whom Pallas hath blest,
Come to the soil where the Mysteries rest:
Come, where the glorified Temple invites

[1] The Sun.

The pure to partake of its mystical rites.[1]
Holy the gifts that are brought to the Gods,
Shrines with festoons and with garlands are crowned,
Pilgrims resort to the sacred abodes,
Gorgeous the festivals all the year round.
And the Bromian rejoicings in Spring,
When the flutes with their deep music ring,
And the sweetly-toned Choruses sing
Come away! Come away!

STREPS. O Socrates, pray, by all the Gods, say, for I earnestly long to be told,
Who are these that recite with such grandeur and might? are they glorified mortals of old?
SOCR. No mortals are there, but Clouds of the air, great God who the indolent[2] fill:
These grant us discourse, and logical force, and the art of persuasion instil,
And periphrasis strange, and a power to arrange, and a marvellous judgment and skill.
STREPS. So then when I heard their omnipotent word, my spirit felt all of a flutter,
And it yearns to begin subtle cobwebs to spin and about metaphysics to stutter,
And together to glue an idea or two, and battle away in replies:
So if it's not wrong, I earnestly long to behold them myself with my eyes.
SOCR. [*diverting* STREPSIADES' *attention to permit the Chorus to enter unseen by him*]. Look up in the air, towards Parnes, out there, for I see they will pitch before long.
These regions about.
STREPS. Where? point me them out.

---

[1] This play was performed at the great Dionysia which took place March, 423 B.C.

[2] *i.e.*, The philosophers, whose trade was to speculate on everything and to do nothing.

SOCR. They are drifting, an infinite throng.
And their long shadows quake over valley and brake.
STREPS. Why, whatever's the matter to-day?
I can't see them a bit.
SOCR. There, they're close by the pit.
[*Here the Clouds probably enter the orchestra to slow music, twenty-four nymphs in light, cloud-like drapery*].
STREPS. Ah, I just got a glimpse, by the way.
SOCR. There, now you must see how glorious they be, or your eyes must be pumpkins, I vow.
STREPS. Ah! I see them proceed; I should think so indeed: great powers! they fill everything now.
SOCR. So then till this day that celestials were they, you never imagined nor knew?
STREPS. Why, no, on my word, for I always had heard they were nothing but vapour and dew.
SOCR. O, then I declare, you can't be aware that 'tis these who the sophists protect,
Prophets sent beyond sea, quacks of every degree, fops signet-and-jewel-bedecked,
Astrological knaves, and fools who their staves of dithyrambs proudly rehearse,—
'Tis the Clouds who all these support at their ease, because they exalt them in verse.
STREPS. 'Tis for this then they write of 'the terrible might of the light-flashing, rain-splashing Cloud.'
And 'the dank matted curls, which the Tempest God whirls.' and 'the blasts with their trumpets so loud,'
And 'birds of the sky floating upwards on high,' and 'Clouds of first water, which drown
With their soft-falling dew the great Ether so blue,' and then in return they gulp down
Huge cutlets of pike, and game if they like, most delicate game in its season.
SOCR. And is it not right such praise to requite?
STREPS. Ah, but tell me then what is the reason
That if, as you say, they are Clouds, they to-day are regular women and true?

For the ones in the air are not women, I swear.

SOCR. Why, what do they seem then to you?

STREPS. I can't say very well, but they straggle and swell like fleeces spread out in the skies;

Not like women they flit; no, by Zeus, not a bit, but these have mouths, noses, and eyes.

SOCR. Well, now then, attend to this question, my friend.

STREPS. Look sharp, and propound it to me.

SOCR. Didst thou never espy a Cloud in the sky, which a centaur or leopard might be,

Or a wolf, or a cow?

STREPS. Very often, I vow: and shew me the cause, I entreat.

SOCR. Why, I tell you that these become just what they please, and whenever they happen to meet

Xenophantes's heir with his long shaggy hair, or one of those monsters hirsute:

Forthwith they appear like Centaurs, to jeer the ridiculous look of the brute.

STREPS. What then do they do if Simon they view, that fraudulent harpy to shame?

SOCR. Why, his nature to shew to us mortals below, a wolfish appearance they frame.

STREPS. O, they then I ween having yesterday seen, Cleonymus quaking with fear,

(Him who threw off his shield as he fled from the field,) metamorphosed themselves into deer.

SOCR. Yes, and now they espy soft Cleisthenes nigh, and therefore as women appear.

STREPS. O then without fail, All hail! and All hail! my welcome receive; and reply

With your voices so fine, so grand and divine, majestical Queens of the Sky!

CHOR. Our welcome to thee, old man, who would see the marvels that science can shew:

And thou, the high-priest of this subtlety feast, say what would you have us bestow?

Since there is not a sage for whom we'd engage our wonders more freely to do,

Except, it may be, for Prodicus:[1] he for his knowledge may claim them, but you,
Because as you go, you glance to and fro, and in dignified arrogance float,
And think shoes a disgrace, and put on a grave face, your acquaintance with us to denote.

STREPS. Oh Earth! what a sound, how august and profound! it fills me with wonder and awe.

SOCR. These, these then alone, for true Deities own, the rest are all God-ships of straw.

STREPS. Let Zeus be left out: He's a God beyond doubt: come, that you can scarcely deny.

SOCR. Zeus, indeed! there's no Zeus: don't you be so obtuse.

STREPS. No Zeus up aloft in the sky!
Then, you first must explain, who it is sends the rain; or I really must think you are wrong.

SOCR. Well then, be it known, these send it alone: I can prove it by arguments strong.
Was there ever a shower seen to fall in an hour when the sky was all cloudless and blue?
Yet on a fine day, when the Clouds are away, he might send one according to you.

STREPS. Well, it must be confessed, that chimes in with the rest: your words I am forced to believe.
Yet before, I had dreamed that the rain-water streamed from Zeus and his chamber-pot sieve.
But whence then, my friend, does the thunder descend? that does make me quake with affright!

SOCR. Why 'tis they, I declare, as they roll through the air.

STREPS. What, the Clouds? did I hear you aright?

SOCR. Ay: for when to the brim filled with water they swim, by Necessity carried along,
They are hung up on high in the vault of the sky, and so by Necessity strong

---

[1] Everyone spoke well of Prodicus, the author of The Choice of Hercules, a translation of which is found in volume four.

In the midst of their course, they clash with great force, and thunder away without end.

STREPS. But is it not He who compels this to be? does not Zeus this Necessity send?

SOCR. No Zeus have we there, but a Vortex of air.[1]

STREPS. What! Vortex? that's something, I own.
I knew not before, that Zeus was no more, but Vortex was placed on his throne!
But I have not yet heard to what cause you referred the thunder's majestical roar.

SOCR. Yes, 'tis they, when on high full of water they fly, and then as I told you before,
By Compression impelled, as they clash, are compelled a terrible clatter to make.

STREPS. Come, how can that be? I really don't see.

SOCR. Yourself as my proof I will take.
Have you never then ate the broth-puddings you get when the Panathenæa comes round,
And felt with what might your bowels all night in turbulent tumult resound?

STREPS. By Apollo, 'tis true, there's a mighty to-do, and my belly keeps rumbling about;
And the puddings begin to clatter within and to kick up a wonderful rout:
Quite gently at first, *papapax, papapax,* but soon *pappapappax* away,
Till at last, I'll be bound, I can thunder as loud *papapappappapappax* as They.

SOCR. Shalt thou then a sound so loud and profound from thy belly diminutive send,
And shall not the high and the infinite Sky go thundering on without end?
For both, you will find, on an impulse of wind and similar causes depend.

STREPS. Well, but tell me from Whom comes the bolt through the gloom, with its awful and terrible flashes;

---

[1] *Dinos,* whirl or vortex, is similar in sound to *Zēnos,* the poetic name of Zeus.

And wherever it turns, some it singes and burns, and some it reduces to ashes!

For this 'tis quite plain, let who will send the rain, that Zeus against perjurers dashes.

SOCR. And how, you old fool of a dark-ages school, and an antediluvian wit,

If the perjured they strike, and not all men alike, have they never Cleonymus hit?

Then of Simon again, and Theorus explain: known perjurers, yet they escape.

But he smites his own shrine with these arrows divine, and 'Sunium, Attica's cape.'

And the ancient gnarled oaks: now what prompted those strokes? *They* never forswore I should say.

STREPS. Can't say that they do: your words appear true. Whence comes then the thunderbolt, pray?

SOCR. When a wind that is dry, being lifted on high, is suddenly pent into these,

It swells up their skin, like a bladder, within, by Necessity's changeless decrees:

Till compressed very tight, it bursts them outright, and away with an impulse so strong,

That at last by the force and the swing of its course, it takes fire as it whizzes along.

STREPS. That's exactly the thing that I suffered one Spring, at the great feast of Zeus, I admit:

I'd a paunch in the pot, but I wholly forgot about making the safety-valve slit.

So it spluttered and swelled, while the saucepan I held, till at last with a vengeance it flew:

Took me quite by surprise, dung-bespattered my eyes, and scalded my face black and blue!

CHOR. O thou who would'st fain great wisdom attain, and comest to us in thy need,

All Hellas around shall thy glory resound, such a prosperous life thou shalt lead:

So thou art but endued with a memory good, and accustomed profoundly to think,

And thy soul wilt inure all wants to endure, and from no undertaking to shrink,
And art hardy and bold, to bear up against cold, and with patience a supper thou losest:
Nor too much dost incline to gymnastics and wine, but all lusts of the body refusest:
And esteemest it best, what is always the test of a truly intelligent brain,
To prevail and succeed whensoever you plead, and hosts of tongue-conquests to gain.

STREPS. But as far as a sturdy soul is concerned and a horrible restless care,
And a belly that pines and wears away on the wretchedest, frugalest fare,
You may hammer and strike as long as you like; I am quite invincible there.

SOCR. Now then you agree in rejecting with me the Gods you believed in when young,
And *my* creed you'll embrace *'I believe in wide Space, in the Clouds, in the eloquent Tongue.'*

STREPS. If I happened to meet other God in the street, I'd shew the cold shoulder, I vow.
No libation I'll pour: not one victim more on their altars I'll sacrifice now.

CHOR. Now be honest and true, and say what we shall do: since you never shall fail of our aid,
If you hold us most dear in devotion and fear, and will ply the philosopher's trade.

STREPS. O Ladies Divine, small ambition is mine: I only most modestly seek,
Out and out for the rest of my life to be best of the children of Hellas to speak.

CHOR. Say no more of your care, we have granted your prayer: and, know from this moment, that none
More acts shall pass through in the People than you: such favour from us you have won.

STREPS. Not acts, if you please: I want nothing of these: this gift you may quickly withdraw;

But I wish to succeed, just enough for my need, and to slip through the clutches of law.

CHOR. This then you shall do, for your wishes are few: not many nor great your demands,

So away with all care from henceforth, and prepare to be placed in our votaries' hands.

STREPS. This then will I do, confiding in you, for necessity presses me sore,

And so sad is my life, 'twixt my cobs and my wife, that I cannot put up with it more.

So now, at your word, I give and afford
My body to these, to treat as they please,
To have and to hold, in squalor, in cold,
In hunger and thirst, yea by Zeus, at the worst,
To be flayed out of shape from my heels to my nape
So along with my hide from my duns I escape,
And to men may appear without conscience or fear,
Bold, hasty, and wise, a concocter of lies,
A rattler to speak, a dodger, a sneak,
A regular claw of the tables of law,
A shuffler complete, well worn in deceit,
A supple, unprincipled, troublesome cheat;
A hang-dog accurst, a bore with the worst,
In the tricks of the jury-courts thoroughly versed.
If all that I meet this praise shall repeat,
Work away as you choose, I will nothing refuse,
Without any reserve, from my head to my shoes.
You shan't see me wince though my gullets you mince,
And these entrails of mine for a sausage combine,
Served up for the gentlemen students to dine.

CHOR. Well said, old man, thy soul is great;
I love a heart that smiles at fate.
Do this for me, and thou shalt be
Known unto fame eternally.

STREPS. Known where?

CHOR. With us in bliss divine
An envied life for aye is thine.

STREPS. O that I may behold that day!

CHOR. Then round thy doors shall many a client linger,

With pleas and briefs thy counsel to retain,
And deep the riches thou may'st hope to finger;
Vast though thy wisdom, vaster for thy gain.
Here, take the old man, and do all that you can, your new-fashioned thoughts to instil,
And stir up his mind with your notions refined, and test him with judgment and skill.

SOCR. Come now, you tell me something of your habits:
For if I don't know them, I can't determine
What engines I must bring to bear upon you.

STREPS. Eh! what? Not going to storm me, by the Gods?

SOCR. No, no: I want to ask you a few questions.
First: is your memory good?

STREPS. Two ways, by Zeus:
If I'm owed anything, I'm mindful, very:
But if I owe, (Oh! dear,) forgetful, very.

SOCR. Well then: have you the gift of speaking in you?

STREPS. The gift of speaking, no: of cheating, yes.

SOCR. No? how then can you learn?

STREPS. O, well enough.

SOCR. Then when I throw you out some clever notion
About the laws of nature, you must catch it.

STREPS. What! must I snap up sapience, in dog-fashion?

SOCR. O! why the man's an ignorant old savage:
I fear, my friend, that you'll require the whip.
Come, if one strikes you, what do you do?

STREPS. I'm struck:
Then in a little while I call my witness:
Then in another little while I summon him.

SOCR. Put off your cloke.

STREPS. Why, what have I done wrong?

SOCR. O, nothing, nothing: all go in here naked.

STREPS. Well, but I have not come with a search-warrant.

SOCR. Fool! throw it off.

STREPS. Well, tell me this one thing;
If I'm extremely careful and attentive,
Which of your students shall I most resemble?

SOCR. Why Chærephon. You'll be his very image.

STREPS. What! I shall be half-dead! O me, poor devil.

SOCR. Don't chatter there, but come and follow me:
Make haste now, quicker, here.
STREPS. O, but do first
Give me a honied cake: Zeus! how I tremble,
To go down there, as if to see Trophonius.[1]
SOCR. Go on! why stand you pottering round the door.
CHOR. Yes! go, and succeed, and may all the Gods speed
So manly a deed!
May good fortune help thee through,
Thou, who at an age like thine,
Seekest with discoveries new
Thine old nature to imbue,
In philosophy to shine.
[STREPSIADES *follows* SOCRATES *down into a cellar. Scene closes.*]

PARABASIS[2]

O Spectators, I will utter honest truths with accents free,
Yea! by mighty Dionysus, Him who bred and nurtured me.
So may I be deemed a poet, and this day obtain the prize,
As till that unhappy blunder I had always held you wise,
And of all my plays esteeming this the wisest and the best,
Served it up for your enjoyment, which had, more than all the rest,
Cost me thought, and time, and labour: then most scandalously treated,

---

[1] The visitor to the oracle of Zeus Trophonius took along a sweet cake to appease the sacred serpents there; the oracle was situated in a cave; the sights which there met the eye were so awe-inspiring that no one who visited the cave ever smiled again, and so it was proverbially said of a person with a grave face, that he had been in the cave of Trophonius.

[2] The Parabasis answered to the modern Prologue, except in its position. This Parabasis of Aristophanes exactly meets Henry Fielding's definition of a Prologue, which, he said, consisted of three topics, "viz., an abuse of the taste of the town, a condemnation of all contemporary authors, and an eulogium on the performance just about to be represented."

I retired in mighty dudgeon, by unworthy foes defeated.[1]
This is why I blame your critics, for whose sake I framed the play:
Yet the clever ones amongst you even now I won't betray.
No! forever since from judges unto whom 'tis joy to speak,
Brothers Profligate and Modest gained the prize we fondly seek,
When, for I was yet a Virgin, and it was not right to bear,
I exposed it, and Another did the foundling nurse with care,[2]
But 'twas ye who nobly nurtured, ye who brought it up with skill,—
From that hour I proudly cherish pledges of your sure good will.
Now then comes its sister hither, like Electra in the Play,
Comes in earnest expectation kindred minds to meet to-day;
She will recognise full surely, if she find, her brother's tress.
And observe how pure her morals: who, to notice first her dress,
Enters not with filthy symbols on her modest garments hung,
Jeering bald-heads, dancing ballets, for the laughter of the young.
In this play no wretched grey-beard with a staff his fellow pokes,
So obscuring from the audience all the poorness of his jokes.
No one rushes in with torches, no one groans, *'Oh, dear! Oh, dear!'*
Trusting in its genuine merits comes this play before you here.
Yet, though such a hero-poet, I, the bald-head, do not grow
Curling ringlets: neither do I twice or thrice my pieces shew.
Always fresh ideas sparkle, always novel jests delight,
Nothing like each other, save that all are most exceeding bright,
I am he who floored the giant, Cleon, in his hour of pride,
Yet, when down I scorned to strike him, and I left him where he died!

---

[1] See Introduction.

[2] In early youth Aristophanes wrote several comedies which he modestly produced under the names of friends.

But the others, when a handle once Hyperbolus did lend,
Trample down the wretched caitiff, and his mother, without end.
In his Maricas the Drunkard, Eupolis the charge began,
Shamefully my Knights distorting, as he is a shameful man,
Tacking on the tipsy beldame, just the ballet-dance to keep,
Phrynichus's prime invention, ate by monsters of the deep.
Then Hermippus on the caitiff opened all his little skill,
And the rest upon the caitiff are their wit exhausting still;
And my simile to pilfer 'of the Eels' they all combine.
Whoso laughs at their productions, let him not delight in mine.[1]
But for you who praise my genius, you who think my writings clever,
Ye shall gain a name for wisdom, yea! forever and forever,
O mighty God, O heavenly King,
To thee my earliest vows I bring,
O listen, Zeus, and hear me sing.
And thou dread Power, whose Trident's sweep
Heaves up the earth and the briny deep;—
And Thou, our own great Father and Lord,
The life-giving Æther, by sages adored;—
And Thou—beloved, revered by all
In earth, in heaven, whose rays of gold
The world's vast plains in glory fold,
Bright Sun, to Thee I call!
O most sapient wise spectators, hither turn attention due,
We complain of sad ill-treatment, we've a bone to pick with you:
We have ever helped your city, helped with all our might and main;
Yet you pay us no devotion, that is why we now complain,
We who always watch around you. For if any project seems
Ill-concocted, then we thunder, then the rain comes down in streams.
And, remember, very lately, how we knit our brows together,

---

[1] Aristophanes is hitting at his rival dramatists who have been bandying about the charge of plagiarism.

'Thunders crashing, lightnings flashing,' never was such awful weather;
And the Moon in haste eclipsed her, and the Sun in anger swore
He would curl his wick within him and give light to you no more,
Should you choose that cursed reptile, Cleon,[1] whom the Gods abhor,
Tanner, Slave, and Paphlagonian, to lead out your hosts to war.
Yet you chose him! yet you chose him! For they say that Folly grows
Best and finest in this city, but the gracious Gods dispose
Always all things for the better, causing errors to succeed:
And how this sad job may profit, surely he who runs may read.
Let the Cormorant be convicted, in command, of bribes and theft,
Let us have him gagged and muzzled, in the pillory chained and left,
Then again, in ancient fashion, all that ye have erred of late,
Will turn out your own advantage, and a blessing to the State.

'Still unto Thee, to Thee alone,'
Apollo with Thine awful throne
Upreared on Cynthus' high-peaked stone:—
Thou at whose shrine on the festal day
The daughters of Ephesus kneel and pray:—
Thou with the Ægis of Zeus in Thine hand,
Athenè, the guardian, the queen of our land:—
And Thou whose torches brightly shine
The deep Parnassian glades among,
Come, Bacchus, with Thy Mænad throng,
Come, Reveller most divine!

We, when we had finished packing, and prepared our journey down,

---

[1] See the History of the Peloponnesian War by Thucydides in volume five.

Met the Lady Moon, who charged us with a message for
your town.
First, All hail to noble Athens, and her faithful true Allies;
Then, she said, your shameful conduct made her angry pas-
sions rise,
Treating her so ill who always aids you, not in words, but
clearly;
Saves you, first of all, in torchlight every month a drachma
nearly,
So that each one says, if business calls him out from home by
night,
"Buy no link, my boy, this evening, for the Moon will lend
her light."
Other blessings too she sends you, yet you will not mark
your days
As she bids you, but confuse them, jumbling them all sorts
of ways.
And, she says, the Gods in chorus shower reproaches on her
head,
When in bitter disappointment, they go supperless to bed,
Not obtaining festal banquets duly on the festal day;
Ye are badgering in the law-courts when ye should arise and
slay!
And full oft when we celestials some strict fast are duly
keeping,
For the fate of mighty Memnon, or divine Sarpedon weeping,
Then you feast and pour libations: and Hyperbolus of late
Lost the crown he wore so proudly as Recorder of the Gate,
Through the wrath of us immortals; so perchance he'll rather
know
Always all his days in future by the Lady Moon to go.

[*Scene opens with* SOCRATES *in front of his School.*]

SOCR. Never by Chaos, Air, and Respiration.
Never, no never have I seen a clown
So helpless, and forgetful, and absurd!
Why if he learns a subtlety or two
He's lost them ere he's learnt them: all the same,
I'll call him out of doors here to the light.

Take up your bed, Strepsiades, and come!

STREPS. [*within*]. By Zeus, I can't: the bugs make such resistance.

SOCR. Make haste. [STREPSIADES *comes forth staggering under a mattress.*] There, throw it down, and listen.

STREPS. Well!

SOCR. Attend to me: what shall I teach you first
That I've not taught you yet? Come now, decide:
Would you learn tunes, or measures, or heroics?

STREPS. O! measures to be sure: for very lately
A grocer swindled me of full three pints.

SOCR. I don't mean that: but which do you like the best
Of all the measures; six feet or eight feet?

STREPS. Well, I like nothing better than the yard.

SOCR. Fool! don't talk nonsense.

STREPS. What will you bet me now
That two yards don't exactly make six feet?

SOCR. O go to pot, ridiculous old blockhead!
Still, perhaps you can learn tunes more easily.

STREPS. But will tunes help me to repair my fortunes?

SOCR. They'll help you to behave in company:
If you can tell which kind of tune is best
For the sword-dance, and which for finger music.

STREPS. For fingers! ay, but I know that.

SOCR. Say on, then.

STREPS. What is it but this finger? though before,
Ere this was grown, I used to play with that.

SOCR. Insufferable dolt!

STREPS. Well but, you goose,
I don't want to learn this.

SOCR. What *do* you want then?

STREPS. Teach me the Logic! teach me the Unjust Logic!

SOCR. But you must learn some other matters first:
As, what are males among the quadrupeds.

STREPS. I should be mad indeed not to know that.
The Ram, the Bull, the Goat, the Dog, the Fowl.[1]

---

[1] A line or two following this has evidently been lost, wherein Strepsiades names female animals, ending with "Fowl."

SOCR. Ah! there you are! there's a mistake at once!
You call the male and female fowl the same.
STREPS. How! tell me how.
SOCR. Why fowl and fowl of course.
STREPS. That's true though! what then shall I say in future?
SOCR. Call this a fowless and the other a fowl.
STREPS. A fowless? Good! Bravo! Bravo! by Air.
Now for that one bright piece of information
I'll give you a barley bumper in your trough.
SOCR. Look there, a fresh mistake; you call it trough,
Masculine, when it's feminine.
STREPS. How, pray?
How did I make it masculine?
SOCR. Why 'trough,'
Just like 'Cleonymus.'
STREPS. I don't quite catch it.
SOCR. Why 'trough,' 'Cleonymus,' both masculine.
STREPS. Ah, but Cleonymus has got no trough,
His bread is kneaded in a rounded mortar:
Still, what must I say in future?
SOCR. What! why, call it
A 'troughless,' female, just as one says 'an actress.'
STREPS. A 'troughless,' female?
SOCR. Quite correct, you've hit it.
STREPS. A 'troughess' then and Miss Cleonymus.
SOCR. Still you must learn some more about these names:
Which are the names of men and which of women.
STREPS. Oh! I know which are women.
SOCR. Well, repeat some.
STREPS. Demetria, Cleitagora, Philinna.
SOCR. Now tell me some men's names.
STREPS. O yes, ten thousand—
Philon, Melesias, Amynias.
SOCR. Hold! I said men's names: these are women's names.
STREPS. No, no, they're men's.
SOCR. They are *not* men's, for how
Would you address Amynias if you met him?

STREPS. How? somehow thus: 'Here, here Amynia!'
SOCR. Amynia! a woman's name, you see.
STREPS. And rightly too; a sneak who shirks all service!
But all know this: let's pass to something else.
SOCR. Well, then, you get into the bed.
STREPS. And then?
SOCR. Excogitate about your own affairs.
STREPS. Not there: I do beseech, not there: at least
Let me excogitate on the bare ground.
SOCR. There is no way but that.
STREPS. Poor devil I!
How I shall suffer from the bugs to-day. [*He gets into bed.*
CHOR. Now then survey in every way, with airy judgment sharp and quick:
Wrapping thoughts around you thick:
And if so be in one you stick,
Never stop to toil and bother,
Lightly, lightly, lightly leap,
To another, to another;
Far away be balmy sleep.
STREPS. Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!
CHOR. What's the matter? where's the pain?
STREPS. Friends! I'm dying. From the bed
Out creep bug-bears scantly fed,
And my ribs they bite in twain,
And my life-blood out they suck,
And my manhood off they pluck,
And my loins they dig and drain,
And I'm dying, once again.
CHOR. O take not the smart so deeply to heart.
STREPS. Why, what can I do?
Vanished my skin so ruddy of hue,
Vanished my life-blood, vanished my shoe,
Vanished my purse, and what is still worse
As I hummed an old tune till my watch should be past,
I had very near vanished myself at the last.
SOCR. Hallo there, are you pondering?
STREPS. Eh! what? I?
Yes to be sure.

SOCR. And what have your ponderings come to?
STREPS. Whether these bugs will leave a bit of me.
SOCR. Consume you, wretch!
STREPS. Faith, I'm consumed already.
SOCR. Come, come, don't flinch: pull up the clothes again:
Search out and catch some very subtle dodge
To fleece your creditors.
STREPS. O me, how can I
Fleece any one with all these fleeces on me?
[*Puts his head under the clothes.*
SOCR. Come, let me peep a moment what he's doing.
Hey! he's asleep!
STREPS. No, no! no fear of that!
SOCR. Caught anything?
STREPS. No, nothing.
SOCR. Surely, something.
STREPS. Well, I had something in my hand, I'll own.
SOCR. Pull up the clothes again, and go on pondering.
STREPS. On what? now do please tell me, Socrates.
SOCR. What is it that you want? first tell me that.
STREPS. You have heard a million times what 'tis I want:
My debts! my debts! I want to shirk my debts.
SOCR. Come, come, pull up the clothes: refine your thoughts
With subtle wit: look at the case on all sides:
Mind you divide correctly.
STREPS. Ugh! O me.
SOCR. Hush: if you meet with any difficulty
Leave it a moment: then return again
To the same thought: then lift and weigh it well.
STREPS. O, here, dear Socrates!
SOCR. Well, my old friend.
STREPS. I've found a notion how to shirk my debts.
SOCR. Well then, propound it.
STREPS. What do you think of this?
Suppose I hire some grand Thessalian witch
To conjure down the Moon, and then I take it
And clap it into some round helmet-box,
And keep it fast there, like a looking-glass,—

SOCR. But what's the use of that?
STREPS. The use, quotha:
Why if the Moon should never rise again,
I'd never pay one farthing.
SOCR. No! why not?
STREPS. Why, don't we pay our interest by the month?
SOCR. Good! now I'll proffer you another problem.
Suppose an action: damages, five talents:
Now tell me how you can evade that same.
STREPS. How? how? can't say at all: but I'll go seek.
SOCR. Don't wrap your mind forever round yourself,
But let your thoughts range freely through the air,
Like beetles with a thread about their feet.
STREPS. I've found a bright evasion of the action:
Confess yourself, 'tis glorious.
SOCR. But what is it?
STREPS. I say, haven't you seen in druggists' shops
That stone, that splendidly transparent stone,
By which they kindle fire?
SOCR. The burning glass?
STREPS. That's it: well then, I'd get me one of these,
And as the clerk was entering down my case,
I'd stand, like this, some distance towards the sun,
And burn out every line.
SOCR. By my Three Graces,[1]
A clever dodge!
STREPS. O me, how pleased I am
To have a debt like that clean blotted out.
SOCR. Come, then, make haste and snap up this.
STREPS. Well, what?
SOCR. How to prevent an adversary's suit
Supposing you were sure to lose it; tell me.
STREPS. O, nothing easier.
SOCR. How, pray?
STREPS. Why thus,

Socrates, when working in his youth with his father, who was a sculptor, carved the Three Graces on the wall of the citadel at Athens behind the statue of Athene.

While there was yet one trial intervening,
Ere mine was cited, I'd go hang myself.
SOCR. Absurd!
STREPS. No, by the Gods, it isn't though:
They could not prosecute me were I dead.
SOCR. Nonsense! Be off: I'll try no more to teach you.
STREPS. Why not? do, please; now, please do, Socrates.
SOCR. Why you forget all that you learn, directly.
Come, say what you learnt first: there's a chance for you.
STREPS. Ah! what was first?—Dear me: whatever was it?—
Whatever's that we knead the barley in?—
Bless us, what was it?
SOCR. Be off, and feed the crows,
You most forgetful, most absurd old dolt! [*Exit.*
STREPS. O me! what will become of me, poor devil!
I'm clean undone: I haven't learnt to speak.—
O gracious Clouds, now do advise me something.
CHOR. Our counsel, ancient friend, is simply this,
To send your son, if you have one at home,
And let him learn this wisdom in your stead.
STREPS. Yes! I've a son, quite a fine gentleman:
But he won't learn, so what am I to do?
CHOR. What! is he master?
STREPS. Well: he's strong and vigorous
And he's got some of the Cœsyra blood within him:
Still, I'll go for him, and if he won't come
By all the Gods I'll turn him out of doors.
Go in one moment, I'll be back directly.
CHOR. Dost thou not see how bounteous we our favours free
Will shower on you,
Since whatsoe'er your will prepare
'This dupe will do.
But now that you have dazzled and elated so your man,
Make haste and seize whate'er you please as quickly as you can,
For cases such as these, my friend, are very prone to change and bend.

STREPS. Be off: you shan't stop here: so help me Mist!
There, run and grub at Megacles's Marbles.
[*Exeunt* CLOUDS. *Scene closes.*

[*New scene.* PHEIDIPPIDES *meets* STREPSIADES *before their house.*]

PHEID. How now, my father? what's i' the wind to-day?
You're wandering; by Olympian Zeus, you are.
STREPS. Look there! Olympian Zeus! you blockhead you,
Come to *your* age, and yet believe in Zeus!
PHEID. Why prithee, what's the joke?
STREPS. 'Tis so preposterous
When babes like you hold antiquated notions.
But come and I'll impart a thing or two,
A wrinkle, making you a man indeed.
But, mind: don't whisper this to anyone.
PHEID. Well, what's the matter?
STREPS. Didn't you swear by Zeus?
PHEID. I did.
STREPS. See now, how good a thing is learning.
There is no Zeus, Pheidippides.
PHEID. Who then?
STREPS. Why Vortex reigns, and he has turned out Zeus.
PHEID. Oh me, what stuff.
STREPS. Be sure that this is so.
PHEID. Who says so, pray?
STREPS. The Melian[1]—Socrates,
And Chærephon, who knows about the flea-tracks.
PHEID. And are you come to such a pitch of madness
As to put faith in brain-struck men?
STREPS. Fie! Fie!
Don't you blaspheme such very dexterous men
And sapient too: men of such frugal habits
They never shave, nor use your precious ointment,
Nor go to baths to clean themselves: but you

[1] Socrates is thus made a sharer in the opinions of Diagoras of Melos, a notorious atheist.

Have taken *me* for a corpse and cleaned me out.
Come, come, make haste, do go and learn for me.

PHEID. What can one learn from them that is worth knowing?

STREPS. Learn! why whatever's clever in the world:
And you shall learn how gross and dense you are.
But stop one moment: I'll be back directly.

[*He goes into his house.*

PHEID. O me! what must I do with my mad father?
Shall I indict him for his lunacy,
Or tell the undertakers of his symptoms?

[STREPSIADES *returns with a hen and cock.*

STREPS. Now then! you see this, don't you? what do you call it?

PHEID. That? why a fowl.

STREPS. Good! now then, what is this?

PHEID. That's a fowl too.

STREPS. What! both? Ridiculous!
Never say that again, but mind you always
Call this a fowless and the other a fowl.

PHEID. A fowless! These then are the mighty secrets
You have picked up amongst those Giants[1] there.

STREPS. And lots besides: but everything I learn
I straight forget: I am so old and stupid.

PHEID. And this is what you've lost your mantle for?

STREPS. It's very absent sometimes: 'tisn't lost.

PHEID. And what have you done with your shoes, you mad old dotard?

STREPS. Like Pericles, all for the best, I've lost them.[2]

---

[1] Or Trolls, underground beings.

[2] Pericles once bribed two Spartan leaders with ten talents of public money. Sitting one day in the room with his little ward Alcibiades, he was trying to conjure up an excuse to account for the expenditure, when Alcibiades asked him what he was looking so thoughtful about. "I was thinking," said the statesman, "how to give an account of those ten talents." "Now if I were you," retorted the boy, "I would think how *not* to give an account of them." Pericles took the advice and reported to the Assembly that he had spent them "for the good of the commonwealth."

Come, come; go with me: humour me in this,
And then do what you like. Ah! I remember
How I to humour you, a coaxing baby,
With the first obol which my judgeship fetched me
Bought you a go-cart at the great Diasia.

PHEID. The time will come when you'll repent of this.

STREPS. Good boy to obey me. [SOCRATES *enters*]
Hollo! Socrates.
Come here; come here; I've brought this son of mine,
Trouble enough, I'll warrant you.

SOCR. Poor infant
Not yet aware of my suspension-wonders.

PHEID. You'd make a wondrous piece of ware, suspended.

STREPS. Hey! go to pot! Do you abuse the Master?

SOCR. And look, 'suthspended!' How absurd he mouthed it
With pouting lips, and soft affected lisp.
How can *he* learn evasion of a suit,
Timely citation, damaging replies?
Hyperbolus, though, learnt them for a talent.

STREPS. O never fear! he's very sharp, by nature.
For when he was a little chap, *so* high,
He used to build small baby-houses, boats,
Go-carts of leather, darling little frogs
Carved out of peach-stones, you can't think how nicely!
So now, I prithee, teach him both your Logics,
The Better, as you call it, and the Worse
Which with the worse cause can defeat the better;
Or if not both, at all events the Worse.

SOCR. Ay, with his own ears he shall hear them argue.

STREPS. Well, I must go: and do remember this,
Give him the knack of reasoning down all Justice.
[*Exit* STREPSIADES. *Enter* RIGHT LOGIC *and* WRONG LOGIC[1]]

[1] Some editors suggest that these personages are in the guise of game-cocks, spurring at each other; others, that RIGHT LOGIC is garbed as a dignified elder citizen, and WRONG LOGIC as a gay young philosopher, both caricaturing well-known persons, perhaps Æschylus and Euripides respectively.

RIGHT LOGIC. Come show yourself now with your confident brow,
—To the stage, if you dare!

WRONG LOGIC. 'Lead on if you please:'[1] I shall smash you with ease,
If an audience be there.

R. L. *You'll* smash me, you say! And who are *you,* pray?

W. L. A Logic, like you.

R. L. But the Worse of the two.

W. L. Yet you I can drub whom my Better they dub.

R. L. By what artifice taught?

W. L. By original thought.

R. L. Ah! these blockheads have made yours a flourishing trade.

W. L. Not blockheads, but wise.

R. L. I'll smash you and your lies!

W. L. By what method, forsooth?

R. L. By speaking the Truth,

W. L. Your words I will meet, and entirely defeat:
There never *was* Justice or Truth, I repeat.

R. L. No Justice! you say?

W. L. Well, where does it stay?

R. L. With the Gods in the air.

W. L. If Justice be there,
How comes it that Zeus could his father reduce,[2]
Yet live with their Godships unpunished and loose?

R. L. Ugh! Ugh! These evils come thick, I feel awfully sick,
A bason, quick, quick!

W. L. You musty old dame!

R. L. You monster in shame!

W. L. Hey! Roses, I swear.

R. L. You lickspittle there!

W. L. What! Lilies from *you?*

---

[1] These words are quoted from the Telephus of Euripides.

[2] Zeus supplanted Cronus. Plato, in his Republic, speaks of the evil effect of telling this legend to the young.

R. L. You're a parricide too!
W. L. You shower gold on my head.
R. L. Yes! it used to be lead.
W. L. But now it's a grace and a glory instead.
R. L. You're a little too bold.
W. L. You're a good deal too old.
R. L. 'Tis through you I well know not a stripling will go
To attend to the rules which are taught in the Schools;
But Athens one day shall be up to the fools.
W. L. How squalid your dress!
R. L. Yours is fine, I confess.
Yet when alms to implore at everyone's door
Once you borrowed the garments which Telephus wore,
You thought it a treat as you begged through the street
The scraps by Pandeletus[1] hoarded to eat.
W. L. O me! for the wisdom you've mentioned in jest!
R. L. O me! for the folly of you, and the rest
Who you to destroy their children, employ!
W. L. Well, well, you'll have nothing to do with this boy.
R. L. If not, he'll be lost, as he'll find to his cost:
Taught nothing by you but gossip untrue.
W. L. He raves, as you see: let him be, let him be.
R. L. Touch him if you dare! I bid you beware.
CHOR. Forbear, forbear to wrangle and scold!
Each of you shew
You what you taught their fathers of old,
You let us know
Your system untried, that hearing each side
From the lips of the Rivals the youth may decide
To which of your schools he will go.
R. L. This then will I do.
W. L. And so will I too.
CHOR. And who will put in his claim to begin?
W. L. If *he* wishes, he may: I kindly give way:
But mind that, as soon as he's finished his say,
I will strike him and hit with sharp arrows of wit,

---

[1] Nothing is known of this Pandeletus; he appears to have been a sycophant and sophist of the ignobler kind.

And keen enigmatical proverbs emit.
And at last if a word from his mouth shall be heard
My sayings like fierce savage hornets shall pierce
His forehead and eyes,
Till in fear and distraction he yields and he—dies!

CHOR. With thoughts and words and maxims pondered well
Now then in confidence let both begin:
Try which his rival can in speech excel:
Try which this perilous wordy war can win,
Which all my votaries' hopes are fondly centred in.
O Thou who wert born our sires to adorn with characters blameless and fair,
Say on what you please, say on and to these your glorious Nature declare.

R. L. To hear then prepare of the Discipline rare which flourished in Athens of yore
When Honour and Truth were in fashion with youth and Frugality bloomed on our shore;
First of all the old rule was preserved in our school that 'boys should be seen and not heard:'
And then to the home of the Harpist would come decorous in action and word
All the lads of one town, though the snow peppered down, in spite of all wind and all weather:
And they sung an old song as they paced it along, not shambling with thighs glued together:
'*O the dread shout of War how it peals from afar,*' or '*Pallas the Stormer adore.*'[1]
To some manly old air all simple and bare which their fathers had chanted before.
And should any one dare the tune to impair and with intricate twistings to fill,
Such as Phrynis[2] is fain, and his long-winded train, perversely to quaver and trill,

---

[1] The first song was by Lamprocles of Athens; the second by Cydides of Hermione.

[2] Phrynis was a celebrated choric poet of Mitylene. He was also

Many stripes would he feel in return for his zeal, as to genuine Music a foe.
And everyone's thigh was forward and high as they sat to be drilled in a row,
So that nothing the while indecent or vile the eye of a stranger might meet;
And then with their hand they would smooth down the sand whenever they rose from their seat,
To leave not a trace of themselves in the place for a vigilant lover to view.
They never would soil their persons with oil but were inartificial and true.
Nor tempered their throat to a soft mincing note and sighs to their lovers addressed:
Nor laid themselves out, as they strutted about, to the wanton desires of the rest:[1]
Nor would any one dare such stimulant fare as the head of the radish to wish:
Nor to make over bold with the food of the old, the anise, and parsley, and fish:
Nor dainties to quaff, nor giggle and laugh, nor foot within foot to enfold.

W. L. Faugh! this smells very strong of some musty old song, and grasshoppers mounted in gold;[2]
And Slaughter of beasts, and old-fashioned feasts.

R. L. Yet these are the precepts which taught
The heroes of old to be hardy and bold, and the men who at Marathon fought!
But you from the first teach the lads to be nursed with flannels and blankets increased:
So that I with my spleen half-strangled have been, when in Tritogeneia's high feast

---

attacked by the comic dramatist Pherecrates for his effeminate innovations in the art of music.

[1] This refers to the "Greek love," mentioned in the introduction to Sappho in volume three.

[2] *i.e.*, Jewelled grasshoppers worn in the hair had gone out of fashion.

The dancers go by with their shields to their thigh, and Athenè seems wholly forgot.
You therefore young man, choose me while you can; cast in with my Method your lot;
And then you shall learn the forum to spurn, and from dissolute baths to abstain,
And fashions impure and shameful abjure, and scorners repel with disdain:
And rise from your chair if an elder be there, and respectfully give him your place,
And with love and with fear your parents revere, and shrink from the brand of Disgrace,
But strive with your might to copy aright the Beautiful Image of Shame,
Nor resort any more to an Actress's door, nor gape after 'girls of the game;'
Lest at length by the blow of the Apple[1] they throw from the hopes of your Manhood you fall.
Nor dare to reply when your Father is nigh, nor 'musty old Japhet'[2] to call
In your malice and rage that Sacred Old Age which lovingly cherished your youth.

W. L. Yes, yes, my young friend, if to him you attend, by Bacchus I swear of a truth
You will scarce with the sty of Hippocrates vie, as a mammy-suck known even there!

R. L. But then you'll excel in the games you love well, all blooming, athletic and fair;
Not learning to prate as your idlers debate with marvellous funny dispute,
Nor dragged into Court day by day to make sport in some small disagreeable suit:
But you will below to the Academe go, and under the olives contend
With your chaplet of reed, in a contest of speed with some excellent rival and friend:

[1] Throwing an apple was the conventional provocative of love in ancient Greece.

[2] Iapetus ("Japhet") was the father of the Titans.

All fragrant with yew and leisure time too, and the leaf which
the white poplars fling, . .
When the plane whispers love to the elm in the grove in the
beautiful season of Spring.
If then you'll obey and do what I say
And follow with me the more excellent way,
Your chest shall be white, your skin shall be bright,
Your arms shall be tight, your tongue shall be slight,
And everything else shall be proper and right.
But if you pursue what men now-a-days do,
You shall have, to begin, a cold pallid skin,
Arms small and chest weak, tongue practised to speak,
Special laws very long, and the symptoms all strong
Which shew that your life is licentious and wrong.
And your mind he'll prepare so that foul to be fair
And fair to be foul you shall always declare;
Till with vices so grim you are filled to the brim
That the filthy Antimachus[1] claims you for him!
[*Applause.*
CHOR. O glorious Sage! with loveliest Wisdom teeming!
Sweet on thy words does ancient Virtue rest!
Thrice happy they who watched thy Youth's bright
beaming!
Thou of the vaunted genius, do thy best;
This man has gained applause: His Wisdom stands
confest.
And you with clever words and thoughts must needs
your case adorn,
Else he will surely win the day, and you retreat with scorn.
W. L. Ay, say you so? Why I have been half-burst; I
do so long
To meet his thoughts with thoughts more clear, his words with
words more strong.
I am the Lesser Logic? True: these Schoolmen call me so,
Simply because I am the first of all mankind to shew
How old established rules and laws might contradicted be:
And this, as you may guess, is worth a thousand pounds to me,

---

[1] An erotic poet.

To take the feebler arguments, and win the disputation.
And mark me now, how I'll confute his boasted Education!
You said that always from warm baths the stripling must abstain:
Why must he? on what grounds do you of these warm baths complain?

R. L. Why it's the worst thing possible, it quite unstrings a man.

W. L. Hold there: I've got you round the waist: escape me, if you can.

And first: of all the sons of Zeus which think you was the best?
Which was the manliest? Which endured more toils than all the rest?

R. L. Well, I suppose that Heracles was bravest and most bold.

W. L. And are the baths of Heracles so wonderfully cold?[1]

Aha! you blame warm baths, I think.

R. L. This, this is what they say:
This is the stuff our precious youths are chattering all the day!
This is what makes them haunt the baths, and shun the manlier Games!

W. L. Well then, we'll take the Forum next: I praise it, and he blames.

But if it was so bad, do you think old Homer would have made
Nestor and all his worthies ply a real forensic trade?
Well: then he says a stripling's tongue should always idle be:
I say it should be used of course: so there we disagree.
And next he says you must be chaste. A most preposterous plan!
Come, tell me did you ever know a single blessed man
Gain the least good by Chastity? come, prove I'm wrong: make haste.

R. L. Yes, many, many! Pelus gained a sword by being chaste.

---

[1] Warm springs were called baths of Heracles, because of the legend that the first sprang up to refresh Heracles when he was tired after one of his labours.

W. L. A sword indeed! a wondrous meed poor devil he obtained.
Hyperbolus the Lamp-maker hath many a talent gained
By knavish tricks which I have taught: but not a sword, no, no!
R. L. Well Peleus did to his chaste life the bed of Thetis owe.
W. L. And then she cut and ran away! for nothing so engages
A woman's heart as forward warmth, old shred of those dark Ages!
For take this Chastity, young man: sift it inside and out:
Count all the pleasures, all the joys, it bids you live without:
No kind of dames, no kind of games, no laughing, eating, drinking,—
Why life itself is little worth without these joys, I'm thinking.
Well I must notice now the wants by Nature's self implanted;
You love, seduce, you can't help that, you're caught, convicted. Granted.
You're done for; you can't say one word: while if you follow me
Indulge your genius, laugh and quaff, hold nothing base to be.
Why if you're in adultery caught, your pleas will still be ample:
You've done no wrong, you'll say, and then bring Zeus as your example.
He fell before the wondrous powers by Love and Beauty wielded:
And how can you, the Mortal, stand, where He, the Immortal, yielded?
R. L. Ay, but suppose in spite of all, he must be wedged and sanded:[1]
Won't he be probed, or else can you prevent it? now be candid.
W. L. And what's the damage if it should be so?
R. L. What greater damage can the young man know?
W. L. What will you do, if this dispute I win?
R. L. I'll be forever silent.

---

[1] Punishments for adultery.

W. L. Good, begin.
The Counsellor: from whence comes he?
R. L. From probed adulterers.
W. L. I agree.
The Tragic Poets: whence are they?
R. L. From probed adulterers.
W. L. So I say.
The Orators: what class of men?
R. L. All probed adulterers.
W. L. Right again.
You feel your error, I'll engage
But look once more around the stage,
Survey the audience, which they be,
Probed or not Probed.
R. L. I see, I see.
W. L. Well, give your verdict.
R. L. It must go
For probed adulterers: him I know,
And him, and him: the Probed are most.
W. L. How stand we then?
R. L. I own, I've lost
O Cinæds, Cinæds,[1] take my robe!
Your words have won, to you I run
To live and die with glorious Probe!
[STREPSIADES *looks in to see how matters are going.*]
SOCR. Well, what do you want? to take away your son
At once, or shall I teach him how to speak?
STREPS. Teach him, and flog him, and be sure you well
Sharpen his mother wit, grind the one edge
Fit for my little law-suits, and the other
Why make that serve for more important matters.
SOCR. O, never fear! He'll make a splendid sophist.
STREPS. Well, well, I hope he'll be a poor pale rascal.
CHOR. Go: but in us the thought is strong, you will repent
of this ere long.
Now we wish to tell the Judges all the blessings they shall gain
If, as Justice plainly warrants, we the worthy prize obtain.

---

[1] Catamites.

First, whenever in the Season ye would fain your fields renew,
All the world shall wait expectant till we've poured our rain on you:
Then of all your crops and vineyards we will take the utmost care
So that neither drought oppress them, nor the heavy rain impair,
But if any one amongst you dare to treat our claims with scorn,
Mortal he, the Clouds immortal, better had he ne'er been born!
He from his estates shall gather neither corn, nor oil, nor wine,
For whenever blossoms sparkle on the olive or the vine
They shall all at once be blighted: we will ply our slings so true.
And if ever we behold him building up his mansions new,
With our tight and nipping hailstones we will all his tiles destroy.
But if he, his friends or kinsfolks, would a marriage-feast enjoy,
All night long we'll pour in torrents: so perchance he'll rather pray
To endure the drought of Egypt, than decide amiss to-day!

[*New scene. Enter* STREPSIADES *before the School of* SOCRATES, *bearing a meal-bag.*]

STREPS. The fifth, the fourth, the third, and then the second,
And then that day which more than all the rest
I loathe and shrink from and abominate,
Then comes at once that hateful Old-and-New day.[1]
And every single blessed dun has sworn
He'll stake the pledge,[2] and ruin and destroy me.

---

[1] In the Greek calendar the new moon always came upon the last day of the month. Hence that day was called the Old-and-New day, because at the beginning of the day the moon was still on the wane, but before the close had begun to wax again. It was the day when creditors brought their suits.

[2] *i.e.,* Makes the deposit necessary to bring suit, which deposit would be forfeited if he lost the case.

And when I make a modest small request,
"O my good friend, part don't exact at present,
And part defer, and part remit," they swear
So they shall never touch it, and abuse me
As a rank swindler, threatening me with actions.
Now let them bring their actions! Who's afraid?
Not I: if these have taught my son to speak.
But here's the door: I'll knock and soon find out.
So there! Boy, Boy! [SOCRATES *comes out of the School.*

SOCR. I clasp Strepsiades.[1]

STREPS. And I clasp you: but take this meal-bag first.
[*Comic business.*

This is the way to glorify one's Tutors.
But tell me, tell me, has my son yet learnt
That Second Logic which he saw just now?

SOCR. He hath.

STREPS. Hurrah! great Sovereign Knavery!

SOCR. You may escape whatever suit you please.

STREPS. What, if I borrowed before witnesses?

SOCR. Before a thousand, and the more the merrier.

STREPS. 'Then shall my song be loud and deep.'[2]
Weep, obol-weighers, weep, weep, weep,
Ye, and your principals, and compound interests,
For ye shall never pester me again.
Such a son have I bred,
(He is within this door,)
Born to inspire my foemen with dread,
Born his old father's house to restore:
Keen and polished of tongue is he,
He my Champion and Guard shall be,
He will set his old father free,
Run you, and call him forth to me.
'O my child! O my sweet! come out I entreat;
'Tis the voice of your sire.'[3]
[PHEIDIPPIDES *comes out of the School.*

---

[1] An affected salutation.

[2] A quotation from The Satyrs of the tragedian Phrynichus.

[3] A burlesque of a passage from the Hecuba of Euripides.

SOCR. Here's the man you require.
STREPS. Joy, joy of my heart!
SOCR. Take your son and depart.
STREPS. O come, O come, my son, my son,
O dear! O dear!
O joy, to see your beautiful complexion!
Ay, now you have an aspect Negative
And Disputative, and our native query
Shines forth there "What d'ye say?" You've the true face
Which rogues put on, of injured innocence.
You have the regular Attic look about you.
So now, you save me, for 'twas you undid me.
PHEID. What is it ails you?
STREPS. Why the Old-and-New day.
PHEID. And is there such a day as Old-and-New?
STREPS. Yes: that's the day they mean to stake their gages.
PHEID. They'll lose them if they stake them. What! do you think
That one day can be two days, both together?
STREPS. Why, can't it be so?
PHEID. Surely not; or else
A woman might at once be old and young.
STREPS. Still, the law says so.
PHEID. True: but I believe
They don't quite understand it.
STREPS. You explain it.
PHEID. Old Solon had a democratic turn.
STREPS. Well, but that's nothing to the Old-and-New.
PHEID. Hence then he fixed that summonses be issued
On these two days, the old one and the new one,
So that the stakes be pledged on the New-month.
STREPS. What made him add 'the old' then?
PHEID. I will tell you.
He wished the litigants to meet on *that* day
And compromise their quarrels: if they could not,
Then let them fight it out on the New-month.
STREPS. Why then do Magistrates receive the Stakes
On the Old-and-New instead of the New-month?

PHEID. Well, I believe they act like the Foretasters.[1]
They wish to bag the stakes as soon as possible,
And thus they gain a whole day's foretaste of them.

[STREPSIADES *and* PHEIDIPPIDES *approach their house, in front of which are seated the creditors* PASIAS *and* AMYNIAS. *A bystander is present.*]

STREPS. Aha! poor dupes, why sit ye mooning there
Game for us Artful Dodgers, you dull stones,
You ciphers, lambkins, butts piled up together!
O! my success inspires me, and I'll sing
Glad eulogies on me and thee, my son.
'Man, most blessed, most divine,
What a wondrous wit is thine,
What a son to grace thy line.'
Friends and neighbors day by day
Thus will say,
When with envious eyes my suits they see thee win:
But first I'll feast you, so come in, my son, come in.
[PHEIDIPPIDES *enters the house;* PASIAS *detains* STREPSIADES, *calling the bystander to witness that he demands payment of his debt.*]

PASIAS. What! must a man lose his own property!
No: never, never. Better have refused
With a bold face, than be so plagued as this.
See! to get paid my own just debts, I'm forced
To drag you to bear witness, and what's worse
I needs must quarrel with my townsman here.
Well, I won't shame my country, while I live,
I'll go to law, I'll summon him—

STREPS. Hollo!

PAS.—to the next Old-and-New.

STREPS. Bear witness, all!
He named two days. Well! what do you want with me?

PAS. The fifty pounds I lent you when you bought
That iron-gray.

---

[1] These were officers whose duty it was to test the healthful condition of the victims before they were sacrificed.

STREPS. Just listen to the fellow!
The whole world knows that I detest all horses.
PAS. I swear you swore by all the Gods to pay me.
STREPS. Well, now I swear I won't: Pheidippides
Has learnt since then the unanswerable Logic.
PAS. And will you therefore shirk my just demand?
STREPS. Of course I will: else why should he have learnt it?
PAS. And will you dare forswear it by the Gods?
STREPS. The Gods indeed! What Gods?
PAS. Poseidon, Hermes, Zeus.
STREPS. By Zeus I would,
Though I gave two-pence half-penny for the privilege.
PAS. Consume you for a brazen-faced blasphemer!
STREPS. Hollo! this butt should be rubbed down with salt.
PAS. Zounds! you deride me!
STREPS. Why 'twill hold four gallons.
PAS. You 'scape me not, by Mighty Zeus, and all
The Gods!
STREPS. I wonderfully like the Gods;
An oath by Zeus is sport to knowing ones.
PAS. Sooner or later you'll repent of this.
Come, do you mean to pay your debts, or don't you?
Tell me, and I'll be off.
STREPS. Now do have patience;
I'll give you a clear answer in one moment.
[*He goes into the house.*
PAS. What do you think he'll do?
WITNESS. I think he'll pay you.
[STREPSIADES *comes out of the house bearing a kneading trough.*]
STREPS. Where is that horrid dun? O here: now tell me
What you call this.
PAS. What I call that? a trough.
STREPS. Heavens! what a fool: and do *you* want your money?
I'd never pay one penny to a fellow
Who calls my troughess, trough. So there's your answer.

PAS. Then you won't pay me?
STREPS. No, not if I know it.
Come put your best foot forward, and be off:
March off, I say, this instant!
PAS. May I die
If I don't go at once and stake my gage!
STREPS. No don't: the fifty pounds are loss enough:
And really on my word I would not wish you
To lose this too just for one silly blunder. [*Exit* PASIAS.
AMYNIAS. Ah me! Oh! Oh! Oh!
STREPS. Hollo! who's that making that horrible noise?
Not one of Carcinus's snivelling Gods?[1]
AMYN. Who cares to know what I am? what imports it?
A woeful man.
STREPS. O! get about your business.
AMYN. 'O heavy fate!' O Fortune, thou hast broken
My chariot wheels! Thou hast undone me, Pallas![2]
STREPS. How! has Tlepolemus been at you, man?
AMYN. Jeer me not, friend, but tell your worthy son
To pay me back the money which I lent him:
I'm in a bad way and the times are pressing.
STREPS. What money do you mean?
AMYN. Why what he borrowed.
STREPS. You *are* in a bad way, I really think.
AMYN. Driving my four-wheel out I fell, by Zeus.
STREPS. You rave as if you'd fall'n times out-of-mind.
AMYN. I rave? how so? I only claim my own.
STREPS. You can't be quite right, surely.
AMYN. Why what mean you?
STREPS. I shrewdly guess your brain's received a shake.
AMYN. I shrewdly guess that you'll receive a summons
If you don't pay my money.
STREPS. Well then tell me.
Which theory do you side with, that the rain

---

[1] The dramatist Carcinus was noted for introducing the gods upon the stage uttering lamentations.

[2] Quotations from the Licymnius of Xenocles. Licymnius was accidentally killed by his nephew Tlepolemus.

Falls fresh each time, or that the Sun draws back
The same old rain, and sends it down again?
AMYN. I'm very sure I neither know nor care.
STREPS. Not care! good heavens! And do *you* claim your money,
So unenlightened in the Laws of Nature?
AMYN. If you're hard up then, pay me back the Interest
At least.
STREPS. Int-er-est? what kind of a beast is that?
AMYN. What else than day by day and month by month
Larger and larger still the silver grows
As time sweeps by.
STREPS. Finely and nobly said.
What then! think you the Sea is larger now
Than 'twas last year?
AMYN. No, surely, 'tis no larger:
It is not right it should be.
STREPS. And do you then,
Insatiable grasper! when the Sea,
Receiving all these Rivers, grows no larger,
Do you desire your silver to grow larger?
Come now you prosecute your journey off!
Here, fetch the whip. [*A servant brings him a whip.*
AMYN. Bear witness, I appeal.
STREPS. Be off! what, won't you? Gee up, forester!
AMYN. I say! a clear assault. [*He strikes* AMYNIAS.
STREPS. You won't be off?
I'll stimulate you; Zeus! I'll goad your haunches.
Aha! you run: I thought I'd stir you up
You and your four-wheels and your phaetons!
[AMYNIAS *runs off the stage pursued by* STREPSIADES, *who returns and enters the house.*]

CHOR. What a thing it is to long for matters which are wrong!
For you see how this old man
Is seeking, if he can
His creditors trepan:
And I confidently say

That he will this very day
Such a blow
Amid his prosperous cheats receive, that he will deeply, deeply grieve,
For I think he will discover what has long been boiling over,
That his son has learned the way
All justice to gainsay,
Be it what or where it may:
That he'll trump up any tale,
Right or wrong, and so prevail.
This I know.
Yea! and perchance the time will come when he shall wish his son were dumb.

[STREPSIADES *runs out of the house pursued by* PHEIDIPPIDES.]

STREPS. Oh! Oh!
Help! Murder! Help! O neighbors, kinsfolk, townsmen,
Help, one and all, against this base assault,
Ah! Ah! my cheek! my head! O me, poor devil!
Wretch! do you strike your father?
PHEID. Yes, Papa.
STREPS. See! See! he owns he struck me.
PHEID. To be sure.
STREPS. Scoundrel! and parricide! and house-breaker!
PHEID. Thank you: go on, go on: do please go on.
Encore! Encore! I revel in reproaches.
STREPS. O probed Adulterer!
PHEID. Roses from your lips.
STREPS. Strike you your father?
PHEID. O dear yes: what's more
I'll prove I struck you justly.
STREPS. Struck me justly!
Villain! how can you strike a father justly?
PHEID. Yes, and I'll demonstrate it, if you please.
STREPS. Demonstrate this?
PHEID. O yes, quite easily.
Come, take your choice, which Logic do you choose?
STREPS. Which what?

PHEID. Logic: the Better or the Worse?
STREPS. Ah, then, in very truth I've had you taught
To reason down all Justice, if you think
You can prove this, that it is just and right
That fathers should be beaten by their sons!
PHEID. Well, well, I think I'll prove it, if you'll listen,
So that even you won't have one word to answer.
STREPS. Come, I should like to hear what you've to say.
CHOR. 'Tis yours, old man, some method to contrive
This fight to win:
He would not without arms wherewith to strive
So bold have been.
He knows, be sure, whereon to trust.
His eager bearing proves he must.
So come and tell us from what cause this sad dispute began;
Come, tell us how it first arose: do tell us if you can.
STREPS. Well from the very first I will the whole contention shew:
'Twas when I went into the house to feast him, as you know,
I bade him bring his lyre and sing, the supper to adorn,
Some lay of old Simonides, as, how the Ram was Shorn:
But he replied, to sing at meals was coarse and obsolete:
Like some old beldame humming airs the while she grinds her wheat.
PHEID. And did you not at once deserve a thrashing, at the least,
To bid me sing at meals, as at some old cicala's feast?
STREPS. You hear him! so he said just now or e'er high words began:
And next he called Simonides a very sorry man.
And when I heard him, I could scarce my rising wrath command:
Yet so I did, and him I bid take myrtle in his hand
And chant some lines from Æschylus, but he replied with ire,
'Believe me I'm not one of those who Æschylus admire,
That rough, unpolished, turgid froth, that mouther of bombast!'
When he said this, my heart began to heave extremely fast;
Yet still I kept my passion down, and said, Then prithee you,

Sing one of those new-fangled songs which modern striplings do.
And he began the shameful tale Euripides has told
How a brother and a sister lived incestuous lives of old.
Then, then I could no more restrain, but first I must confess
With strong abuse I loaded him, and so, as you may guess,
We stormed and bandied threat for threat: till out at last he flew,
And smashed and thrashed and thumped and bumped and bruised me black and blue.

PHEID. And rightly too, who coolly dared Euripides to blame,
Most sapient bard.

STREPS. Most sapient bard! you, what's your fitting name?
[PHEIDIPPIDES *raises his hand as if to strike.*
Ah! but he'll pummel me again.

PHEID. He will: and justly too.

STREPS. What! justly, heartless villain! when 'twas I who nurtured you?
I knew your little lisping ways, how soon, you'd hardly think,
If you cried "bree!" I guessed your wants, and used to give you drink.
If you said "mamm!" I fetched you bread with fond discernment true,
And you could hardly say "Cacca!" when through the door I flew
And held you out at full arm's length your little needs to do:

But now when I was crying
That I with pain was dying,
You brute! you would not tarry
Me out of doors to carry,
But choking with despair
I've been and done it there.

CHOR. Sure all young hearts are palpitating now
To hear him plead,
Since if those lips with artful words avow
The daring deed,
And once a favoring verdict win,
A fig for every old man's skin.

O thou! who rakest up new thoughts with daring hands profane,
Try all you can, ingenious man, that verdict to obtain.
PHEID. How sweet it is these novel arts, these clever words to know,
And have the power established rules and laws to overthrow.
Why in old times when horses were my sole delight, 'twas wonder
If I could say a dozen words without some awful blunder!
But now that he has made me quit that reckless mode of living,
And I have been to subtle thoughts my whole attention giving,
I hope to prove by logic strict 'tis right to beat my father.
STREPS. O! buy your horses back, by Zeus, since I would ten times rather
Have to support a four-in-hand, so I be struck no more.
PHEID. Peace. I will now resume the thread where I broke off before.
And first I ask: when I was young, did you not strike me then?
STREPS. Yea: for I loved and cherished you.
PHEID. Well solve me this again,
Is it not just that I your son should cherish you alike,
And strike you, since, as you observe, to cherish means to strike?
What! must my body needs be scourged and pounded black and blue
And yours be scathless? Was not I as much freeborn as you?
Children are whipped, and shall not sires be whipped?'[1]
Perhaps you'll urge that children's minds alone are taught by blows:—
Well: Age is Second Childhood then: that everybody knows.
And as by old experience Age should guide its steps more clearly,
So when they err, they surely should be punished more severely.
STREPS. But Law goes everywhere for me: deny it, if you can.
PHEID. Well was not he who made the law, a man, a mortal man,

[1] A parody of a line from the Alcestis of Euripides.

As you or I, who in old times talked over all the crowd?
And think you that to you or me the same is not allowed
To change it, so that sons by blows should keep their fathers steady?
Still, we'll be liberal, and blows which we've received already
We will forget, we'll have no ex-post-facto legislation.
—Look at the game-cocks, look at all the animal creation,
Do not *they* beat their parents? Ay: I say then, that in fact
They are as we, except that they no special laws enact.

STREPS. Why don't you then, if always where the game-cock leads you follow,
Ascend your perch to roost at night, and dirt and ordure swallow?

PHEID. The case is different there, old man, as Socrates would see.

STREPS. Well then you'll blame yourself at last, if you keep striking me.

PHEID. How so?

STREPS. Why, if it's right for me to punish you my son,
You can, if you have got one, yours.

PHEID. Ay, but suppose I've none.
Then having gulled me you will die, while I've been flogged in vain.

STREPS. Good friends! I really think he has some reason to complain.
I must concede he's put the case in quite a novel light:
I really think we should be flogged unless we act aright!

PHEID. Look to a fresh idea then.

STREPS. He'll be my death I vow.

PHEID. Yet, then perhaps you will not grudge ev'n what you suffer now.

STREPS. How! will you make me like the blows which I've received to-day?

PHEID. Yes, for I'll beat my mother too.

STREPS. What! What is that you say!
Why this is worse than all.

PHEID. But what, if as I proved the other

By the same Logic I can prove 'tis right to beat my mother?

STREPS. Ay! what indeed! if this you plead,
If this you think to win,
Why then, for all I care, you may
To the Accursed Gulf convey
Yourself with all your learning new,
Your master, and your Logic too,
And tumble headlong in.

O Clouds! O Clouds! I owe all this to you!
Why did I let you manage my affairs!

CHOR. Nay, nay, old man, you owe it to yourself.
Why didst thou turn to wicked practices?

STREPS. Ah, but ye should have asked me that before,
And not have spurred a poor old fool to evil.

CHOR. Such is our plan. We find a man
On evil thoughts intent,
Guide him along to shame and wrong,
Then leave him to repent.

STREPS. Hard words, alas! yet not more hard than just,
It was not right unfairly to keep back
The money that I borrowed. Come, my darling,
Come and destroy that filthy Chærephon
And Socrates; for they've deceived us both!

PHEID. No. I will lift no hand against my Tutors.

STREPS. Yes, do, come, reverence Paternal Zeus.

PHEID. Look there! Paternal Zeus! what an old fool.
Is there a Zeus?

STREPS. There is.

PHEID. There is *no* Zeus.
Young Vortex reigns, and he has turned out Zeus.

STREPS. No Vortex reigns: no vortices! no eddies!
'Twas I was such a-n-eddy. Fool that I was,
To think a piece of earthenware a God.[1]

---

[1] Strepsiades seems to have set up at his house-gate a large round jar in place of the statue of Hermes, a "goblet" for a "godlet." The Greek word *dinos* means both "eddy" (or Vortex, which Socrates had taught Strepsiades was the principle of the universe) and "jar." This tutelary Vortex-jar, set up by an "emancipated mind" in mock-

PHEID. Well rave away, talk nonsense to yourself. [*Exit.*

STREPS. O! fool, fool, fool, how mad I must have been
To cast away the Gods, for Socrates.
Yet, Hermes, gracious Hermes, be not angry
Nor crush me utterly, but look with mercy
On faults to which his idle talk hath led me.
And lend thy counsel; tell me, had I better
Plague them with lawsuits, or how else annoy them.

[*He puts his ear to the mouth of the Hermes, and affects to listen.*]

Good: your advice is good: I'll have no lawsuits,
I'll go at once and set their house on fire,
The prating rascals. Here, here, Xanthias,
Quick, quick here, bring your ladder and your pitchfork,
Climb to the roof of their vile thinking-house,
Dig at their tiles, dig stoutly an' thou lovest me,
Tumble the very house about their ears.
And some one fetch me here a lighted torch,
And I'll soon see if, boasters as they are,
They won't repent of what they've done to me.

[*Servants come out with pitchfork, pick, torch, and ladder. Mounting the roof of the School with pick and torch,* STREPSIADES *sets fire to the thatch. The* STUDENTS *within swarm out.*]

STUDENT 1. O dear! O dear!

STREPS. Now, now, my torch, send out a lusty flame.

STUD. 1. Man! what are you at there?

STREPS. What am I at? I'll tell you—
I'm splitting straws with your house-rafters here.

STUD. 2. Oh me! who's been and set our house on fire?

STREPS. Who was it, think you, that you stole the cloke from?

STUD. 3. O Murder! Murder!

STREPS. That's the very thing,
Unless this pick prove traitor to my hopes

---

ery, he now smashes, and puts again in its place the Hermes, which he had cast to the ground.

— PROF. S. R. WINANS.

Or I fall down, and break my blessed neck.
[SOCRATES *and* CHÆREPHON *stick their heads out of the windows.*]

SOCR. Hollo! what are you at, upon our roof?

STREPS. I walk on air, and contem-plate the Sun.

SOCR. O! I shall suffocate. O dear! O dear!

CHÆREPHON. And I, poor devil, shall be burnt to death.

STREPS. For with what aim did ye insult the Gods,
And pry around the dwellings of the Moon?
[*To his* SERVANTS, *who beat* SOCRATES *and* CHÆREPHON *back from the windows into the burning house.*]
Strike, smite them, spare them not, for many reasons,
BUT MOST BECAUSE THEY HAVE BLASPHEMED THE GODS!

CHOR. Lead out of the way: for I think we may say
We have acted our part pretty middling to-day.

FRAGMENTS

OF THE

COMIC DRAMATISTS

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY F. A. PALEY, LL.D.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION UPON

THE OLD, THE MIDDLE, AND THE NEW COMEDY

INTRODUCTION

THE OLD, THE MIDDLE, AND THE NEW COMEDY

COMEDY, which means the Village Song, was, as its name indicates, of popular origin. In its first form it was of the "knock-about" or "slap-stick" variety, the characters indulging in coarse joking and in scurrilous abuse. It did not arrive at literary form until tragedy had been thoroughly developed, thus affording comedy a model for finished production. This evolution took place at Athens during the Persian wars, when comedy was recognized by the state as a legitimate order of drama. Like the tragedies, the comedies were performed at the two great yearly festivals of Dionysus. On each occasion five poets contended for the prizes.

The first stage of the art, that known as the Old Comedy, was inaugurated by CRATES, who flourished in the early part of the fifth century, B.C. While retaining its quality of abuse, he directed this into political channels where it possessed a more or less legitimate reason for existence.

His elder contemporary, but later writer, CRATINUS, born in B.C. 519, made this political significance the distinctive characteristic of comedy. His first recorded play, the Archilochi, was produced about 448 B.C., when the author was in his seventy-first year. Soon after this (B.C. 440), comedy became so virulent in its personal abuse that it was put down by law. However, the decree against it was repealed three years later. Thereafter Cratinus won three victories in the dramatic contests. In B.C. 425 and 426, when he was ninety-four and ninety-five years of age, he successively won second prize with The Cheimazomeni, and The Satyri respectively. Aristophanes, who won the first prize each time, was ungenerous enough to hint at his rival's dotage and drunkenness in his play in the second contest, and Cratinus bent all his energies to defeat him the next year. This he accomplished with The

Flagon (or Bottle), which turned upon Aristophanes's insinuations against him. Aristophanes, who contested with the play afterwards recognized as his best, The Clouds, was sufficiently humbled, coming out third in the contest. Cratinus, though notoriously intemperate, lived until he was ninety-seven. In all he wrote thirty-eight comedies, of which only a few fragments remain. He directed his satires chiefly against fraud in the public service and profligacy in private life.

Aristophanes was the great master not only of the Old Comedy, but of the form in general. For an account of him and his work the reader is referred to the introduction to the preceding play. It will suffice to say here that he introduced wit of the highest order into comedy, and, especially in the choruses, exceeded even the tragic dramatists in literary form and lyric beauty.

Eupolis, his younger contemporary (born at Athens about b.c. 446), had more of the characteristics of Cratinus. He wrote at least twenty comedies, of which only fragments remain. In b.c. 425 he won third prize with his Noumeniæ, Aristophanes taking the first and Cratinus the second. Aristophanes was on bad terms with him, because he made scurrilous jokes in his plays on Aristophanes's baldness. Eupolis was a bold and severe satirist of the vices of his time. In his Lacedæmonians he charged Cimon, the Athenian general, with unpatriotic leanings toward everything Spartan; Plutarch says this charge made a profound impression on the public. Eupolis praised Pericles, and received from him unlimited license of speech. He lampooned Alcibiades, who, it is said, contrived the comedian's death in revenge, causing him to be thrown overboard in the expedition to Sicily. But this is an error according to Pausanias, who speaks of the Sicyonians erecting his tomb on the banks of the Asopus.

Among the other playwrights of the Old Comedy may be mentioned Pherecrates, Hermippus, Teleclides, Phrynichus, Ameipsias, Plato Comicus, and Theopompus.

The Old Comedy came to an end with the withdrawal of state aid in the production of the plays during the lean years which followed the disastrous result of the Peloponnesian War. Another reason for its demise was the downfall of

the democracy at that time, and the rise of the aristocracy, which did not permit the ancient license of abuse of the ruling powers.

In its place arose the Middle Comedy, a modification of the Old Comedy, in that the expensive chorus was omitted, and politics were carefully avoided, the authors directing their satire at the typical failings of mankind, and burlesquing the tragedies, which had grown insufferably solemn and stilted, and mythology, the absurdities of which were becoming more and more recognized. This form of comedy was most prolific, more than eight hundred plays having survived until the second century A.D. The most celebrated writers of this stage were ALEXIS, of Thurii, ANTIPHANES, of Athens, EUBULUS, of Athens, and ANAXANDRIDES, of Rhodes.

Gradually the Middle Comedy developed into the New Comedy, a form that is similar to the modern society play, possessing plot, delineation of character, and witty dialogue. The plots, almost without exception, turned upon love intrigues; the stock characters were young men in love, fathers, either of the easy-going or storming variety, who were tricked by the sons, clever slaves who aided in the trickery, parasites, panders, courtesans, bragging soldiers, and the like.

Like the plays of the Middle Comedy but a few fragments of the New survive, although the essence of several complete plays may be found in adaptations of them by the Latin comic dramatists, Plautus and Terence. The New Comedy lasted from about 330 B.C. until the middle of the third century, A.D.

The chief representative of the New Comedy was MENANDER. He was born at Athens B.C. 342 of a distinguished and wealthy family, and received a thorough education; he was a pupil of Epicurus. His uncle ALEXIS taught him dramatic composition, and at the age of twenty he blossomed out as a dramatist. He wrote over a hundred plays, but was victorious only eight times, his chief competitor being the popular PHILEMON. He was facile in every department of dramatic writing, invention and construction of plot, delineation of character, and witty and graceful dialogue. He wrote many maxims based on a thorough knowledge of the world, which have been preserved in the anthologies. Not one of his plays have sur-

vived, except in fragments (of which we have about 1,200), and adaptations by the Latin dramatists, who made copious use of the originals for this purpose. His most popular play was Thais, a line of which is quoted by St. Paul (1 Cor. xv. 33). At the height of his productivity he was drowned while sea bathing at the age of fifty-two.

The ancients esteemed Menander very highly. Quintilian wrote: "From Menander's mold issued every human type." Aristophanes of Byzantium penned the epigram: "O Menander! O Life! Which of you copied the other?" Ovid said: "Each play has its love story; that is why they are read by all the boys and girls of Rome." His realism Menander caught from Euripides. The use of love as a literary *motif* was original with himself. Indeed, he developed it so thoroughly that the comedy of intrigue of the present day follows essentially the lines he laid down for it. His characters, too, have been stock ones with the writers of comedy ever since his day. Thus his Braggart Soldier was taken over bodily by both Plautus and Terence, the Latins, and through this medium, became the model of the Pistol and Parolles of Shakespeare.

Until recently we had no whole scenes from which we might judge these qualities for ourselves. In 1898, however, there was published a papyrus fragment (called the Geneva Fragment), of a comedy of his, called *Georgos* [The Countryman]. We present a translation of this by Bernard P. Grenfell, and Arthur S. Hunt, two Oxford scholars, in the following pages among other fragments of Menander's plays.

More fragments of Menander were discovered in the same year, together with a number of fragments of other authors, such as Sappho, in rubbish heaps at Oxyrhynchus, a little town about 120 miles south of Cairo. These so-called Oxyrhynchus Papyri, as well as others found in Egypt in 1906 by M. Lefebre, are very much mutilated, and the reconstructions which various scholars have made of them, especially the fragments of Menander, differ considerably. Portions of *Kolax,* [The Flatterer], on which the Latin dramatist Terence based his Eunuch, and of a play called The Girl with the Short Hair [Perikeiromene], were among the Oxyrhynchus Papyri, and the

fragments unearthed by M. Lefebre belong to two other plays.

Other important dramatists of the New Comedy were DIPHILUS, PHILEMON, PHILIPPIDES, POSIDIPPUS, and APOLLODORUS OF CARYSTUS.

The fragments of the comic dramatists which are extant have come down to us chiefly in the work of ATHENÆUS called Deipnosophistæ, or the Banquet of the Learned. Athenæus was a native of Naucratis in Egypt, who lived at Alexandria from A.D. 170 to A.D. 230. Then he went to Rome where he wrote his Banquet in fifteen books, most of which survive. This work is our only source of information concerning many phases of ancient life, and many ancient writings. It reveals extraordinary learning on the part of the author, containing extracts from more than 1,500 works, most of which would otherwise have been lost, by more than 700 writers. The book is in the form of a conversation between a rich Roman antiquarian and learned men of the time, such as Galen, the physician, and Ulpian, the jurist. They talk of a wide range of subjects connected with the life of the day, extending from literature and art to cookery. It is in connection with cookery that many extracts from the comic dramatists, especially of the Middle Comedy, appear.

The following translations, with a few exceptions which are noted, have been made by F. A. Paley, LL.D. The titles have been given by the managing editor. For convenience of reference the selections are arranged in the alphabetical order of the authors, without regard to whether these belong to the Old, Middle, or New Comedy—such distinction not being apparent in either subject or literary style of mere fragments.

THE COMIC DRAMATISTS

FRAGMENTS

ALEXIS

The uncle of Menander, and one of the most prolific and important writers of the Middle Attic Comedy. He was born at Thurii, in Lower Italy, B.C. 392, and is said to have lived to the age of one hundred and six years, and to have died with the crown of victory on his head. Some two hundred and forty-five plays are attributed to him, fragments of which are still extant. His poems display both wit and elegance, as indicated by the following specimens.

Lovers not Love to Blame

Your Sophists say, it is not Love almighty
That roams on wings, but *lovers* that are flighty.
Love wrongly bears the blame; 'twas one who knew
Nought of his ways who first winged Cupids drew.

Meat Eating

"Flesh that hath life eat not," Pythagoras said.
I don't: those big fish from the shop were dead.
I eat fat lamb,—but not alive, of course;
Baked liver too is sometimes a resource.
If voice or life in collops can be shown,
Then I'm a cannibal, I'm bound to own.

A Comparison

In wine and man this difference appears:
The old man bores you, but the old wine cheers.
Men do not, like your wine, improve by age;
The more their years, the less their ways engage.

A Comparison

Man is most like new wine; froth, gas, and bubble
In time subside and cease to give us trouble.

The crisis past, the ferment turned to scum,
The heat evolved in working overcome,
When wine and man their quiet states regain,
Both pleasant are, both pleasant will remain.

The Triumph of Fish

Living and dead the monsters of the deep
As foes to man their evil influence keep.
A boat's capsized: a shark is close, and swallows
The wretch who helpless in the breakers wallows.
He's caught by fish; but when they're caught by us,
Dead though they be, they put us in a fuss:
So dear are they to buy, we've lost our all
If once we stop to higgle at a stall.

The Happy Life

I may be wrong, *my* view of life is this:
Mere craze are those pursuits which some call bliss.
Life is a visit to another sphere,
A change to brightness and to pleasure here
From death and darkness, social joys to share,
While mutual ties and friendships can ensnare.
Who laughs and drinks, and Love's feasts has not lost,
Goes back, and has enjoyed his visit most.

Dancing Debauchees

The custom holds in Athens the divine
For guests to dance at the mere sniff of wine.
B. Dear me! that's bad.
A. You'd say so, if you went
And joined a company on drink intent.
In *quite* young men perhaps 'tis not so bad;
Some pleasure from their movements may be had;
But that old wizard Thody[1] to see skipping,
With that lewd scamp with hand in each dish dipping,[2]
With leer affected his white vest adjusting,—
To see *their* antics really is disgusting!

[1] Theodotus.

[2] *i.e.*, the parasite (nameless).

Such dancing dummies I should like to take,
And make them sit upright upon a stake.

The Uninvited Guest

Old Chaerephon some trick is always trying,
As now, to dine without his share supplying,[1]
Early he goes to shops which cooks beset,
To whom by contract crockery is let,
And when he sees one choosing dishes, "Say,"
He cries, "what house do *you* cook for to-day?"
So, when the door's left gaping, he contrives
To slip in as the first guest that arrives.

ANAXANDRIDES

A poet of Rhodes who flourished about B.C. 376. He was a dramatist of the Middle Comedy. He was the first to make love affairs the theme of comedy, and his plays are characterized by sprightliness and humor. Only fragments of them remain.

Wealth Before Beauty

He who composed the ditty, "Health is best,
Good looks come next, then money," and the rest,
Right in the first, in the other two was wrong.
None but a madman could have made that song!
Next after "health" comes "wealth"; your handsome face,
When pinched by famine, loses all its grace.

In Praise of Fish

Painters the eye to please aspire;
Hung up, their art we all admire.
Not so the fisherman's; *his* skill
Is prized in many a toothsome grill
On charger to the feast despatched,
Or hissing from the gridiron snatched.
What other art young men will turn
So eagerly their mouths to burn,

[1] Athenian dinner-parties were often like our pic-nics, each guest bringing his contribution to the meal.

Or set more fingers morsels ramming,
When hasty swallowing makes a jamming?
How many banquets must depend
On prime fish that the markets send?
What guest will dine with you who finds
The shops show none but common kinds?
Good-looking lads you coax in vain
By words, or try by spells to gain,
Unless the fisher's art comes in,
And "boiled cod's head" consent should **win!**
'Tis that which opens wide the gate
To mouths that for a dinner wait,
And empty-handed[1] men are able
To share the pleasures of the table.

To a Pythagorean[2]

I CANNOT help you, really! in our ways,
Practice, and laws such difference each displays.
You worship cows; I at the altar slay them:
Eels you adore, and highest honours pay them;
We pay still greater honour to eel pies!
You won't eat pig, while pork *I* don't despise:
A dog *you* reverence; *I* beat and thump
When from my steak he carries off a lump:
You see a cat in torture, in a minute
Tears flow; well, I delight to kill and skin it:
A shrew-mouse, I'm assured, it is your wont
To say your prayers to; on my word, *I don't!*

Single Blessedness

A MAN who doubts if he should marry,
Or thinks he has good cause to tarry,
Is foolish if he takes a wife,
The source of half the plagues in life!
A poor man to a rich wife sold
Exchanges liberty for gold.

---

[1] Without bringing their contribution to the feast.
[2] The Pythagoreans were vegetarians and humanitarians.

If she has nothing, then, 'tis true,
There is a different ill to rue;
For now he has, with all his need,
Two mouths instead of one to feed.
Perhaps she's ugly; married life
Thenceforth is never-ending strife!
Perhaps she's pretty; then *your* boast
Is made by all your friends their toast.
Does ugly, handsome, poor, or rich,
Bring most ill luck?—I know not which.

"Back to Mother's"

One course in life there is that's hard to roam,
Back from a husband's to a father's home;
And every decent wife should fear to tread it;
The "homeing heat" wins nothing but discredit.

ANAXILAS

To a Timid Friend

What! move your goods because you fear attack!
So the snail moves his house upon his back.

ANTIPHANES

A comic dramatist of Asia Minor, born of servile parents B.C. 408. He composed over three hundred plays. He was so popular with the Athenians that on his death in Chios his remains were removed to Athens and interred with public honors.

Not Dead, but Gone Before

Weep not, though loss of friends be sore;
They are not dead, but gone before,
Gone by the road which all must tread;
And when we follow those who led,
To the same bourn we too shall come,
To share with them a common home.

Women and Wine

Wives are bad property, I'd have you know,—
Except in countries where grapes do not grow.

The Parasite

The parasite who shares your luck and table
Prays that to feed him you may long be able!
Not jealous he, nor envious of good living,
So long as you a share to *him* are giving!
A hearty friend, and safe, and not pugnacious,
Meek, patient at a snub, at jokes sagacious,
Loving and laughing, merry in his manner,
Glad e'en to fight—under a rich man's banner!

On Dieting

None ever die who wish; 'tis those that gloat
On life that Charon hurries to his boat,
Seized by the leg, dragged off against their will,
E'en while of food and drink they take their fill.
Those who to immortality aspire
Short fare soon serves to cure of their desire.

On Wasting Water

I have a vintner near who keeps a shop,
The only man who, when I want a drop,
Mixes my grog to suit my special taste;
Not neat,—nor letting water run to waste.

Old Age

Old age, how all men pray for thee! and yet
When old age comes, how soon that prayer forget!
A dreary burthen is that length of days
Which wise men shun, the foolish only praise.

Huckster Cries

Strange in the fishmarket the crier's call,
"Sprats, sweet as honey, here! Smell, taste, come all!"
Is't so? The honey-sellers then, methinks,
Should cry, "Fine honey here! like sprats it stinks!"

The Fun-Maker's Trade

No trade more pleasant is, no art,
Than ours who play the flatterer's part.
The painter overworked gets cross,
Your farmer learns his risk by loss;
While care and pains each workman takes,
"Laugh and get fat" *our* motto makes.
Fun, laughter, banter, drink, I hold
Are life's chief pleasures—next to gold.

The Odor of Sanctity

Nothing has Egypt's cunning better shown
Than making *eels* a worship of its own.
Of Egypt's piety one striking feature
Is, that no god they honour like this creature.
By prayers we get from heaven all we ask;
To get an *eel* as cheap would be a task!
Such special holiness it has, 'tis well
If you can buy for half-a crown *the smell!*

The Riches of the Wind

Though profits large to rich shipowners fall,
The wind it is that really owns it all.

Art in Pottery

A. Here, take a drink.
B. I can't refuse a trial;
A well-shaped beaker this, there's no denial,
A credit to the maker and the dinner!
But where I lately dined, as I'm a sinner!
I'd no such generous host as *you* to thank,
While from small clayen crocks our wine we drank.
From *your* designer what I like I've got:
Bless him for making such a shapely pot!

A Stiff Price

I used to think Medusa's head a fable;
But when I go to market, well I'm able

To think it true. While there I stroll alone,
The sight of fishmongers turns me to stone!
So, if I want some fish, I turn away,
And ask, with head averted, "What's to pay?"
The slice I want indeed is far from large;
Yet I feel stiff at the huge price they charge.

The Author's Character in Similitudes

You know my way; no nonsense is there in it.
To help a friend I'm ready any minute;
To stand thumps I'm an anvil; blows to deal
A thunderbolt that stuns you with its peal;
A lightning flash the dazzled eye to blind;
A noose to choke; to snatch away, a wind;
An earthquake's shock, dislodging bar and pin,
A door to open; to come bouncing in,
A grasshopper; to dine without invite,
A fly; a well, to sink you out of sight;
To murder, strangle, be your witness, do
Whatever's bid, without reluctance too,
Be what it may! So by the young I'm called
A "son of thunder." But I'm not appalled
By their vain jokes and scoffs; to serve a friend
In word and deed I always make *my* end.

Expenses

Nothing is *really* safe: nay, do not wonder.
You think your goods secure; no greater blunder.
Here's "income-tax," who calls to strip you bare;
Costs of a lawsuit take another share;
A captaincy brings debts; or you've been chosen[1]
To buy fine robes for actors by the dozen,
And so wear rags yourself; to fit a galley
You're named:[2] go, hang at once! no need to dally.
Suppose you sail; your ship is made a prize;
Your walk, your slumber, treacherous slaves surprise;

[1] *viz.* as "choragus," an expensive theatrical office imposed on the wealthier class.

[2] *i.e.,* nominated as "trierarch," also a costly public burden.

In fact, there's *nothing* safe! Good cheer alone
That each day brings seems certainly your own.
Yet even that to affirm I'm hardly able;
Some thief *may* come and carry off your table!
Your food alone is *quite* safe when you pull it
Between your teeth right down into the gullet!

An Ingenious Fan

A. Did you stay long in Cyprus?
B. All the while
The war went on.
A. And where did you beguile
The weary time? Tell me.
B. At Paphos; there
A most refined contrivance filled the air
With wondrous fragrance!
A. How was that?
B. The king
Was fanned at dinner by the flapping wing
Of many a dove: no courtier at his side
The grateful coolness to his seat supplied.
A. How was it? how? for this I fain would hear.
All other subjects now may disappear.
B. He used a special scent, from Syria brought,
Made of a fruit by flocks of pigeons sought.
Drawn by the smell they flew in numbers round,
Perched on his head, or lighted on the ground,
While boys sat by to scare them: thus they flew
Up here, down there, not far, and perched anew,
And so created, as they moved along,
A breeze just suiting him, and not too strong.

Reward of Virtue

"True virtue serves a friend, nor looks for pay."
B. Then Tithymallus will be rich some day:
Oft, "without pay," he dined upon his friends;
For such kind thought they'll make him good amends.

Gone Over

Married? He's done for! Ah! I had misgiving.
And yet I only lately left him living.

The True Use of Wealth

Why should we pray that Heaven may riches send,
But to have means and will to help a friend,
And sow the seeds which on another's part
That sweetest crop will yield, a grateful heart?
We all can feel the pleasures of the table,
But to make starving cease we are not able
By our fine dinners.

Truth in Liquor and Love

Two states there are that we can always prove,—
If one's in liquor, and if one's in love.
Both words and looks these two conditions show;
By these if the denial's false we know.

On Woman's Truthfulness

One single thing I trust a woman saying,
To other statements no attention paying:
"When I am dead, I won't return to grieve you."
Till death takes place, in naught else I'll believe you.

Publicity

What! when you court concealment, will you tell
The matter to a woman? Just as well
Tell all the criers in the public squares!
'Tis hard to say which of them louder blares.

A Comparison

Wealth, like the quacks who sore eyes seeing find,
Takes us clear-sighted, but it leaves us blind.

Life and Wine

Life's just like wine: when little yet remains,
Sour it becomes; and all the aches and pains
That flesh is heir to in old age combine,
And fast in chains our energies confine.

Inconsistency

You taunt me with old age, and say 'tis bad.
To escape means death; the price to pay is high!
This privilege men always wish they had,
And yet abuse it most ungratefully.

Old Blood is Cold

Do old men ever guzzle all their wealth,
Spend it in wantonness, or keep by stealth
A mistress, or to knock at doors make bold?
Sad, to be sober just because you're old!

APOLLODORUS OF CARYSTUS

A poet of the New Comedy who flourished about B.C. 300. He wrote forty-seven plays and was victorious in five dramatic contests. The Roman dramatist, Terence, borrowed from him the plots of Phormio and Hecyra.

Conformity

Sweet is a life apart from toil and care;
Blessed lot, with others such repose to share!
But if with beasts and apes you have to do,
Why, *you* must play the brute and monkey too!

The Point of View

In youth I felt for the untimely doom
Of offspring carried to an early tomb.
But now I weep when old men's death I see.
That moved my pity; this comes home *to me.*

An Unfair Advantage

Seek not, my son, an old man's ways to spurn;
To these in old age you yourself will turn.
Herein we fathers lose a point you gain;
When you of "father's cruelty" complain,
"*You* once were young," we tauntingly are told.
We can't retort, "My son, you once were old."

Fear of Death

I am no coward; if I think to die
The better course, the better course I'll try.

Luck Wasted

Luck with unlucky persons should not dwell;
Here's one who's wealthy, and who might live well:
If he does not, Dame Fortune he may blame;
If he is unlucky, she is just the same.

Riches Take Wings

You trust to *money,* father! You should know,
With times and seasons riches come and go.

ARISTOPHON

The Second Marriage

Bad luck to him who *second* came to wed!
The first I blame not; home a wife he led
Not knowing what a curse a wife might prove,
What deadly feuds oft spring from miscalled love.
But he who married next, in haste unwise
Rushed to his fate with fully opened eyes.

AXIONICUS

The Parasite

When first I played the parasite at table,
Being young, to stand rough treatment I was able,
Hard blows from fists, hard peltings with the platters,
Hurled bones that bruise, and every bolt that batters.
Sometimes eight wounds upon me I could show!
Not all in vain; for better now I know.
Of dining out I've given up the pleasure,
And found a dodge that's turned out quite a treasure.[1]
When that old Gradgrind at me snarls and snaps,
I'm none the worse for saying, "True, perhaps."

[1] *Viz.* to become flatterer and complaisant friend in place of parasite.

When other rogues of their own virtues dream,
I stoop to praise; their virtues are my theme.
And in return, of course, I look for pay;
For such my nature is, and such my way.
And if I dine to-morrow off cold mutton,
To-day well feasted,—I don't care a button.

On Euripides

Euripides they both admire,
And say his strains are full of fire.
All other music, on my life!
They think mere squeakings of a fife.

CRATINUS

[See Introduction]

On a Too Prolific Poet

Apollo, of fine verses here's a gush!
They come, like springs and fountains, with a rush.
A river's in his windpipe! Turn the tap;
This spouting, if not stopped, will cause some dire mishap.

A Cure for an Inebriate

How can one stop him from this thirst for drink?
How *can* one? Well, I've found a way, I think.
For every cup and every mug I'll smash,
His flasks and pitchers into fragments dash,
Shiver all kinds of pots that come to table,
And not one crock to keep shall he be able.

CLEARCHUS

The Morning After

If daily drinkers felt the headache first,
Before the tasting, few would feel athirst!
But now, alas! comes pleasure first, then pain,
Too late to teach that Abstinence is gain.

DIPHILUS

A poet of the New Attic Comedy, a native of Sinope, and contemporary of Menander. He was one of the most gifted and prolific poets of his age. He wrote about one hundred plays, of which we have the titles and fragments of about fifty. Plautus modelled his Casina and Rudens on two plays of Diphilus, and Terence took scenes from another for his Adelphœ. Most of the passages that remain relate to cookery.

Burdens

Learn, mortal, learn thy natural ills to bear:
These, these alone thou *must* endure; but spare
A heavier load upon thyself to bring
By burdens that from thine own follies spring.

Watching the Smoke

When I am asked by some rich man to dine,
I mark not if the walls and roofs are fine,
Nor if the vases such as Corinth prizes,—
But *solely* how the smoke from cooking rises.
If dense it runs up in a column straight,
With fluttering heart the dinner-hour I wait.
If, thin and scant, the smoke-puffs sideway steal,
Then I forebode a thin and scanty meal.

Death the Physician

There is no life that hath not many an ill,
Griefs, losses, cares, disease, new torments still,
From which death only, that physician blest,
Sets free the sufferer and gives him rest.

A Clock Stopper

So plain is she, her father shuns the sight:
She holds out bread; no dog will take a bite.
So dark is she, that entering a room
Night seems to follow her, and all is gloom.

EPICRATES

An Athenian writer of the Middle Comedy.

The Pumpkin

A. What does Plato pursue? what does Menedeme do?
What wondrous device has Speusippus in view?
Have they found, have they caught, any truth, any thought,
Any subtle design in their brains to be wrought?
I command you, I pray, I beseech you obey,
And tell me: that is, if you're able to say.

B. O yes, I can tell the tale very well.
For when I was by at our festival high
A troop of these youngsters I chanced to descry,
Wrapt deep in some theme, in the fair Academe;
And their language I heard, most strange and absurd;
They were testing, I saw, some Physical law;
So it was; for they tried the world to divide,
Into beasts, into trees, into pot-herbs beside;
And then they must see in which of the three
That wonderful thing called a Pumpkin would be.

A. O what did their wit decide upon it?
O tell me what passed; in what genus 'twas classed;
And what they agreed to define it at last.

B. O first they said nought, but in diligent thought,
As they stood in a row, stooping down very low,
To fix their attention they strove and they sought;
And in study profound they bent to the ground,
Till one of them deemed the solution was found,
And lifting his head, *'Tis a pot-herb,* he said;
But another I heard say, *'Tis grass;* and a third,
It seemeth to me that a pumpkin's a tree.
At this answer profound one who stood on the ground,
A doctor from Sicily, slowly turned round,
And with gestures unclean did an action obscene,
In contempt of the fools, and their rules, and their schools.

A. O surely their ire at the insult took fire,
And their spirits blazed out with a cry and a shout!
Sure, sure, it was wrong, and impudent too,
Such sages among, such a deed for to do.

B. O but They did not heed, those youngsters, the deed.
For Plato was there, and with a mild air
Nothing angry or nettled he bade them proceed,
Taking up the same line, to divide, to define;
So he bade them, and They divided away,
And for ought that I know they are there to this day.

— *Translated by* Benjamin Bickley Rogers.

EUBULUS

A comic dramatist of Athens who flourished about B.C. 375. He wrote 104 plays in the style both of the Old and Middle Comedies. Only fragments of his works remain.

Love as Incubus

He who first drew or modelled Love with wings
Might paint a swallow; but how many things
In Love are different from a bird! Not light
To him who bears the weight, nor quick in flight,
Unmoved the imp upon his shoulders sits.
How can a thing have *wings* that never flits?

The Stages of Intoxication

For sober folk three bowls alone I mix,
For health, cheer, sleep; the order thus I fix.
The first they toss off; *that's* for stomach's sake.
The next, for love and pleasure, all may take.
The third, the few who are with wisdom blessed;
It sends them home to bed, to take their rest.
The fourth's no longer *mine:* 'tis "drinkers' bowl."
A fifth they call for; then they shout and howl.
The sixth sends forth the party for a lark.
The seventh, to fight and bear the drunkard's mark.
Law-suits the eighth. The ninth breeds furious talking;
The tenth, to rave and lose the power of walking.

Small though the bowl, much wine, if poured in neat,
The head at first affects, and last the feet.

EUPHRON

Flourished B.C. 280.

Human Life

Tell me, all-judging Jove, if this be fair,
To make so short a life so full of care?

— *Translated by* Cumberland.

Perjury

Wretch! find new gods to witness to new lies,
Thy perjuries have made the old too wise.

— *Translated by* Cumberland.

A Clever Chef

I was a pupil of Soterides;
King Nicomedes[1] he first learnt to please,
Who longed for *fish* when no fish could be had;
The sea was miles away, the season bad,
Yet he *would* dine off whiting! So at table
Whiting to serve that cunning *chef* proved able.
"What, *whiting?*" cried the guests. How did he do it?
He got a juicy turnip, and to stew it
In long thin strips, cut into shape like fish,
With salt and oil, essayed, twelve to the dish.
Thus served, in black seeds of the poppy drenched,
That Scythian passion for "fresh fish" it quenched,
King Nicomedes and his friends inviting
To praise the flavour of a turnip-whiting!
Your true cook differs nothing from a poet;
For both have mind, and both—make it their trade to show it.

EUPOLIS

[See Introduction]

On Pericles

A statesman, who in speaking all surpassed
And far out-distanced like a runner fast.

[1] King of Bithynia.

Once past them, none could catch him; "yards a-head
His word-flow keeps," in all debates 'twas said.
Not merely eloquence, but more, a charm
Sat on his lips, wild passions to disarm.
The only man who could the influence bring
To make men *feel*,—and leave behind the sting.

Young Dandy, Old Slouch

Unwashed, unkempt, in shabby cloak arrayed,
Behold the man who erst fine robes displayed!
Our prig, when young, paid five pounds for a shirt;
But now he wears five hundred pounds of dirt!

HEGESIPPUS

Epitaph on a Good Man

Hermes leads good men from the pyre, they say,
To Rhadamanthus, by the right-hand way;[1]
Which Aristonöus, not unwept, has trod
To all-compelling Pluto's wide abode.

— *Translated by* Lord Neaves.

The Epicure

Say, Epicurus, what does man most prize?
"Pleasure." Well said, most learned and most wise!
No greater good than *eating* can one find,
Where Good and Pleasure are in one combined.

Funeral Baked Meats

Talk of your *cooks!* why, when a funeral's over,
And lunch is called for, off I whisk my cover,
And such a stream arises from the pot,
That you would think their tears they'd all forgot;
For such a savoury odour fills the air,
As if a marriage-feast were stewing there.

---

[1] That is, to Elysium, the abode of blessed spirits; the left led to Tartarus, the abode of the damned.

HERMIPPUS

A poet of the Old Comedy. He who was a bitter enemy of Pericles, prosecuting his mistress Aspasia on the charge of Atheism. Only a few fragments of his dramas have been preserved. They reveal him as a remarkably clever satirist.

The Sun

Round in its form and rolling like a ball,
Aye moving, in itself containing all,[1]
And thence called *Round-about*, he gives us birth,
And runs his course to visit all the earth.
A ring no end and no beginning knows;
So day by day the year whirls on without repose.

Dragon Heart in Lamb Skin

Mild as a lamb you seem in voice and face;
But in your heart the dragon finds a place.

MENANDER

[See the Introduction]

Georgos

[The Countryman]

Scene: *Athens (?), the house of* Gorgias *on one side of the stage and that of* Myrrhine *on the other. The son of* Gorgias, *a young man, comes out of* Gorgias' *house and goes towards that of Myrrhine. Outside the door he stands hesitating and makes an explanatory speech. After relating his amour with a poor but free-born girl and his consequent difficult relations with her brother he concludes:—*

But while the youth was in the country, the event occurred which has ruined me during my absence at Corinth on some business. Returning at evening, I find a marriage in full preparation for me, the statues of the gods being crowned, my father sacrificing within. It is my father who is giving away the bride; for I have a half-sister on his side, who is being brought

[1] The Greek word for year sounds like the phrase "in itself."

up by his present wife. How to escape from this terrible plight I don't know. This is how I am placed. I have left the house without telling any one; but if I fled from the marriage, I should wrong dear . . . a, for flight would be a sin. I have been a long time hesitating to knock at the door, for I don't know whether the brother has yet come back from the country. I must take every precaution. Well, I will go away and reflect on this problem how I am to escape the marriage. [*Exit.*

[*Enter from* MYRRHINE'S *house* MYRRHINE, *the mother of the seduced girl, and* PHILINNA, *an old woman.*]

MYR. It is because I think you a kindly hearer of my story, Philinna, that I tell you all my trouble and my present plight.

PHIL. Yes, my dear; and by Core and Demeter, as I listen, I can hardly restrain myself from going to the door and calling that imposter out to tell him my opinion of him.

MYR. A truce to him, Philinna, for me.

PHIL. A truce to him? A plague on him, say I. Marrying, indeed, a scoundrel like that, after doing the girl a wrong!

MYR. Moderate your language. Here comes the servant Davus from the country. Let us step this way for a moment.

PHIL. Why, what does he matter to us?

MYR. It would really be best.

[*Enter* DAVUS, *the servant of* CLEAENETUS, *from the country.*]

DAV. No one tills a more righteous land than ours, I trow. See, it yields of its own accord myrtle, ivy, laurel . . . all these flowers, and if you sow anything else, it gives a just and fair return, not in excess, but measure for measure. [*Turning to the house of* GORGIAS.] Here, Syrus, take into the house all this load I am carrying. It is all for the wedding. Good day, Myrrhine!

MYR. Good day!

DAV. As I saw, honourable and respected lady, how you stand, I want to give you a taste of some good news—or rather some approaching good fortune if the gods will—and to be the first bearer of it. Cleaenetus, on whose estate your boy is working, while digging in the vineyard the other day, made a fine big gash in his leg.

MYR. Oh dear!

DAV. Courage, and hear me out. When the old man's wound was three days old a tumour broke out, he had an attack of fever, and was very ill indeed.

PHIL. Oh, confound you! Is that the good news you have come to tell us?

MYR. Hush, mother!

DAV. Then when he needed a friend's care, the servants and slaves cried with one accord, 'It is all over with him. We can do nothing but raise a long lament.' But your son, as though he thought Cleanetus was his own father, lifted him up, anointed him, washed his wound, brought him food, comforted him about the serious character of the case, indeed he has restored him to life by his devotion.

MYR. Brave boy!

DAV. And, by Zeus, well done Cleaenetus! Having thus recovered, while he kept quiet at home and rested from the spade and his hardships (so severe is the old man's way of life), he inquired into the youth's affairs.

MYR. Which?

DAV. He was not perhaps altogether unacquainted with some of the facts, and as the young man [sat beside him] and put in a word about his sister and you and . . . . . , Cleaenetus was seized by a natural impulse, and in his loneliness and old age, determined to show his gratitude for the boy's devotion, as on every account he was bound to do—in fact he has promised to marry the girl. That is the sum of the whole story. They will be here directly. Cleaenetus will go off to the country taking her with him, your [troubles] will be at an end . . . [nothing better] than to live where one will not have many spectators of one's misfortune. In such a case obscurity and solitude are a blessing. This is the good news which I wished to bring you. Now, farewell!

MYR. Farewell! [*Exit* DAVUS.

PHIL. What is the matter, my dear? Why do you walk up and down wringing your hands?

MYR. Why, Philinna? I don't know now what to do. Alas, who is to have the girl? Cleaenetus.

—*Translated by* GRENFELL *and* HUNT.

Poor Relations

Few poor men have relations; 'tis a task
To find the kinsmen of the class who ask.
For, once allow the claim, in troops they come,
With hat in hand, "Is Mr. A. at home?"

Mistaken Charity

Who taught the beggars' art, by alms to live,
To thousands lasting wretchedness did give.
For if in poverty in vain we try
Ourselves to keep, 'tis simpler far to die.

Quadruple Strength

That wine of yours to queer sensations leads!
I thought, this morning, I had got *four heads.*

Talebearing

Despise not idle gossip: some there are
Who strive to make bad worse; of such beware.

The Gentleman Farmer

My farm is "truly pious"! All such things
As please the gods in fruits or flowers it brings.
Most honest too; for barley when I sow,
It says, "Take back precisely what I owe."

An Omen

Save me, ye gods, from ill luck's stroke!
The latchet of my right shoe broke,
An evil omen! may it end
In good, and no new woe impend!
"Well, it was rotten; make no bother;
You were too mean to buy another."

Bountiful Earth

I would that he who eats up his estate
Might all his life be voyaging at sea.
So would he learn, dear mother Earth, how great
His folly, and how much he owes to thee.

On Time

"We dine—pray, mind! a little after noon,
Timed by the dial; do not cause delay."
Not to be late, he counted *by the moon,*
Set off at night, and came at break of day.

On Pretentions of Birth

Don't talk of birth and family; all those
Who have no natural worth on that repose.
Blue blood, grand pedigree, illustrious sires
He boasts of, who to nothing more aspires.
What use long ancestry your *pride* to call?
One must have had them to be born at all!
And those who have no pedigree to show,
Or who their grandsires were but scantly know,
From change of homes or lack of friends at need,
And so have lost all record of their breed,
Are not more "low-born" than your men of blood;
A nigger's well-born, if he makes for good!

Human Troubles

All brutes created,—count them if you can,—
More happy are and have more sense than man.
See! here's a donkey first; all say, Poor thing!
And yet no troubles from himself do spring.
He only bears the hard lot that nature gave;
But we besides self-centred evils have.
Should some one sneeze, we're vexed; if words are said
That sting, we're angry; a bad dream we dread;
A hooting owl will fill us with affright!
Such follies make not nature's burden light,
For thus we are weighted with imported ill;
Laws, strifes, and party views our cup of misery fill.

The Ills of Life

Take but the trouble, and you may succeed
In all you try for, and get all you need.

No doubt, your first desire is for wealth;
Well! there are ways to riches, wisdom, health.
Buy this, learn that, take food that suits: from brief
Alone, alas! you cannot find relief.
Not only thwarted hope our patience tries,
Our very blessings bring anxieties.

Envy

Young man, look round you, and mark well, I pray,
How each thing suffers by its own decay.
Rust spoils the iron, moths your garments fret,
E'en grubs destroy the timber they beset.
So envy, that worst canker, saps the heart
Diseased, and makes it play the low-bred part.
It kills, a secret prowler on our peace,
Has ever killed, to kill will never cease.

A Brother's Woe

If each not less severe on crime should be,
And thought my wrongs touched him as well as me;
If all indignant were, and took a part
To put down villainy with all their heart;—
This pest would never spread. A watchful eye
And ready retribution we must try
For guilt: thus let it be our common care,
If not to stop, at least to make it rare.

Brace Up!

Bear with good grace ill luck and wrong.
'Tis not good sense, nor courage strong,
To knit your brow and cry *Oh, dear!*
But to face these without a tear.

Its Own Bitterness

Press not a friend his secret to reveal,
Nor seek to know what he would fain conceal.
More, if he chose, you're sure that he could say;
Facts to extort is no kind part to play.

The Half Loaf

If stingy donors have no more to spare
For distribution, take the allotted share,
And be content; to get less than you ought
For you is better than the getting nought.

Scandal

Scandal from self-sought toil is never free;
At ease the slanderer can never be.
From others' shoulders, when a fault lies there,
He shifts it, and the load himself must bear.

The Ass's Kick

Your petty tyrant's insolence I hate;
If wrong is done me, be it from the great.

Reprisal

If you continue to abuse my wife,
I'll slang your father, friends, and—your own life.

Elephant and Mouse

The bravest man a trifle may appal,
For "conscience doth make cowards of us all."

The Lie

A lie has often, I have known before,
More weight than truth, and people trust it more.

Vain Regret

A stone your hand has flung you can't recall,
Nor words of malice that your tongue lets fall.

Legitimacy

More love a mother than a father shows:
He *thinks* this is his son; she only *knows*.

Idle Threats

Fathers' and lovers' threats no truth have got.
They swear dire vengeance,—but they mean it not.

Reserve Your Judgment

He who decides before he knows the case
In full, in holding wrong belief is base.

Bravery Without Knowledge

Captains who soldiers' practice do not know
Lead hecatombs for slaughter to the foe.

The Bogus Blonde

Be off! these shams of golden tresses spare;
No honest woman ever dyes her hair.

A Dinner of Herbs

Better to have, if good you rightly measure,
Little with joy than much that brings not pleasure,
Scant means with peace than piles of anxious treasure.

A Necessary Evil

Marriage, if truth be told (of this be sure),
An evil is—but one we must endure.

The Joys of Paternity

Wretched is he that has one son; or, rather,
More wretched he who of more sons is father.

The Blessing of Marriage

Think this, on marriage when your mind is set:
If the harm is small, 'tis the chief good you'll get.

The Gains of Hazard

Great gains, to those who ocean's dangers brave,
Bring fortune quickly, or a watery grave.

Cruelty Begets Insensibility

Slave not for one who has been himself a slave;
Steers, loosed from ploughs, of toil small memory have.

Beauty Without Discretion

A handsome person, with perverted will,
Is a fine craft that's handled without skill.

Our Loving Friends

Let not a friend your cherished secrets hear;
Then, if you quarrel, you've no cause for fear.

Filial Reverence

Who makes a father's faults his odious theme,
Against the gods is learning to blaspheme.

The Pleasures of Hope

A farmer's life is pleasure mixed with pain:
The loss he ever cheers by hope of gain.

Expensive Freedom

Better a kindly master's slave to be,
Than poor and abject, boasting you are free.

A Sulphitic Bromide

A joke without a point, inane and bald,
Itself a joke on joking may be called.

Contempt for Law

To say that law is *only* law is rash.
Break it; you'll find that it can ply the lash.

The Egotist

When you speak long, but to hear me decline,
You are teaching me *your* view, not learning mine.

Credulity

If I should say, "This stick is made of gold,"
Would you believe it just because you're told?
The stick you prize not higher from my word:
Tall talk that is not true becomes absurd.

The Best Prayer

Ask not of Heaven a life from sorrow free,
But that in sorrow thou resign'd may'st be.

— *Translated by* C.

Reader, Pause as You Pass By

Go to the roadside graves thyself to know,
Muse on the bones and dust that rest below,
There sleeps the monarch, there the despot lies,
The rich, the proud, the beautiful, the wise,
Mown down by time these found a common tomb,
And tell thee what thou art and what thy doom.

METAGENES

The Land of Cockaigne

This river Crathis[1] rolls us down
Huge buns of self-made dough, baked brown;
One other stream, the Sybaris hight,
Bears on its current, pleasing sight!
Relays of loaves and hunks of meat,
Plaice plunging, ready cooked to eat,
While lesser streamlets all about
Run with baked squids and crabs and trout;
With sausages or mince-meats rare,
Here crisp-fried smelts, prime herrings there.
Into your mouth dressed collops tumble
Or at your feet in glorious jumble;
Sponge-cakes on every side abound,
Like neighbours closely grouped around.

[1] The river Crathis flowed by Sybaris, the home of the Sybarites, who were proverbial for their love of eating and other material pleasures of life.

PHERECRATES

A native of Athens; one of the best poets of the Old Comedy. He had been an actor of Crates, and imitated him in his first productions, especially in modifying the coarse vituperative satire of preceding comedies, and introducing a regular plot and dramatic situations into his plays. He invented a new metre, which was named the *Pherecratean* after him. It was adopted by the tragedians for their choruses. The Latin poet Horace also used it. Pherecrates wrote at least eighteen plays, only fragments of which are preserved.

A Delicate Appetite.

"I SCARCELY eat a hundred loaves a day."
You *scarcely* eat! Pray, what is that you say?
Truly, in bread you very little do,
Who eat each day what serves a longboat's crew!

An Excuse for Large Potations.

PARBOILED I leave this bath; my throat is dry,
My windpipe steamed, to spit I vainly try.
B. Take a small cup,
A. *Too* small don't let it be;
Your minim dose it frightens me to see.
I once drank poison from a "minim" cup:
Here's mine, of larger size; and *fill it up!*

PHILEMON

A poet of the New Attic Comedy. He was born at Soli in Cilicia about B.C. 362. He first appeared at Athens as an author in 330 B.C. He was very popular, winning repeated victories over Menander. To later times these triumphs were so unintelligible as to be ascribed to malice and intrigue. He died in his hundredth year, with vigor unimpaired. The story runs that his end came while he was being crowned on the stage. He wrote ninety-seven plays, of which two are preserved in the Latin versions of Plautus—the Mercator and Trinummus.

An Evolutionist.

"HAIL, father!" when a crab was served, Agyrrhius said; and rather
Than such a prize should wasted be, preferred to eat his father.

The Air

I am that Being who to every deed,
Divine or human, at all times gives heed.
Past, present, future, round, above, below,
As air or Zeus, 'tis mine alike to know.
At Athens, Patræ, Sicily, here, there,
I, as a God should be, am everywhere.
In all the cities and in every home,
In every spot where man is free to roam,
There Air finds entrance. Surely he who goes
In all directions all that happens knows!

Tot Homines Tot Sententiae

Why did Prometheus, when he formed of clay,
Man and all creatures, as the poets say,
Why did he give to beasts, each in his kind,
One nature which in all the race we find?
All lions are courageous; every hare
Will run and leave her form, if danger's there.
'Tis not as if this fox in craft were great,
This slow, that sharp, all varying in rate:
Put thirty thousand foxes in one spot,
You won't find some have cunning, some have not.
But in the human race one always finds
As many bodies, just so many minds.

The Laboring Animal.

Man of all creatures far most wretched is;
Right reasoning proves it: all the world is his,
And all its produce; yet to toil and slave,
While other creatures free subsistence have,
And kindly earth will yield them all they ask
For their own needs, is his unceasing task.
In vain he plows and sows, and hopes to get
From grateful earth some profit on the debt;
She pays the principal, but more refuses;
A drought, a frost, the interest excuses.
Perhaps as by man alone the earth is teased,
She takes this way of showing she's displeased.

Self-Created Grief

By their own fault men often make bad worse
Than Nature left it. In that solemn hearse
A son or mother's carried to the grave,
Some friend, the dearest relative we have.
If one but said, "A man is born to die,"
His tears, resigned and patient, he would dry.
But if he frantic cries, "All joys are past!
My life is gone! This sight of him's the last!"
Let him think well; these griefs are his own making;
He makes bad worse by good and bad mistaking.
There's good in all things: wiser thinkers would
Discount the evil and accept the good.

The Blessings of Poverty

Wealth ever brings its ills, and those not few.
Some envy, some abuse and hate it too.
Trouble, annoyance, meet one without end,
Extortions here, there gifts to help a friend,
Who, as you soon find out, has left a will
To make some other rich man richer still.
Thus modest means, with life devoid of care,
Are better far than with the rich to share
Wealth's high estate, with all its plagues and pains
Your poor man's evils may to him be gains.

The Blessed Beasts

Happy the animals! *they* do not bother
Their heads about this question and another;
None make inquiries, none need take the trouble
To prove that black is white, or single double.
No self-inflicted woes, no cares have they;
All their own nature, their own laws obey.
We mortals live a life not worth the living,
To laws and politics attention giving,
For sons providing, pedigrees unwinding,
Yet some excuse for worry always finding.

Ethics

Not "honest" he who weakly does no wrong,
But he who *will* not do it when he's strong;
Nor he who timidly resists small gains,
But who from great, though safely held, abstains;
Nor who from rules of casuists derives
Pedantic virtue, but who ever strives,
With disposition guileless and sincere,
Honest to be, not merely to appear.

"Small" Farming

My farm, I've now found out, my needs supplies,
As to a patient whom to cure it tries:
A bit of bread, just wine enough to smell,
Some greenery, my doctor's bill to swell
And make a relish,—capers, leeks, a store
Of tough asparagus,—and nothing more,
Grown on the rocks, and now I'm in a fright
The cure will kill by diet that's *too* light.

The Happy Householder

A happy creature is your snail indeed!
Just where he pleases he can live and feed.
And if a neighbour gives him any bother,
With house on back he moves off to another.

The Medicine of Friendship

Why does he want to see me? Is it
As sufferers, on the doctor's visit,
Are oft relieved from sharpest pains,
And each his wonted ease regains,
That so a visit from a friend
Brings grief from troubles to an end?

Good Collateral

Better that land should borrow than a friend;
To ask for interest does not *land* offend.

Inscrutable Providence

God will not that His nature you should know.
To seek this is irreverence to show.

Believe in God, revere Him; but beware
Of asking what He wills not to declare.
Whether He *is* or *is not,* do not try
To learn: adore Him as God ever nigh.

Simple Living

The fairest profits land to man doth yield;
All that he needs he gets him from the field:
Wheat, oil, wine, honey, figs, each tree and herb.
Purple and plate make actors look superb.

Reverses of Fortune

One who can scarcely feed himself to-day
Gets rich to-morrow, and could feed a score:
Another finds a treasure on the way;
To-morrow all he found is gone,—and more.

Fixed Habits

Preach not, when frailties in old men you see:
Old stumps are not transplanted easily.

Common Joys

Philosophers, I hear, much time will spend
In seeking what "good" is; and yet no end
Seems near: some "virtue," others "wisdom," say;
But what "*the* good" is ignorance display.
I've found it out by living on my farm;
There I can dig in peace without alarm.
Peace! what a kindly, gentle goddess she!
What festive doings in her reign we see!
Feasts, marriages, relations, children, friends,
Health, wealth, bread, wine, delight that never ends;
If such joys fail, with nothing left instead,
The very life of those who live is dead.

Original Sin

Most men are bad by nature; form alone
And shape from other creatures makes them known.
Man walks erect; the beasts go on their paws;
If man were good, he would require no laws.

Deeds, not Words

Not talking little, nor a gait demure
With eyes cast down, good morals doth assure;
He who talks modestly as suits his years,
With modest action, good to all appears.

Sovereignty

My master calls me *his;* but him, and all,—
Myself and thousands more,—the laws enthral.
By tyrants some are held; themselves by fear;
Kings rule on earth, but from the heavenly sphere
Gods direct kingly actions day by day;
But gods themselves Necessity obey.
Look round; in everything the law's the same;
The stronger o'er the weaker mastery claim.

PHILIPPIDES

An Athenian poet who flourished about B.C. 323. He is reckoned as one of the six great dramatists of the New Comedy, though his personal satire recalled the freedom of the Old Comedy. He is said to have died of joy over the unexpected success of one of his plays. He wrote about forty-five comedies, of which only fragments remain.

Fault-Finding is Easy

'Tis easy, while at meals you take your fill,
To say to sickly people, Don't be ill!
Easy to blame bad boxing at a fight,
But not so for oneself to do it right.
Action is one thing, talk another quite.

No Millinery Expenses

Your fortune differs as to bed and board;
Your wife—if ugly—can good fare afford.

PLATO COMICUS

A writer of the Old Comedy.

The Pig

Henceforth no four-legged creature should be slain,
Except the pig; of this the reason's plain.
Its use—unless for food—man vainly seeks;
It only gives him bristles, dirt, and squeaks.

The Political Hydra

We're swamped with "public men"; for one scamp dead,
Two louder talkers, greater scamps, instead
Spring up like Hydra's heads: the more's the pity
We have no Iolaus[1] in the city
To singe the necks from which these pests arise,
In whom foul lives alone secure the prize.

Themistocles

To thee, Themistocles, a tomb is due,
Placed in the most conspicuous point of view;
Merchants from every port, with just acclaim,
Should shout thy honour, and confess thy fame;
Each fleet returned, or setting out, should join
In owning all the naval glory thine;
It should command, high raised, yon watery plain,
And point that fight which gave us all the main.

—*Translated by* William Smith.

THEOPOMPUS

A poet of the Old Comedy who flourished in the middle of the fourth century B.C. His dramas, twenty-four in number, prepared the way for the Middle Comedy. Only fragments remain of them.

Drinking Health

Come here, fair cup, of Thericlean[2] skill
The genuine product, take what name you will.

---

[1] The assistant of Hercules.

[2] Thericles was a noted ceramic artist.

"Nature's Reflector," filled with clear, bright wine,
The guest will call you in whose hand you shine.
That's the right name for you. Come, let me fill you.
Hi! Dame Theolytè, just come here, will you?
That I may greet you, come and sit by me;
I'm your young fellow-slave, Theolytè!
We're old and young; so come, all right, you know!
TH. You're a gay spark[1] to tempt me.
S. Hold now, so!
Now here is your health first; here, take a sip;
And when you've wetted as you like your lip,
Hand me the rest.

MARKETING

A WELL-stored fish-shop is a sight,
If purse be heavy; not, if light.
As Corydus with no one dined,
To a home-catering resigned
He went to market, asked the prices;
"A beauty that! This very nice is!"
Looked at eel, crab, torpedo, tunny,
Then ended with a purchase funny!
Four halfpence only had he; these
Were not enough his taste to please;
"What for this small one?—Too dear that!"
And so went off and bought a sprat.

XENARCHUS

An Athenian poet of the Middle Comedy, who lived during the reign of Alexander the Great. A few fragments of his dramas remain.

A CLEVER DEVICE

YOUR poets are mere fools, for nothing new
Can they devise; they merely change the view.
Now in the fishmonger, if rogue he be,—
And rogue he *is*,—there's true philosophy.

[1] A good-looking young slave, with the appropriate name of *Spinther* ("spark"), is coaxing the old housekeeper "to try just a drop."

The law prohibits "watering of fish";
But one to watch them drying did not wish.
So "Here's a fight!" the clever rascal bawls;
In the sham shindy one man fainting falls
Just where the fish lay. "Water, water, here!
Help, help! he's dying of a wound severe!"
A shopman in the trick has pitcher ready,
And promptly pours a deluge long and steady.
The wounded man gets just the smallest dash;
Down on the slab the torrent falls full splash,
And makes once more the dull, dry fish to shine,
As if they just had left their native brine.

THE HUNTER OF EUBŒA

BY

DIO CHRYSOSTOM

TRANSLATED BY

SAMUEL ROSS WINANS, PH.D.
PROFESSOR OF GREEK IN PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

WITH AN INTRODUCTION UPON

GREEK NOVELS AND ROMANCES

INTRODUCTION

GREEK NOVELS AND ROMANCES

THE earliest forms of fiction are the Story of Adventure, exemplified in the epic (see volumes one and two); the Mythological Legend, of which we have examples in the Theogony of Hesiod (see volume three) wherein such stories as that of Prometheus and Pandora are related; the Fable and the Parable, which have been discussed in volume four (see Æsop and Prodicus); the Anecdote, of which the best examples are to be found in the history of Herodotus (see volume five); and the Choric and Dramatic Episodes (see Pindar and Bacchylides in volume three, and the tragedies of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides in the present volume). These forms, however, are not romances in the modern sense; that is, they are only adjuncts to other literary forms, and do not contain the main plot and the delineation of character which are essential to the novel proper.

The first real works which do contain these essentials were the Milesian Tales, prose stories which were written in great number by the Ionian Greeks of Miletus and other cities of Asia Minor. The particular story which gave origin to the name of this class was a licentious romance called Milesiaca, written by ARISTIDES OF MILETUS, and having its scene laid in that city. It was translated into Latin by L. Cornelius Sisenna, in the time of Sulla, and acquired a great vogue among the Romans of that sensual period. Later Petronius Arbiter of Rome wrote a number of similar salacious stories upon the Milesian order. Although the Greek originals have been lost, their Latin imitations would indicate that they were of the same sort as the witty but indecent tales of Boccaccio, of Louis XI, and of Margaret, the queen of Henry of Navarre, in which the source of the modern novel is to be found.

PARTHENIUS OF NICÆA, the instructor of Virgil in Greek, drafted thirty-six skeleton stories of the Milesian order for use by Cornelius Gallus in his poetry, and these have come down to

us. PHOTIUS, Patriarch of Constantinople in the latter half of the Ninth Century A.D., in his great digest of ancient literature called the Bibliotheca, also preserved epitomes of a number of stories which, though called by various names, Ephesian, Babylonian, Egyptian, etc., are all of the same Milesian character. Cervantes used one of these epitomes, that of a story by CONON, as a basis of one of his episodical romances in Don Quixote.

Contact with the Orient during the Persian wars gave rise in Greece to the Historical Romance, of which the Atlantis of PLATO, and the Cyropædia (Education of Cyrus) of XENOPHON are examples. The latter work contains the first romantic love-story in Greek literature, the story of the loves of Abradatus and Panthea.

The first romance in which love formed the sole motive was the Ephesiaca, or the Loves of Anthia and Abrocomas, by XENOPHON OF EPHESUS, an early writer of uncertain date. The style is simple and the narrative is clear and direct, but the incidents are improbable. The story of Romeo and Juliet has been traced through all its mediæval and ancient versions back to this novel.

A still more extravagant narrative of this order is the novel, Marvels Beyond Thule, by ANTONIUS DIOGENES. It tells the love of Dinias and Dercyllis, an Arcadian youth and a Tyrian maiden, who pass through extraordinary adventures of the Munchausen order. The plot is slight, and the invention is pointless in its unlicensed fantasy.

Clever and well composed romances of this order, however, were written by LUCIUS OF PATRÆ, under the name of Metamorphoses (Changes of Form); these were used later by LUCIAN (see volume six), and Apuleius, the Roman romancer, as a basis for their stories. IAMBLICHUS OF SYRIA, who lived in the time of Trajan, wrote in Greek a romance called Babylonica, relating the loves of a married pair, Sinonis and Rhodane. It is lost, but from an epitome of the story in the Bibliotheca of Photius it would appear to have been of a superior order of construction, containing a double plot cleverly interwoven.

Of high literary merit, though marred by licentiousness of

language and allusion, is the novel entitled The Loves of Leucippe and Clitophon, by ACHILLES TATIUS, an Alexandrian of the Second or Third Century A.D. It has been imitated by many European writers.

A novel called Apollonius of Tyre by an unknown writer has been preserved in a Latin version, in which it was a favorite of mediæval readers. Gower, the English poet, made use of it in his Confessio Amantis (Lover's Confession) and Shakespeare drew upon it for his Pericles, Prince of Tyre. Another anonymous Greek novel of very late classic origin, is a work in eleven books relating the adventures of Hysminias and Hysmine. It was the original source of the story of Don Juan, transformed by the genius of Byron and Mozart into a classic both of poetry and opera.

In their original form, however, the best of all the Greek romances are the Hunter of Eubœa of Dio Chrysostom, the Pastorals of Longus, and the Æthiopica of Heliodorus.

DIO, called CHRYSOSTOM, or Golden Mouth, from his beautiful style, was born in Prusa in Bithynia about 50 A.D. He was a man of noble character, a stoic in philosophy and a democrat in political belief. Being in Egypt at the time Vespasian, who had just been proclaimed emperor by his soldiers, was there, he was consulted by the general as to the proper course of action in the matter. Dio boldly advised Vespasian to restore the Roman Republic. While the ambitious Roman did not follow this advice, he was not offended at its candor, and invited Dio to come to Rome. This Dio did. He gathered a circle of friends about him of democratic tendency; one of these conspired against the emperor Domitian, the second son of Vespasian, who had succeeded to the throne after the death of Titus, the elder son, and Dio, to escape being charged with complicity in the matter, fled to distant Moldavia, a rude country where he supported himself by manual labor. When Domitian was assassinated, the soldiers of the region were on the point of revolt; this Dio prevented by an eloquent appeal to their patriotism. Accordingly he was held in high esteem by Nerva and Trajan, the latter bringing him to Rome in triumph in the imperial car after the conquest of the Dacians. But Dio had acquired a distaste for public life, and retired to

his home in Bithynia, where he spent the remainder of a long life.

Eighty of Dio's so-called orations remain. They are rather essays, polished in expression but lacking in lasting interest. His most interesting work is the Hunter of Eubœa, a pastoral tale, charming in style and elevating in moral sentiment, the purpose being to illustrate by stories of characters in humble position the happiness which results from a virtuous life, however lowly this may be. This is given in the following pages in a translation made for the present work by Prof. Samuel Ross Winans of Princeton University.

Nothing is known of Longus, the author of the Pastorals. It is not even certain that such a writer lived, since Longus is a Latin name. The appellation of "the Sophist" which is generally added to the name, means merely that he was a professional philosopher, a term that was almost as common in the later literary history of Greece as "Clerk" was in the days of Chaucer. In all probability "Longus" was a *nom de plume* of a writer living about the Third or Fourth Century A.D.

The romance of Longus is the best of all the ancient love stories that have come down to us, being distinguished by grace of style and sweetness and simplicity of feeling. The theme is the growth of love between a shepherd boy and girl who have been brought up together in innocent comradeship. The story was translated into Latin in 1598, and during the two centuries following was rendered into French and into English in quite a number of translations, the first French version appearing in 1559, made by Jacques Amyot, the translator as well of the Æthiopica of Heliodorus (though best known in literary history for his translation of Plutarch's Lives), and the first English version appearing in 1657, made by G. Thornley.

The romance has inspired a number of poems and novels in modern European literature, such as the Gentle Shepherd of Allan Ramsey, the Sireine of Honoré d'Urfé, the Diana of Montemayor, the Aminta of Tasso, Annette and Lubin, by Marmontel, Paul and Virginia, by St. Pierre, and the Daphnis of Gessner.

A translation of the original romance appears in the present volume. It was made for the Athenian Society in 1896. In

it appears a passage of considerable length and importance which is not found in other translations. This passage was discovered in 1809 in the library of Florence by a French savant, Paul Louis Courier. Owing to the fact that he refused to accede to the desire of Princess Elise, the sister of Napoleon, that his publication of the Greek text and its French translation be dedicated to her, Courier was persecuted by the authorities on the pretext that he had defaced the manuscript (he had only blotted it), and twenty-seven of the fifty copies of he work printed were confiscated, and Courier was ordered to leave Tuscany. This affair created quite a stir, which lasted nearly a year, owing to the hatred of the Italian people for the Bonaparte regime.

Of HELIODORUS, the author of the romance called Æthiopica, little is known. Two ecclesiastical historians of the Fifth Century, A.D., Socrates and Sozomen, speak of both the writer and his book in a manner which indicates that Heliodorus lived in the Fourth Century. Later, a monk, Nicephorus Callistus, recorded the anecdote that Heliodorus was an ecclesiast who, being forced to choose between his bishopric and his romance, renounced the bishopric. That the author was a churchman of some degree is indicated by the elevated morality of his romance.

Throughout the entire Byzantine period the Æthiopica enjoyed a great reputation. After the Renaissance its vogue revived in polite European society, especially in France, where it was translated by Jacques Amyot, the famous translator of Plutarch's Lives. The work lends itself admirably to literary rendition, the language of the original being designedly in poetic prose, of which style it is one of the earliest examples in literature. There have been many English translations of the romance, from that by T. Underdowne in 1587 to a translation made for the Athenian Society in 1897. The latter translation appears in the present volume.

THE HUNTER OF EUBŒA

BY DIO CHRYSOSTOM

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

One of the essays of Dio (the seventh) is upon the evils of congested city life. The discussion is introduced by a sketch depicting the simple wholesome life of the country. Although for his argumentative purpose Dio has idealized the intelligence and the simplicity of the hero as well as the essential happiness of his lot, nevertheless the picture in most of its features of surroundings and manners is doubtless highly realistic. The grass-grown streets of a decadent city, the demagogue, and the wrangling impulsive popular assembly; and the rock-bound shore and its tragedies, the wooded dell in the hills rich in all Nature's beauties—these carry conviction; they are real.

And Dio adds a romantic touch so naturally that we overlook the art, this grace of the master passion, imparting an interest universal and ever fresh.

This prose idyll has been much admired by classical scholars, but is little known generally, as there has been no modern or accessible translation in English. The whole of the story is here given.

S. R. W.

THE incident here related is an actual experience of my own, and thus given at first hand. An old man, we know, is apt to be garrulous and not easily turned aside from telling his tales. The traveler is somewhat like him; for both have had adventures many, which it delights them to rehearse. I shall describe a bit of rural life, men and manners, which I chanced upon in the very heart of Greece.

Summer was well over, when I took passage on a small fishing vessel, crossing over the sea from Chios. A storm came up, and it was only with great difficulty that we managed to make the land at the Hollows of Eubœa. We escaped with our lives; but the boat striking upon the rocky shore under the cliffs at once broke up. The crew went off to some purple-

shell fishers whose boats lay behind a neighboring point, intending to join fortunes with them and remain there. Thus left alone, and not knowing where to find a settlement for refuge, I wandered along the shore in the bare chance that I might find some vessel at anchor or sailing near, which would take me on board.

I had gone a considerable distance without seeing a soul, when I came upon the body of a deer which had recently fallen over the cliff and was lying on the pebbles just within lap of the waves, and still gasping. Soon after I thought I heard the baying of hounds somewhere above, though indistinctly on account of the roar of the surf. I went on until I found a place where with some difficulty I climbed up the rocks to a high spot, whence I could see the hounds running at fault hither and thither, missing the quarry. So I concluded that the deer, pressed hard by the dogs, had leaped over the cliff. Presently a man appeared,—a hunter one at once surmised from his looks and his gear. This man wore his beard nature's way; while the hair on the back of the head only was allowed to grow long, and this hung down his neck. Nor did it look so queer and outlandish. For this is the cut Homer describes of the ancient Eubœans as they came to Troy, with a touch of humor, I fancy, and ridiculing them, that, while all the other Achæans wore the hair in proper fashion, the Eubœans shaved half of the head.

The man hailed me: "Stranger, have you seen hereabout a deer I am chasing?" "Yes," I replied, "he is lying in the surf." Then I led the way and showed him the deer. The hunter drew the body back from the water, and with his hunting knife quickly stripped off the hide, I giving such assistance as I could. Next he cut off the haunches and brought them away with the hide.

He invited me to follow with him and partake of the venison, adding that he lived not far away. "Then to-morrow," said he, "having had a night's sleep with us, you can come back to the shore; for at present sailing is quite impossible. Have no anxiety on that point; for I should be satisfied to see this wind go down after five full days. This is not likely to happen as long as you see the tops of the Eubœan

mountains capped with clouds, as they now are." And then he asked me whence I came, and how I got ashore, and if our boat had been lost. "It was a very small vessel," I replied, "belonging to some fishermen who were crossing over; and I was the solitary passenger, being driven by urgent business to take passage with them. The vessel did go to pieces, after it was run on shore." "That is almost sure to happen," he replied; "for you see how rough and rock-bound is all the seaward side of the island. This is the place they call the 'Hollows of Eubœa.' A vessel driven in here is as good as gone; and rarely are any lives saved, unless, as in your case, they chance to be sailing very light. However, come along; don't hesitate. To-day you shall rest and recover from the shock of your mishap, and to-morrow we will devise plans to bring you to a place of safety; for I regard you already as my friend. I think you must be a city-dweller, not a sailor, nor yet one who works with his hands; indeed, you seem to have some ailment of the body, as you look so thin and slight."

I followed him very gladly, with no fear of treachery, seeing I had nothing but one cheap cloak on my back. Here I realized, as often before under similar circumstances in a life of constant roaming, that poverty invests a man with real sanctity of person and renders him inviolate. Men would sooner attack a herald bearing his sacred staff. So now I went along, as I have said, with perfect confidence to his place, which proved to be some forty furlongs distant.

As we tramped along, the hunter told me of his circumstances, how he lived, and of his wife and children. "There are two of us," said he, "dwelling in the same place; each married the sister of the other, and both of us have children, boys and girls. We live mainly by hunting, though we also till a small bit of ground. The land is not ours; we neither inherited it nor bought it. Our parents were freemen, but like ourselves poor. They were herders, hiring themselves to keep the cattle of a very wealthy man in this part of the island. He owned many horses, and droves of cattle, many flocks of sheep, many acres of good soil, besides much other wealth. His lands included all these hills. When he died, all his property escheated to the state; (and 'tis said he was done to death

at the King's instigation for the sake of his property). Thereupon all the herds were driven off to slaughter, and with them a few poor cattle of our own; and no one has ever paid us a penny of compensation.

"So we were forced to remain where we then chanced to be keeping the cattle, and where we had built some huts and a yard, fenced with stakes not very high nor stout, but sufficient for the calves—intended, I fancy, just for the summer. For in the winter we kept the cattle on the plain, finding ample pasture there, and having also abundance of hay stacked up. In summer we always drove them to the hills; and we usually made the camp in this spot. For it is a place well situated; the land slopes down on either side, forming a deep, shady valley; and through the middle flows a brook, not rough and rocky, but easy for the cattle and the calves to wade in, always running full and clear, as it is fed by a spring not far away. A gentle summer breeze draws through the valley all the time. In the surrounding coppices the ground is soft and moist, and they are quite free from the tormenting ox-fly or any other bane of the cattle. There are stretches of beautiful meadow-land, with here and there tall, slender trees, and everywhere plenty of lush grass throughout the entire summer; so that there is no need for cattle to wander far. For these reasons they commonly established the herd in this place.

"So when the cattle were gone, our fathers staid on in the huts, waiting until they should be hired or find employment, supporting themselves meanwhile from a small bit of land near the ranch, which they had already cultivated. This was quite enough for their needs, there being plenty of manure at hand to enrich it.

"Being now relieved from care of the cattle, they turned to hunting, at first tracking the game themselves, and later using dogs. For a couple of the cattle dogs when a long way off, missing their masters, abandoned the herd and returned to the old spot. These dogs at first had simply the instinct to follow with their masters. When they saw a wolf, they would give chase for a distance; but of wild swine or deer they took no notice. While at home, if they saw a strange man at dusk or early morning, they would start up, and bark,

and show fight, as if they took man for their proper enemy. But coming to taste the blood of swine and deer, and often eating the flesh, at length they learned to like flesh better than barley cakes; and, as they got their fill when any game was taken, and otherwise went hungry, the dogs soon became eager to hunt. They would chase any game they could see, and likewise could after a fashion follow the scent of a trail. Thus from shepherd dogs they developed to be hunters of a sort, though broken late to this work and always a little slow.

"When winter came on, as nothing presented itself for the two men to do, either by going to the city or to some village, they occupied themselves in enclosing the huts a little more carefully; they also built the yard fence stronger, and cleared for tillage the whole tract occupied. Hunting, too, was easier in winter than in summer. Tracks are plainer in the soft, wet ground; while snow makes them perfectly clear, furnishing a path right up to the game, so that the hunter has no trouble in tracking it. The game, too, is then more slow to stir, and lets the hunter approach. It is possible at times to take hares still on their forms; and deer similarly.

"In this manner our parents came to remain there, and they did not require any other means of support. In time they married us, their sons, each to the other's daughter. Both fathers died about a year ago. They delighted to tell the many years they had lived; yet in body they were strong and hale and hearty to the last. Of the mothers mine is still living.

"One of us has never in his life gone up to the city, although now fifty years old. I myself have been there twice only, the first time as a lad with my father, when we kept the herd. Once later a man came here demanding tax money—as though we had money—and he ordered me to go along with him to the city. We had no silver; and so I took my oath, protesting that I would have given it, if I had it. We gave the man the best entertainment in our power, and presented him with two deerskins. However, I went with him to the city; for he said it was necessary for one of us to go and explain matters.

"There I saw, as on the previous occasion, no end of big houses, and a great wall around the town, with huge square

structures rising out of it" (he meant the towers), "and a lot of ships lying at anchor in water still as a pond" (referring to the artificial harbour). "There is nothing like that," he interjected, "where you put in, and in consequence we have the numerous wrecks. I noticed all this," he went on, "and also a great crowd of people gathered in one place and making an awful hubbub and noise. They seemed to be engaged in a general fight.

"The man brought me before certain officials and said with a grin: 'This is the fellow you sent me for. He hasn't got anything—except his long hair, and a hut of stout logs.' The officials proceeded to the theatre, where the assembly sat; and I with them. The theatre is a great hollow, like a cleft in a hillside, the two sides not very deep, but rounding in to make a semi-circle; not a natural hollow, but one built up out of stone.—Perhaps you smile at my description of what is quite familiar to you.

"For a considerable time this crowd of people was occupied with other matters. They would cry out now and then, sometimes in a kind tone approvingly, all of them; and again in tones of intense displeasure. The fierceness of their anger at such times was awful. The men they shouted at became at once terror-stricken, and ran about begging for mercy; some even flung off their garments crazed with fear. Once I myself almost fell over at an outburst of this yelling—it was like the breaking of a great wave or a sudden clap of thunder. Then other men coming forward, or simply rising in the midst, would harangue the assembly, in few words or with long speeches. Some speakers they listened to for a long time; while to others they showed anger at their first attempt to speak, and would not let them so much as utter a sound.

"When finally the matters were settled and quiet was had, I was brought forward. Then a man rose and said: 'This, gentlemen, is one of those fellows who have been squatting on the public domain these many years, not only himself, but likewise his father before him. They pasture our mountain slopes, plow our lands, and hunt our game; they have built houses, and planted vineyards, and possess much wealth of other sorts; while they have paid no one the price of the land, nor did

they receive it as a bounty from the state. For how, in sooth, could they have so received it? Occupying our lands and growing rich thereby, they have never performed public assessment service in any shape, nor do they pay any tithes of their income; but they live quite exempt from all tax and public service, as though they were the honored benefactors of the state. I fancy,' he went on, 'that they have not so much as ever come to this place before.' Here I shook my head. And the people laughed, as he noticed. The laughter made him angry, and he cursed me. Then facing about, he said: 'If you can approve of such things, we might as well everybody turn to despoiling the state, some robbing the treasury—as no doubt some are already doing—others dividing up the public lands without your sanction, and so on, if you are to suffer creatures like these to hold without paying for it more than a thousand acres[1] of your best land, land from which you might get enough grain to distribute three pecks[1] Attic *per caput* to all citizens.'

"Hearing that, I burst into a loud laugh. But the people were in no laughing mood, as before, and made a tumult. Then this orator fellow grew very angry, and, looking fiercely at me, 'Observe,' said he, 'the insolence and dissembling of this scoundrel, with what brazenness he dares to laugh. I am all but minded to have him led to execution, him and his confederate. For I am informed there are two of these chief offenders, who have taken possession of nearly the whole of the hill country. Moreover, I have a notion that they do not abstain from wrecking, when from time to time ships are cast ashore; for they live just above the rocks of Cape Caphareus. Else how got they means to acquire for themselves such rich fields, nay, whole villages, and herds of cattle, teams of horses, and slaves? You, perhaps, note only that shabby tunic and that skin which he has put on merely to come here and deceive you, pretending that he is a pauper and has nothing. Why, I almost shudder as I look at the fellow and think I see the old-time wrecker, Nauplius[2] himself, come from Caphareus. This

[1] These terms are literary, not metric equivalents of the original.
[2] King Nauplius, in resentment of the treacherous slaying of his son

man, I can well believe, lights false fires on the cliffs for sailors, to lure them on the rocks.'

"As the orator said these things and more besides, the crowd grew wildly excited; and I was in dismay, fearing they would do me violence.

"Another man came forward to speak; a kind, sensible man he seemed, both from his words and his whole attitude. He asked for silence; and they became still. He then proceeded in a quiet tone to say that men do no harm in clearing and tilling the unutilized lands; that on the contrary they should have commendation; that the people ought not to feel anger toward those who build houses and plant orchards on the public lands, but rather toward those who let them go to waste. 'At this present time, gentlemen,' said he, 'fully two-thirds of our public lands lie wild and barren from public indifference and lack of settlers. I myself own many acres of land—as probably do some of you—both in the hills and on the plain, and if I could find a man willing to cultivate it, I would not only charge him no rent, but I would also pay him to do it. For observe, the land at once becomes more valuable for me; and besides a stretch of country looks so much more beautiful when it shows houses and cultivated fields, while land that lies waste brings in no profit; and it is also a distressing, pitiful sight to look at, seeming to proclaim the run-down fortunes of the owner.

"'Hence I believe we should urge others, as many as we can, of our city people to take up a portion of public land and till it, men with some means a larger amount, and the poorer as much as each can afford; so that our lands be brought under cultivation, and our people, all who will, may be freed from two of the greatest of human miseries—idleness and poverty.

"'For ten years let them have their farms rent free; after that time by a definite arrangement let them pay over a small tithe of their crops, but nothing from their cattle. And if some foreigner would take a farm, let him for *five* years pay no rent, and after that double the tithe paid by our citizens.

Palamedes at Troy, lighted false beacons on Caphereus and so wrecked numbers of the returning Greek ships.

And if any foreigner will put under cultivation two hundred plethra,[1] let him be made a citizen; that thus we may interest strongly as many as possible in our scheme.'

"'For at present,' he continued, 'land just outside the gates lies waste, and it is a great disgrace to us, resembling more the heart of a desert than the suburbs of a city. Whereas the empty areas within the walls are mostly sown and reaped.

"'Surely then we may wonder at our orators who indict hard-toiling men who live by Cape Caphareus in a far corner of Eubœa, and fail to see anything wrong in those who plow the athletic field and pasture the market square. See with your own eyes, I pray you, how they have turned the training place into a wheat field, so that Heracles and the other statues of Gods and of heroes are quite hidden by the high grain. And you may see how every morning early this same orator who spoke last lets his sheep be driven into the market square, where they crop the grass before the Senate house and the public offices. In consequence strangers on their first visit either laugh at us and our city or else they pity us.'

"When they heard this, the people were now indignant with my accuser, and made loud outcries. 'And while he himself does these things,' the speaker continued, 'he thinks he is called upon to send to prison poor, hard-working common folk; to the end evidently that no one hereafter should live by honest toil, but that the poor man of the country shall rob for a living, and he of the city turn cut-purse.'

"'In my judgment,' he concluded, 'we should let these men stay in possession of what their own hands have created, on their undertaking to pay a small rent hereafter; and we should remit all previous dues; inasmuch as they have cultivated and reclaimed land which was waste and worthless. And if they desire to purchase this land, I move that we sell it to them cheaper than to any other.'

"After he had spoken on this wise, the first orator made reply, and then followed a long altercation.

"Finally they bade me to speak, if I had anything to say. 'What shall I speak about?' said I. 'About what has been

[1] About fifty acres.

charged against you,' spoke out some one in the assembly. 'Well,' said I, 'I must state that there was not a scrap of truth in what the man charged. Why, gentlemen,' said I, 'I felt I must be in a dream as I heard him ranting about plantations and villages and such stuff. We have no village, nor horses and mules and cattle. I wish we had all the good things he described; then we could pay you taxes, and could count ourselves among rich folk. But what we now possess is enough for our needs, and you may take what you will of it. If you require it all, we can replace it.'

"At this speech they applauded. Then the magistrate asked me: 'What would you be able to give the people?' 'Four deerskins,' I replied, 'very fine ones.' Then most of them laughed, and the magistrate was very angry at me. 'The bearskins,' I tried to explain, 'are hard; while goatskins are not of the same value, and what are not old and worn, are quite small; but take these too, if you want them.'

"Again he was angry, and declared I was just a 'country farmer.'[1] 'Here again are you, too,' said I, 'talking of farms? Don't you understand we haven't any farms?'

"Then he asked if we could give, each of us, a hundred pounds[2] Attic. I replied: 'We don't weigh our meat; you may have it as it stands. We have a little in the brine; most of it is smoked and dry, but not much inferior to the salted. There are pigs' hams, haunches of deer, and other first-rate meat.'

"Then there was a great uproar, and they said I was a liar and deceiving them. Next he asked me if we had grain, and about how much. And I told him exactly: 'we have three bushels of wheat, six of barley, the same of millet, but of beans only half a peck. It was not a good season for beans. Take the wheat and barley,' said I, 'but leave us the millet. But if you need millet, take it too.'

"'Don't you make wine?' another man asked, 'We do,' said I; 'and if any of you comes our way, we will give you some; only let him remember to fetch along a jug, for we

[1] The contemptuous expression, even then in common use, passes innocently by the rustic.

[2] One is thinking in sterling; the other knows only avoirdupois.

haven't one.' 'And how many vines have you?' was asked. 'Beside the house doors,' I answered, 'there are two, and within the yard twenty; also on the other side of the brook—these we set out recently—as many more. They are all of good sorts, and bear big clusters, if passers-by will only let them alone. To spare you the trouble of asking separate questions, I will tell over the rest of our possessions: eight she-goats, a muley cow, a calf from her—it's a beauty,—four reaping-hooks, four hoes, three spears, and each of us has a hunting knife. Crocks and pots I need not specify. We have wives, and children by them. We live in two very good cabins, and we have a third shack in which we keep our stock of food and the skins.' 'Yes,' said my accuser, 'and doubtless where you put your silver in the ground.' 'Then you go dig it up, you fool,' I retorted; 'who puts silver in the ground! Silver won't grow.' Here everybody laughed—at the fellow, I thought. 'That is what we have,' I said, 'and if you desire it all, we present it to you freely. You have no need to use force in taking anything of ours, as though we were foreigners or rogues. For we are born citizens of the state, as I have often heard my father say. And at one time he came here to the city, when a distribution of money was made, and received his share among the other citizens. Hence we are bringing up our sons as your citizens; and, if you ever need them, they will be ready to fight for you, whether against bandits or against foreign foes. There is peace just now; but if war should arise, you may well pray for many like us to offer themselves. I fancy you won't expect this orator then to do any fighting for you; he fights only with his tongue, the same as women.

"Now as for venison and skins, whenever we take any game, we will give you a portion; you have only to send some one to receive it. If our cabins do any harm, and you order us to remove them, we will do so. Only furnish us a place to live in here; or how could we get through the winter? You have many empty houses inside the walls; any one of these will do for us. But if we do not come to live here, and so do not add others to the great mass of people dwelling in narrow quarters in one place, surely this is a consideration why it is not best for us to remove.

"As to what he had the brazenness to say about wrecking —a thing so wicked and inhuman,—I had almost forgotten to speak of this, though I should have spoken of it first of all. Can any of you believe this thing? Not to speak of the wickedness, it is quite impossible on that coast to secure anything of value, where you can find only fragments of a ship's timbers; so fine is everything broken up. And the shore at that point of the coast is of all parts least accessible. Once when I found some oar-blades washed up there, I took and fastened them to the sacred oak-tree which stands near the shore.[1] Heaven forbid that I should ever get me gain so unholy from the misfortunes of my fellow-men. Never have I made a profit in that way; on the contrary, I have taken pity on many shipwrecked men who have come to me, have offered them shelter in my cabin, given them food and drink, and any assistance in my power, and then have accompanied them to the settlements. Probably there is no one to testify of all this for me. Indeed, I did not do it for praise or for any return; often I did not know from whence they came. I hope that none of you will ever meet with such dire mishap.'

"While I was saying these last words, a man rose up in the midst; and I thought to myself, here probably is another to lie about me. He began: 'Gentlemen, for some time I have recognized this man, but was not quite sure. Now that I am certain, I should regard it as nothing less than wicked not to relate what I know of him, and to repay by my words something of the great debt I owe him for his kind deeds.

"'I am a citizen, as you know, and so is this man'—pointing to one sitting beside him, who stood up. 'We happened to be making a voyage on Socles' ship, now some two years ago. The vessel was wrecked near Caphareus, and of the large number on board, most were lost. Of the few saved, the purple-shell fishers took off some; for a few had silver in their belts to pay them. We two were cast ashore utterly bare, and we wandered along a little path, hoping to find some shelter of shepherd or herdsman, being like to perish of hunger and

[1] Dedicating the abandoned tools of trade; a pious act for unknown dead.

thirst. With great effort we managed at length to reach some cabins, and stood and called.

"'Then this man came out and took us in, and kindled up a fire—being careful to warm us gradually; while he chafed the limbs of one of us and his wife the other; and they rubbed our bodies with tallow—having no olive oil; and finally they poured warm water freely upon us; until at length they put life into us again, who were well-nigh gone. Then they made us lie down and covered us with the best they had; and they set before us to eat wheaten loaves, while they themselves ate millet porridge; they gave us wine to drink, while they drank water; and they made us broth and broiled for us venison. And when on the morrow we wished to depart, they kept us for three days, and then escorted us across the plain, giving us as we went meat and to each a fine skin. And as this man saw that I was still quite weak from my suffering, he put a warm tunic upon me which was his daughter's, leaving her with an old ragged one. This tunic I gave back when we reached a village. So we owe our lives—next to the Gods—to this man.'

"The people when they heard this, were pleased, and they praised me. Then, remembering the man, I went over and said, 'How are you, Sotades?' and I greeted him and the other man with a kiss. Then the people laughed loud, because I kissed them. Then I saw that it was not in fashion in the cities for men to kiss one another.

"Here that kindly man who had first spoken for me, came forward and said: 'Fellow citizens, I think we should invite this man to a dinner in the town hall. For if on the field of battle he had saved one of our citizens by putting his shield before him, he would have received large rewards. But now he has saved the lives of two of our citizens, and mayhap of more who are not here to tell of it; can it be that he is worthy of no honor? For that tunic which he gave our fellow citizen in his plight, robbing his own daughter, I move that the city present him with a tunic and a cloak,—that it may stimulate others to lead honest lives and to assist their fellows in distress; likewise that by edict we grant them liberty to enjoy the lands they occupy, themselves and their children after them, with-

out let or hindrance; and further, that we present this man with one hundred drachmas for proper equipment. And I offer to furnish this money in behalf of the state from my own resources.' They applauded his offer, and everything was voted as he proposed.

"Immediately the garments and the money were brought into the theatre. I was unwilling at first to accept them; but they declared I could not go to the dinner in my skin cloak. Then said I, 'I will just go without dinner to-day.' However, they put me into the tunic, and wrapped the new mantle about me. I was about to put the skin on over all; but they wouldn't let me. The silver I simply would not take, and swore firmly I would not. 'If you are looking for some one to take it,' said I, 'hand it over to the orator, and let him plant it. He evidently knows how to handle silver.'

"From that day to this no one has molested us."

He had no more than finished his tale when we arrived at the cabins. "Well," I said with a smile, "you managed to hide one thing from those city fellows, and the fairest of your treasures," "What is that?" said he. "This garden of yours," I replied, "so beautiful with all its green things and its fruit trees." "Ah, we didn't have it then," he rejoined; "we made that later."

Entering his house, for the rest of the day we ate and refreshed ourselves. We reclined at ease upon a high couch cushioned with dry leaves and skins; the man's wife sat beside her husband; while a daughter, just in the bloom of the marriageable age, waited upon us, and poured into our cups a dark sweet wine. The boys broiled meat and set it before us, at the same time partaking with us.

I found myself admiring these men, and thinking what a happy life they lived—far beyond any I knew. And I am acquainted with the houses and tables of the rich, not only of private citizens, but also of princes and rulers. And the latter I felt—as I had felt before, but now more strongly—are really the unfortunates, as I looked upon poverty joined to independence, and noted that not even in the pleasures of eating and drinking do these plain people fall short of the rich, but may even surpass them.

When we were well along in our meal, the second man, his neighbor, came in, and with him was a good-looking youth, his son, carrying a hare. He blushed when he entered; and while his father was greeting us, he kissed the girl and presented her with the hare. The girl then gave over waiting upon us, and seated herself by her mother's side; while the young man served us in her place.

Then I asked the host, "Is this the same daughter whose tunic you took to give to the shipwrecked stranger?" He smiled and said: "No, that daughter is long married and now has big children of her own; her husband is a rich man living in the village." "Then, doubtless," said I, "they supply you with anything you need." "We haven't any needs," spoke up the wife; "it is they who are always getting from us—game or fruit and vegetables, for they have no garden. Last year we did get some seed wheat from them—just for sowing; but we returned it at harvest time." "Well," said I, "and do you intend to marry this daughter to a rich man, that she too may lend you wheat on occasion?" At this the girl and the boy both got very red. Then her father answered: "She will marry a poor man, a hunter like ourselves"; and he gave a kindly glance toward the young man. Then I again: "And why don't you marry her forthwith? Is the man to come from the village?" "I think," said the father, "the man is not very far away; in fact he is here with us. And we will have the wedding as soon as we pick out a lucky day." "And how," said I, "do you decide upon a good day?" He answered, "When the moon's face shows large, and the air is clear and the sky bright." "And is he really a good hunter?" I asked. The boy spoke up: "I can tire out a deer, and I can meet the charge of a wild boar. I'll show you to-morrow, stranger, if you like." "And did you catch this hare?" I asked. "Yes," he smiled, "in a snare last night. It was a fine clear air, and the moon was bigger than I ever saw it." Here they both laughed, the girl's father and the boy's. The young man was covered with confusion, and fell silent.

Then the girl's father said: "I won't put it off any longer, but your father is waiting to go and buy a suitable beast for sacrifice; for we must sacrifice to the Gods." Here the small

brother of the girl cried out: "He's got a pig for sacrifice—all ready this long while. He keeps it in a pen out back; it's a beauty." "Is that so?" they asked the young man. He said, "Yes." "And how did you get it?" was next. He replied: "When we caught the sow with the litter, most of the little pigs got away; they ran faster than hares. One of them I hit with a stone and I caught him, and hid him in my cloak. This I traded in the village for a little sow pig,[1] which I have fed up, making a pen back in the bushes."

"That explains it," said his father, "why your mother laughed when I wondered at hearing a pig squeal, and how the barley disappeared so." "You see," the young man explained, "we hadn't chestnuts enough to fatten her, and she wouldn't eat ordinary mast.[2] If you want to see her, I'll go and fetch her." "Go," they said. Then the young man and the boys ran out in great glee.

While they were gone, the girl rose and fetched from the store-cabin sorb apples—cut and spiced, and medlars and winter apples, and great clusters of cultivated grapes. These she placed on the table, first brushing off with leaves any fragments of meat, and putting fresh fern leaves beneath the fruit.

Soon the boys came back leading the pig,—with much sport and laughter. The mother of the young man followed with them, and his two little brothers. These brought wheaten loaves, and boiled eggs in wooden saucers, and roasted vetches. After saluting her brother and her niece, she took a seat beside her husband, and said: "See the pig which the lad has been fattening this long time for the wedding; and we have everything else ready, both barley meal and wheat flour. We only need a little wine; and that will be easy to get in the village."

The young man was standing near his mother and cast anxious glances at his father-in-law to be. The latter said, mischievously: "It is this boy that now delays things; probably he wants to put more fat on his pig." The boy retorted: "She is now fat enough to burst." Then I, wishing to help the

---

[1] By the exchange he got a tame pig, easier fattened, and one of the sex essential.

[2] This seems to be the boy's meaning. The original is obscure.

lad, said: "Be careful lest while the pig fattens, your boy becomes thin." "The stranger is right," said the boy's mother; "he is already much thinner than he used to be, and one night recently I noticed that he couldn't sleep, but got up and wandered about outside." "The dogs were barking," he explained, "and I went out to see what it was about." "Not you, son," she said: "You went around distracted-like. Do not let us make him suffer any longer." And she put her arms about the girl's mother and kissed her. Then the mother said to her husband: "Let us do as they desire." So it was agreed; and they fixed the wedding for the next day but one. And they insisted that I should stay for the festivity; which I was very glad to do.

I could not help reflecting how such things are managed among the rich:—their match-makers, the careful weighing of wealth and rank, the dowries and marriage-gifts, the promises and the falsifyings, the formal agreements and written contracts, and with all often at the very wedding hard words and disaffections.

This detailed story I have related not, as some might fancy, merely for the pleasure of the telling, but, as said at the start, to present a picture of life among the lowly and as I myself have seen it; thereby that any one interested may see whether the poor in their converse and their acts and in all their intercourse with one another are indeed by reason of their poverty worse off than the rich in all that pertains to a well-ordered life in nature's way, or whether the poor do not at every point have the advantage.

THE PASTORALS

OR

THE LOVES OF DAPHNIS AND CHLOE

BY

LONGUS

TRANSLATED FOR THE ATHENIAN SOCIETY

THE PASTORALS

OR

THE LOVES OF DAPHNIS AND CHLOE

PREFACE

While hunting in a grove sacred to the Nymphs, in the island of Lesbos, I saw the most beautiful sight that I have ever seen: a picture representing a history of love. The grove itself was pleasant to the eye, covered with trees, full of flowers, and well-watered: a single spring fed both trees and flowers. But the picture itself was even more delightful: its subject was the fortunes of love, and the art displayed in it was marvellous: so that many, even strangers, who had heard it spoken of, visited the island, to pay their devotion to the Nymphs and examine the picture, on which were portrayed women in childbirth or wrapping children in swaddling-clothes,—poor babes exposed to the mercy of Fortune,—beasts of the flock nurturing them, shepherds taking them up in token of adoption, young people binding one another by mutual vows, pirates over-running the seas, and enemies invading the land.

Many other subjects, all of an amatory nature, were depicted, which I gazed upon with such admiration that I was seized with the desire to describe them in writing. Accordingly, I diligently sought for some one to give me an explanation of the details: and, when I had thoroughly mastered them, I composed the four following books, as an offering to Love, the Nymphs, and Pan, and also as a work that will afford pleasure to many, in the hope that it may heal the sick, console the sorrowful, refresh the memory of him who once has loved, and instruct him who has never yet felt its flame. For no one has yet escaped, or ever will escape, the attack of Love, as long as beauty exists and eyes can see. May God grant that, unharmed ourselves, we may be able to describe the lot of others!

BOOK I

THERE is in Lesbos a flourishing and beautiful city, named Mitylene. It is intersected by numerous canals, formed by the waters of the sea, which flows in upon it, and adorned with several bridges of white polished stone: to look at it, you would say that it was not a single city, but a number of islands. About two hundred stades distant from the city, a wealthy man possessed a very fine estate: mountains abounding in game, fruitful cornfields, hillocks covered with vine shoots, and ample pasturage for cattle; the sea washed a long stretch of soft sandy beach.

On this estate a goatherd, named Lamon, while feeding his flock, found a child being suckled by a goat. There was a thicket of shrubs and briars, over which the ivy straggled, and beneath, a couch of soft grass, whereon the infant lay. Hither the goat often ran and wandered out of sight, and abandoning its own kid, remained by the side of the child. Lamon, pitying the neglected kid, observed the direction in which the goat went: and, one day at noon, when the sun was at its height, he followed and saw it cautiously entering the thicket and walking round the child, so as not to tread on and hurt it, while the latter sucked vigorously at its teat as if it had been its mother's breast. Astonished, as was natural, he approached closer, and found that it was a little boy, beautiful and well-grown, and wrapped in handsomer swaddling-clothes than suited a child thus exposed: it had on a little purple tunic fastened with a golden clasp, and by its side was a little dagger with an ivory hilt.

At first he was minded to take up the tokens, without troubling about the child: but afterwards, feeling ashamed at the idea of being outdone by the goat in humanity, he waited till night, and took everything to his wife Myrtale,—the tokens, the child, and the goat. When she expressed her astonishment that goats should bring forth little children, he told her everything: how he had found the child lying exposed, and being suckled by the goat, and how he had felt ashamed to leave it to die. His wife agreed with him, and they resolved to hide the tokens, to bring up the child as their own, and to let the

goat suckle him. Further, they decided to call him Daphnis, that the name might have a more pastoral sound.

When two years had passed, a shepherd belonging to the neighborhood, named Dryas, while feeding his flocks, made a similar discovery and saw a similar sight. In his district there was a cave sacred to the Nymphs: a large rock hollowed out within, and circular without. Inside were statues of the Nymphs, carved in stone, with feet unshod, arms bared up to the shoulders, hair falling down over the neck, a girdle around the waist, and a smile on the face: to judge from their attitude, you would have said they were dancing. The dome of the grotto was the center of this mighty rock. Water, gushing from a fountain, formed a running stream; a beautiful meadow extended in front of the cave, the soft and abundant herbage of which was nourished by the moisture of the stream. Within were to be seen hanging up milk-pails, flutes, pipes, and reeds, the offerings of the older shepherds.

A sheep, which had recently landed, went so often to this grotto, that more than once she was thought to be lost. Dryas, wishing to punish her and make her stay with the flock to feed, as before, twisted a bough of pliant osier into a collar in the form of a running noose, and went up to the rock, in order to snare her. But, when he drew near he beheld quite a different sight from what he had expected: he saw the sheep giving her teat, just like a human being, for a copious draught of milk, to a child, which, without a cry, eagerly shifted its clean and pretty mouth from one teat to the other, while the sheep licked its face, after it had had enough. It was a female child, and by its side also lay swaddling-clothes and tokens, a cap interwoven with gold, gilded shoes, and gold-embroidered anklets.

Thinking that what he had found was sent from Heaven, and being moved to pity by the example of the sheep, he took the child up in his arms, put the tokens in his wallet, and prayed to the Nymphs that he might be permitted to bring up their suppliant happily. Then when it was time to drive back his flock, he returned home, told his wife what he had seen, showed her what he had found, and bade her adopt and bring up the child as her own, without telling anyone what had happened. Nape—that was his wife's name—immediately took up the child and ca-

ressed her, as if afraid of being outdone in kindliness by the sheep: and, that it might be more readily believed that the child was her own, she gave it the pastoral name of Chloe.

The two children soon grew up, more beautiful than ordinary rustics. When the boy was fifteen years of age, and the girl thirteen, Lamon and Dryas both dreamed the following dream the same night. They dreamed that the Nymphs of the grotto with the fountain, in which Dryas had found the little girl, delivered Daphnis and Chloe into the hands of a saucy and beautiful boy, who had wings on his shoulders and carried a little bow and arrow: and that this boy touched them both with the same arrow, and bade them tend, the one goats, the other sheep.

When they saw this vision, they grieved to think that Daphnis and Chloe were destined to tend sheep and goats, since their swaddling-clothes seemed to give promise of better fortune: for which reason they had brought them up more delicately than shepherds' children, had taught them to read, and given them all the instruction possible in a country place. They resolved, however, to obey the gods in regard to those who had been saved by their providence. Having communicated their dreams to each other, and offered sacrifice, in the cave of the Nymphs, to the winged boy (whose name they did not know), they sent the maiden and the lad into the fields, having instructed them in all that they had to do: how they ought to feed their flocks before midday, and when the heat had abated: when they should drive them to drink, and when drive them back to the fold: when they should use the shepherd's crook and when the voice alone. They undertook this duty as joyfully as if they had been intrusted with some important office, and were fonder of their goats and sheep than shepherds usually are: for Chloe felt she owed her life to a ewe, while Daphnis remembered that when exposed, he had been nurtured by a goat.

It was the beginning of spring, and all the flowers were blooming—in the woods and meadows, and on the mountains. The humming of bees, and the twittering of tuneful birds were already heard, and the new born young were skipping through the fields: [the lambs were gamboling on the mountains, the bees were buzzing through the meadows, the birds were singing in the bushes.] Under the influence of this beautiful season,

Daphnis and Chloe, themselves tender and youthful, imitated what they saw and heard. When they heard the birds sing, they sang: when they saw the lambs gambol, they nimbly skipped in rivalry: and, like the bees, they gathered flowers, some of which they placed in their bosoms, while they wove garlands of others, which they offered to the Nymphs.

They did everything in common, and tended their flocks side by side. Daphnis frequently gathered together Chloe's wandering sheep: while she often drove back his too venturesome goats from the precipices. Sometimes one of them tended the two flocks alone, while the other was intent upon some amusement. Their amusements were those of children or shepherds. Chloe would pluck some stalks of asphodel from the marsh, to weave a locust-trap, without any thought for her flock: while Daphnis, having cut some slender reeds, and perforated the intervals between joints, joined them with soft wax, and practised himself in playing upon them until nightfall. Sometimes they shared the food they had taken with them from home, their milk, or wine. In short, it would have been easier to find sheep and goats feeding apart, than Daphnis separated from Chloe.

While they were thus engaged in their youthful sports, Love contrived the following trouble for them. There was a wolf in the district, which, having recently brought forth young, frequently carried off lambs from the neighboring fields to feed them. The villagers accordingly assembled together by night, and dug some trenches, one fathom in depth and four in breadth: the greater part of the earth which they dug out they removed to a distance from the trenches: then, placing over the hole long pieces of dry wood, they covered them with the remainder of the earth, so that it looked level ground just as it had been before: this they did so cunningly that, if even a hare had run across, it would have broken the pieces of wood, which were more brittle than bits of straw; and then it would have been seen that it was not solid earth at all, but an imitation. Although they dug several similar trenches on the mountains and plains, they could not succeed in catching the wolf, which perceived the snare, but were the cause of the loss of a number of sheep and goats, and Daphnis also nearly lost his life, in the following manner.

Two goats, in a fit of jealousy, charged each other so violently that the horn of one was broken, and, mad with pain, he took to flight bellowing, closely and hotly pursued by his victorious adversary. Daphnis, grieved at the sight of the mutilated horn, and annoyed at the insolence of the victor, seized his club and crook, and started in pursuit of the pursuer. But, while the goat was trying to make his escape, and Daphnis was in angry pursuit, they could not see clearly what was in front of them, and both fell into one of these pits—the goat first, and Daphnis after him. This saved Daphnis from injury, since he was able to hold on to the goat to break his fall. In this situation he waited in tears to see if anyone would come to pull him up again. Chloe, having seen what had happened, ran up, and, finding that he was still alive, called one of the herdsmen from the neighboring fields to her assistance. The herdsman came up, and looked for a long rope with which to haul him out, but found none. Then Chloe unloosed the band which fastened her hair, and gave it to the herdsmen to let down. Then they stood on the edge of the pit and pulled: and Daphnis, holding on to the band as it was being hauled up, at last succeeded in reaching the summit.

Then they drew up the wretched goat, whose horns were both broken—so fully was his vanquished adversary avenged—and made a present of him to the herdsman, in return for his assistance, having agreed to tell those at home that he had been carried off by a wolf, if anyone missed him. Returning to their flocks, and finding them all feeding peacefully and in good order, they sat down on the trunk of an oak, to see whether Daphnis had been wounded in any part of his body by his fall. But they found no trace of any injury or blood: only his hair and the rest of his person were covered with earth and mud. Daphnis therefore resolved to wash himself, before Lamon and Myrtale found out what had happened. He went with Chloe to the grotto of the Nymphs, where the fountain was, and gave her his tunic and wallet.[1]

---

[1] The following text, ending with the asterisks on page 329, is the portion discovered by Courier in the library at Florence (see page 301).

* * * And Daphnis, standing by the spring, began to wash his hair and his whole person. His hair was dark and thick, and his body tanned by the sun; one would have thought that it was darkened by the reflection of his hair. Chloe looked at him, and he seemed to her to be very handsome; and, because she had never thought him handsome before, she imagined that he owed his beauty to his bath. She washed his back and shoulders, and, finding his skin soft and yielding beneath her hand, she more than once secretly touched herself, to see whether her own skin was more delicate. Then, as it was near sunset, they drove back their flocks to the homestead: and, from that moment, Chloe had but one thought, one desire—to see Daphnis in the bath again.

The following day, when they returned to the pasture, Daphnis sat down under his favourite oak-tree and played on his pipe, looking awhile at his goats, which, lying at his feet, seemed to be listening to his strains. Chloe, seated near him, was also looking after her sheep, but her eyes were more frequently fixed upon Daphnis. She again thought him handsome as he was playing on his pipe, and this time, imagining that he owed his beauty to the music, she took the pipe herself, to see whether she could make herself beautiful. She persuaded him to take a bath again, saw him in the bath and touched him: then, on her way home, she again began to praise his beauty, and this praise was the beginning of love. She did not know what was the matter with her, being a young girl brought up in the country, who had never even heard anyone mention the name of Love. But her heart was a prey to langour, she no longer had control over her eyes, and she often uttered the name of Daphnis. She ate little, could not sleep at night, and neglected her flock: by turns she laughed and cried, slept and started up: her face was pale one moment, and covered with blushes the next: a cow, stung by the gadfly, was not more uneasy than Chloe. Sometimes, when she was quite alone, she talked to herself in the following strain:

"I am ill, but I do not know the nature of my illness: I feel pain, but am not wounded: I am sad, but I have lost none of my sheep. I am burning, although seated in the shade. The brambles have often torn my flesh, but I did not weep:

the bees have often stung me, but I ate my food. The evil which now gnaws my heart must be sharper than all those. Daphnis is beautiful, but so are the flowers: his pipe gives forth sweet notes, but so do the nightingales: but yet I care not for them. Would that I were his pipe, that I might receive his breath! Would that I were one of his goats, that I might be tended by him! O cruel water, that hast made Daphnis so beautiful, while I have washed in thee in vain! I perish, O beloved Nymphs, and you, too, refuse to save the girl who has been brought up in your midst. When I am dead, who will crown you with garlands? Who will feed my poor sheep? Who will look after the noisy grasshopper, which I took so much trouble to catch, that it might send me to sleep, chirping in front of the grotto? But now Daphnis has robbed me of sleep, and the grasshopper chirps in vain."

Such were the words she spoke in her suffering, seeking in vain for the name of Love. But Dorcon, the herdsman who had extricated Daphnis and the goat from the pit, a youth whose beard was just beginning to grow, who knew the name of Love and what it meant, had felt an affection for Chloe ever since that day, and, as time went on, his passion increased. Thinking little of Daphnis, whom he looked upon as a mere child, he resolved to gain his object, either by bribery or violence. He first made them presents: to Daphnis he gave a rustic pipe, the nine reeds of which were fastened together with brass instead of wax, and to Chloe a spotted fawn's skin, such as Bacchus was wont to wear. Then, thinking that he was on sufficiently friendly terms with them, he gradually began to neglect Daphnis, while every day he brought Chloe a fresh cheese, a garland of flowers, or some ripe fruit; and once he presented her with a young calf, a gilt cup, and some young birds, which he had caught on the mountains. She, knowing nothing of the arts of lovers, was delighted to receive the presents, because she could pass them on to Daphnis. One day —since Daphnis also was destined to learn what Love meant— a discussion arose between him and Dorcon as to which of them was the handsomer. Chloe was appointed judge: and the victor's reward was to be a kiss. Dorcon spoke first:

"I am taller than Daphnis: I am a cowherd, while he is

only a goatherd, as much superior to him as cows are superior to goats. I am white as milk, ruddy as corn fit for the sickle: my mother reared me, not a wild beast. He is short, beardless as a woman, black as a wolf. He tends goats, and stinks like them. He is so poor that he cannot even keep a dog: and if, as is reported, a goat has suckled him, he differs little from a kid."

After Dorcon had spoken thus, Daphnis replied:

"Yes, like Zeus, I was suckled by a goat: I tend goats that are larger than his cows, and I do not smell of them, any more than Pan, who is more like a goat than anything else. I am content with cheese, hard bread, and sweet wine: if he have these, a man is rich in the country. I am beardless, so was Dionysus: I am dark, so is the hyacinth: and yet Dionysus is superior to the Satyrs, the hyacinth to the lily. He is as red as a fox, bearded like a goat, white as a woman from the city. If you kiss me, you will kiss my mouth: but, if you kiss him, you will only kiss the hairs on his chin. Lastly, O maiden, remember that you were suckled by a sheep: and yet how beautiful you are!"

Chloe could wait no longer: delighted at such praise, and having long been eager to kiss Daphnis, she jumped up and kissed him, simply and artlessly, but yet her kiss had power to inflame his heart. Dorcon, deeply annoyed, hastened away, to think of some other way of satisfying his desires. Daphnis, on the other hand, seemed to have received a sting, rather than a kiss. He immediately became sad and pensive: he was seized with a chill, and was unable to restrain his palpitating heart: he wanted to look at Chloe, and, when he did so, his face was covered with blushes. Then, for the first time, he admired her fair hair, her eyes as large as those of a heifer, her face whiter than goats' milk: it seemed as if he then began for the first time to see, and had hitherto been blind. He merely tasted his food, and hardly moistened his lips with drink. He who was once more noisy than the locusts, remained silent: he who was formerly more active than his goats, sat idle: his flock was neglected, his pipe lay on the ground, his face was paler than the grass in summer. He could only speak of Chloe: and, whenever he was away from her * * * .

Meanwhile, Daphnis raved to himself as follows: "What has Chloe's kiss done to me? Her lips are tenderer than roses, her mouth is sweeter than a honeycomb, but her kiss is sharper than the sting of a bee. I have often kissed my kids: I have often kissed newly-born puppies, and the little calf which Dorcon gave me: but this kiss is something new. My pulse beats high: my heart leaps: my soul melts: and yet I wish to kiss again. O bitter victory! O strange disease, the name of which I cannot even tell! Can Chloe have tasted poison before she kissed me? why then did she not die? How sweetly sing the nightingales; but my pipe is silent! How wantonly leap the kids, but I sit still! How sweetly bloom the flowers, but I weave no garlands! The violets and hyacinths bloom, but Daphnis fades. Shall even Dorcon appear more beautiful than Daphnis?"

Such were the passionate outbursts of the worthy Daphnis, who then for the first time felt the influence of love. But Dorcon, the herdsman, the lover of Chloe, seizing the opportunity when Dryas was planting a tree near a vine-shoot, went up to him with some cheeses and pipes. He gave him the cheeses, since he had been an old friend of his, at the time when he himself pastured his flock. Then he began to speak of marriage with Chloe, and promised him a number of valuable presents, if he should gain her hand: a yoke of oxen for ploughing, four swarms of bees, fifty young apple trees, an ox-hide for making shoes, and, every year, a calf that had been weaned. Allured by the prospects of such presents, Dryas was on the point of giving his consent. But afterwards, thinking that the maiden deserved to make a better marriage, and being afraid that, if he were found out, he might be punished and even put to death, he refused his consent, at the same time asking Dorcon not to be offended.

Dorcon, thus for the second time cheated of his hopes, and having lost his fat cheeses for nothing, determined to lay violent hands on Chloe when he found her alone. Having observed that Daphnis and Chloe took it in turns to drive their flocks to drink, he contrived a scheme worthy of a shepherd. He took the skin of a large wolf, which one of his oxen, fighting in defence of the kine, had killed with his horns, and flung

it over his shoulders, whence it hung down to his feet, so that the forefeet covered his hands, and the hinder his legs down to his heels, while the head with its gaping mouth enclosed his head like a soldier's helmet. Having thus transformed himself into a wild beast as best he could, he proceeded to the spring where the goats and sheep used to drink after they came from pasture. This fountain was in a hollow valley, and the whole spot around was full of wild brambles and thorns, low-growing juniper bushes and thistles, so that even a real wolf could easily have concealed himself there. Here Dorcon hid himself, waiting for the time when the animals came to drink, hoping to frighten Chloe under the guise of a wolf, and so easily lay hands upon her.

After he had waited a little while, Chloe came driving the flocks to the spring, having left Daphnis cutting fresh foliage for the kids to eat after pasture. The dogs who assisted them to guard the sheep and goats followed her: and, with the natural curiosity of keen-scented animals, they tracked and discovered Dorcon preparing to attack the maiden. With a loud bark, they rushed upon him as if he had been a wolf, surrounded him, before he was able in his astonishment to rise upon his feet, and bit at him furiously. At first, afraid of being recognised, and being for some time protected by the skin which covered him, he lay in the thicket without uttering a word: but when Chloe, terrified at the first sight of the supposed animal, shouted for Daphnis to help her, and the dogs, having torn off the skin, began to fix their teeth in his body, he cried out loudly and implored Chloe and Daphnis (who had just come up) to assist him.

They quickly calmed the dogs with their familiar shout; then taking Dorcon, who had been bitten in the legs and shoulders, to the fountain, they washed his wounds, where the dogs' teeth had entered the flesh, and chewed the green bark of an elm-tree and spread it over them. In their ignorance of the audacity prompted by love, they thought that Dorcon had merely put on the wolf's skin for a joke: wherefore they felt no anger against him, but tried to console him, and, having helped him along a little distance, sent him on his way.

Dorcon, having been in such deadly peril, after he had

made good his escape from the mouth of a dog (not, as the proverb goes, of a wolf), devoted his attention to his wounds. Daphnis and Chloe, however, found considerable difficulty in getting together their goats and sheep, which, alarmed by the sight of the wolf's skin, and thrown into confusion by the barking of the dogs, had fled to the tops of the mountains or down to the seashore. Although they had been trained to obey their masters' voice and to be soothed by the sound of the pipe, and to gather together when they merely clapped their hands, fear had caused them to forget everything; and they could only get them back to the fold with difficulty, after tracking them like hares. During that night alone they slept soundly, and weariness was a remedy for their amorous uneasiness: but, as soon as day came again, they felt the same passion as before. They were glad when they saw each other, and sorrowful when they parted: they suffered, they wanted something, but they did not know what they wanted. They only knew, the one that he had been undone by a kiss, the other that she had been destroyed by a bath. In addition to this, the season of the year still further inflamed their passion.

It was the end of spring and the commencement of summer: all Nature was in full vigour: the trees were full of fruit, the fields of corn. The chirp of the grasshopper was sweet to hear, the fruit sweet to smell, and the bleating of the sheep pleasant to the ear. The gently flowing rivers seemed to be singing a song: the winds, blowing softly through the pine-branches, sounded like the notes of the pipe: even the apples seemed to fall to the ground smitten with love, stripped off by the sun that was enamoured of their beauty. Daphnis, heated by all these surroundings, plunged into the river, sometimes to bathe, at other times to snare the fish that sported in the eddies of the stream: and he often drank, as if he could thereby quench the fire that consumed him. Chloe, after having milked her sheep and most of Daphnis's goats, was for a long time busied in curdling the milk: for the flies annoyed her terribly and stung her, when she endeavoured to drive them away. After this, she washed her face, and crowned with branches of pine, and girt with the skin of a fawn, filled a pail with wine and milk to share with Daphnis.

When noon came on, they were more enamoured than ever. For Chloe, having seen Daphnis quite naked, was struck by the bloom of his beauty, and her heart melted with love, for his whole person was too perfect for criticism: while Daphnis, seeing Chloe with her fawn skin and garland of pine, holding out the milkpail for him to drink, thought that he was gazing upon one of the Nymphs of the grotto. He snatched the garland from her head, kissed it, and placed it on his own: and Chloe took his clothes when he had stripped to bathe, kissed them, and in like manner put them on. Sometimes they pelted each other with apples, and parted and decked each other's hair. Chloe declared that Daphnis's hair, being dark, was like myrtale berries: while Daphnis compared Chloe's face to an apple, because it was fair and ruddy. He also taught her to play on the pipe: and, when she began to blow, he snatched it away, and ran over the reeds with his lips: and, while he thus pretended to show her where she was wrong, he speciously kissed the pipe in the places where her mouth had been.

While he was piping in the noonday heat, and the flocks were resting in the shade, Chloe unwittingly fell asleep. When Daphnis perceived this, he put down his pipe, and gazed at her all over with greedy eyes, without any feeling of shame, and at the same time gently whispered to himself: "How lovely are her eyes in sleep! how sweet the perfume from her mouth, sweeter than that of apples or the hawthorn! Yet I dare not kiss it: her kiss pricks me to the heart, and maddens me like fresh honey. Besides, if I kiss her, I am afraid of waking her. O chattering grasshoppers! you will prevent her from sleeping, if you chirp so loudly! And on the other side, the he-goats are butting each other with their horns: O wolves, more cowardly than foxes, why do you not carry them off?"

While he was thus talking to himself, a grasshopper, pursued by a swallow, fell into Chloe's bosom: the swallow followed, but could not catch it: but, being unable to check its flight, touched Chloe's cheek with its wing. Not knowing what was the matter, she cried out loudly, and woke up with a start: but, when she saw the swallow flying close to her, and Daphnis laughing at her alarm, she was reassured, and rubbed her still drowsy eyes. The grasshopper, as if in gratitude for

its safety, chirped its thanks from her bosom. Then Chloe cried out again, and Daphnis laughed: and, seizing the opportunity, thrust his hand into her breast, and pulled out the grateful insect, which continued its song, even while held a prisoner in his hand. Chloe was delighted, and having kissed the insect, took it and put it, still chirping, into her bosom.

Another time, they were listening with delight to the cooing of a wood-pigeon. When Chloe asked what was the meaning of its song, Daphnis told her the popular story: "Once upon a time, dear maiden, there was a maiden, beautiful and blooming as yourself. She tended cattle and sang beautifully: her cows were so enchanted by the music of her voice, that she never needed to strike them with her crook or to touch them with her goad: but, seated beneath a pine-tree, her head crowned with a garland, she sang of Pan and Pinus, and the cows stood near, enchanted by her song. There was a young man who tended his flocks hard by, beautiful and a good singer himself, as she was, who entered into a rivalry of song with her: his voice was more powerful, since he was a man, and yet gentle, since he was but a youth. He sang so sweetly that he charmed eight of her best cows and enticed them over to his own herd, and drove them away. The maiden, grieved at the loss of her cattle, and at having been vanquished in singing, begged the Gods to transform her into a bird before she returned home. The Gods listened to her prayer, and transformed her into a mountain bird, which loves to sing as she did. Even now it tells in plaintive tones of her misadventure, and how that she is still seeking the cows that strayed away."

Such were the enjoyments which the summer afforded them. But, in mid-autumn, when the grapes grew ripe, some Tyrian pirates, having embarked on a light Carian vessel, that they might not be suspected of being barbarians, landed on the coast: and, armed with swords and corslets, carried off everything that came into their hands, fragrant wine, a great quantity of wheat, and honey in the honeycomb, besides some cows belonging to Dorcon. They also seized Daphnis as he was wandering on the shore: for Chloe, being a simple girl, for fear of the insolence of the shepherds, did not drive out the flocks of Dryas so early. When the robbers beheld the

tall and handsome youth, a more valuable booty than any they could find in the fields, they paid no heed to the goats or the other fields, but carried him off to their ship, weeping and in great distress what to do, and calling the while for Chloe in a loud voice. No sooner had they loosed the cable, and begun to ply their oars, and put out to sea, than Chloe drove down her flock, bringing with her a new pipe as a present to Daphnis. But, seeing the goats scattered hither and thither, and hearing Daphnis calling to her ever louder and louder, thinking no more about her sheep, she flung away the pipe, and ran to Dorcon, to implore his aid.

She found him lying prostrate on the ground, hacked by the swords of the robbers, and almost dead from loss of blood. But, when he saw Chloe, revived by the smouldering fire of his former passion, he said: "Chloe, dear, I am at the point of death: when I tried to defend my cattle, the accursed brigands hewed me to pieces like an ox. But do you save Daphnis for yourself: avenge me, and destroy them. I have taught my cows to follow the sound of the pipe, and to come when they hear it, however far off they may be feeding. Come, take this pipe, and play the same strain upon it which I once taught Daphnis, and he in turn taught you. Leave the rest to my pipe and my cows that are on yonder ship. I also make you a present of the pipe, with which I have gained the victory over many herdsmen and shepherds. Kiss me once in return, and lament for me when I am dead: and, when you see another tending my cattle, then think of me."

When Dorcon had thus spoken, and had kissed her for the last time, he breathed his last as he spoke and kissed her. Chloe took the pipe, put it to her lips, and blew with all her might. And the cows heard it, and, recognising the strain, began to low, and all with a bound sprang into the sea. As they had leaped from the same side of the vessel, and caused the sea to part, it upset and sank under the waves that closed over it. Those on board were flung into the sea, but with unequal prospect of safety. For the pirates were encumbered with swords, and clad in scaly coats of mail, and greaves reaching halfway down the leg. But Daphnis, who had been tending his flocks, was unshod, and only half-clothed, owing

to the burning heat. The pirates had only swum a little way, when the weight of their armour dragged them down into the depths: Daphnis easily threw off the clothes he had on, yet it cost him some effort to swim, since he had hitherto only swum in rivers: but soon, under the impulse of necessity, he reached the cows by an effort, and, while with each hand he grasped one by the horns, he was carried along between them without difficulty or danger, as if he had been driving a cart: for an ox swims far better than any man: it is only inferior to the water-fowl and fishes. An ox would never sink, were it not that the horn falls off his hoofs when it gets wet through. The truth of what I say is borne out by many places on the coast which are still found bearing the name of "Ox fords."

Thus Daphnis, against all expectation, was saved from the double danger of the robbers and shipwreck. When he came to land, and found Chloe weeping and smiling through her tears, he threw himself into her arms, and asked her what she had meant by playing on the pipe. And she told him everything, how she had run to Dorcon for help, how his cows had been trained to obey the sound of the pipe, what strain she had been bidden to play, and how Dorcon had died: only, from a feeling of modesty, she said nothing about the kiss she had given him. Then both resolved to honour the memory of their benefactor, and went with his relatives to bury the unhappy Dorcon. They heaped earth over him in abundance, and planted a number of cultivated trees round about, and hung up as an offering to the deceased the first fruits of their labours: they poured libations of milk over his grave, crushed grapes, and broke several shepherds' pipes. His cows lowed piteously, wandering hither and thither the while: and to the herdsmen and shepherds it seemed that they were mourning for the death of their master.

After the burial of Dorcon, Chloe led Daphnis to the grotto of the Nymphs, where she washed him, and then she herself, for the first time in Daphnis's presence, also washed her own fair and beautiful person, which needed no bath to set off its beauty: then, plucking the flowers that were in season, they crowned the statues of the Nymphs, and hung up Dorcon's pipe against the rock as an offering. After this, they went to

look after their sheep and goats, which were all lying on the ground, neither feeding nor bleating, but, I believe, pining for the absent Daphnis and Chloe. But, as soon as they came in sight, and began to shout and pipe as usual, they jumped up and began to feed: the goats skipped wantonly, as if delighted at the safe return of their master. Daphnis however could not bring himself to feel happy: for, since he had seen Chloe naked, in all her beauty formerly hidden and then revealed, he felt a pain in his heart, as if it was consumed by poison. His breath now came rapidly, as if someone was pursuing him: and now failed him, as if exhausted in previous attacks. Chloe's bath seemed to him more terrible than the sea. He thought that his soul was still amongst the pirates, since he was merely a young rustic and as yet knew nothing of the thievish tricks of Love.

BOOK II

It was now the middle of autumn, and the vintage was close at hand; everyone was in the fields, busily intent upon his work. Some were repairing the wine-presses, others cleaning out the jars: some were weaving baskets of osier, and others sharpening short sickles for cutting the grapes: some were preparing stones to crush those full of wine, others preparing dry twigs which had been well beaten, to be used as torches to light the drawing off of the new wine by night. Daphnis and Chloe, having abandoned the care of their flocks, assisted each other in these tasks. Daphnis carried bunches of grapes in baskets, threw them into the press and trod them, and drew off the juice into jars: while Chloe prepared food for the vintagers, and poured some of the older wine for them to drink, while at the same time she picked some of the lowest bunches from the trees. For all the vines in Lesbos grow low, and are not trained to trees: their branches hang down to the ground, spreading like ivy, so that even a child that is, so to speak, only just out of its swaddling clothes, could reach them.

As is customary at the festival of Bacchus, on the birthday of the wine, women had been summoned from the neighbouring fields to assist; and they cast amorous eyes on Daphnis, and

extolled him as vying with Bacchus in beauty. One of them, bolder than the rest, kissed him, which excited Daphnis, but annoyed Chloe. On the other hand, the men who were treading the wine-presses, made all kinds of advances to Chloe, and leaped furiously, like Satyrs who had seen some Bacchante, declaring that they wished they were sheep, to be tended by her: this, again, pleased Chloe, while Daphnis felt annoyed. Each wished that the vintage was over, and that they could return to the familiar fields, and, instead of uncouth shouts, hear the sound of the pipe and the bleating of their flocks.

In a few days the grapes were gathered in, the casks were full of new wine, and there was no need of so many hands: then they again began to drive their flocks down to the plain, and joyfully paid homage to the Nymphs, offering them grapes still hanging on the branches, the first fruits of the vintage. Even before that they had never neglected them as they passed by, but when they drove their flocks to pasture, as well as on their return, they reverently saluted them; never omitting to bring them a flower, some fruit, some green foliage, or a libation of milk. And they afterwards reaped the reward of this piety from the Gods. Then they gamboled like dogs loosed from their bonds, piped, sang to the goats, and wrestled sportively with the sheep.

While they were thus amusing themselves, an old man appeared before them, clad in a goatskin, with shoes of undressed leather on his feet, and carrying a wallet, a very old one, round his neck. Seating himself close by them, he addressed them as follows: "My children, I am old Philetas: I have sung many songs to these Nymphs, I have often played the pipe to Pan yonder, and guided a whole herd of oxen by my voice alone. I am come to tell you what I have seen, and to declare to you what I have heard.

"I have a garden, which I have planted and cultivated myself, ever since I became too old to tend my flocks. You will always find there everything that grows, in its proper season: in spring, roses, lilies, hyacinths, single and double violets: in summer, poppies, wild pears, and all kinds of apples: and, in the present autumn season, grapes, figs, pomegranates, and green myrtles. Every morning flocks of birds assemble

in the garden, some to seek food, others to sing: for it is thickly shaded by trees, and watered by three fountains: if you were to remove the wall that surrounds it you would think it was a native forest.

"When I went into it yesterday about mid-day, I saw a lad under the myrtles and pomegranate trees, with some of their produce in his hands: he was white as milk and ruddy as fire, and his body shone as if he had just been bathing. He was naked and alone, and he was amusing himself with plucking the fruit as if the garden had belonged to him. I rushed at him to seize him, being afraid that, in his wantonness, he might break my trees: but he nimbly and easily escaped my hand, now running under the rose-bushes, now hiding himself under the poppies, like a young partridge. I have often had trouble in chasing young kids, and tired myself with running after newly-born calves: but this was a wily creature, and could not be caught. Being an old man, and obliged to support myself with a stick, I soon became tired: and, being afraid that he might escape, I asked him to which of my neighbours he belonged, and what he meant by plucking the fruit in a stranger's garden. He made no answer, but, coming close to me, laughed quietly, flung some myrtle-berries at me, and, somehow or other, appeased my anger. I asked him to come to me without fear, and I swore by my myrtles, and, in addition, by my apples and pomegranates, that I would let him pluck the fruits of my trees and cull my flowers whenever he pleased, if he would only give me one kiss.

"Then, laughing loudly, he began to speak in a voice sweeter than that of a swallow, or nightingale, or swan as old in years as myself: 'It would be easy for me to kiss you, Philetas: for my wish to be kissed is stronger than your desire to become young again: but look to it whether the gift is suitable to your age. For, when you have once kissed me, your years will not exempt you from a desire to pursue me: but neither the hawk, nor eagle, nor other bird that is swift on the wing can catch me. I am not a child, even though I seem to be: I am older than Kronos, more ancient than all time. I knew you in the bloom of your first youth, when you tended your numerous flock in yonder marsh, and I was by your side

when you played upon your pipe under the beech-trees, when you were in love with Amaryllis, but you did not see me; and yet I was very close to her. I gave her to you, and the fruit of your union has been stalwart sons, good herdsmen and labourers. But now Daphnis and Chloe are my care: and when I have brought them together in the morning, I come into your garden, to enjoy the sight of the plants and flowers, and to bathe in this spring. This is why all the produce of your garden is fair to see, since it is watered by my bath. Look whether any branch is broken, whether any fruit is plucked, whether any flower is trodden upon, or your springs disturbed. Think yourself happy that you are the only man who has seen this child in your old age.'

"With these words, he sprang up, like a young nightingale, upon the myrtles, and, mounting from branch to branch, at length reached the top. Then I saw that he had wings on his shoulders, and a bow and arrows between the wings and his shoulders, and after that I saw him no more. But, unless my grey hairs count for nothing, unless I have grown more foolish with age, you are consecrated to Love, my children, and Love watches over you."

Daphnis and Chloe were as delighted as if they had heard some fable, and not a true story, and asked what Love was; whether it was a bird or a child, and what it could do. Philetas replied: "My children, Love is a winged God, young and beautiful. Wherefore he takes delight in youth, pursues beauty, and furnishes the soul with wings: his power is greater than that of Zeus. He has power over the elements and over the stars: and has greater control over the other Gods that are his equals than you have over your sheep and goats. The flowers are all the work of Love; the plants are his creation. He makes the rivers to run, and the winds to blow. I have seen a bull smitten with love, and it bellowed as if stung by the gadfly: I have seen a he-goat kissing its mate, and following it everywhere. I myself have been young, and was in love with Amaryllis: then I thought neither of eating nor drinking, and I took no rest. My soul was troubled, my heart beat, my body was chilled: I shouted as if I were being beaten, I was as silent as a dead man, I plunged into the rivers as if I

were consumed by fire: I called upon Pan, himself enamoured of Pitys, to help me: I thanked Echo, who repeated the name of Amaryllis after me: I broke my pipes, which, though they charmed my kine, could not bring Amaryllis to me. For there is no remedy for Love, that can be eaten or drunk, or uttered in song, save kissing and embracing, and lying naked side by side."

Philetas, having thus instructed them, departed, taking away with him a present of some cheeses and a horned goat. When they were left alone, having then for the first time heard the name of Love, they were greatly distressed, and, on their return to their home at night, compared their feelings with what they had heard from the old man: "Lovers suffer: so do we. They neglect their work: we have done the same. They cannot sleep: it is the same with us. They seem on fire: we are consumed by fire. They are eager to see each other: it is for this that we wish the day to dawn more quickly. This must be Love, and we are in love with each other without knowing it. If this be not love, and I am not beloved, why are we so distressed? why do we so eagerly seek each other? All that Philetas has told us is true. It was that boy in the garden who once appeared to our parents in a dream, and bade us tend the flocks. How can we catch him? he is small and will escape. And how can we escape him? he has wings and will overtake us. We must appeal to the Nymphs for help. But Pan could not help Philetas, when he was in love with Amaryllis. Let us, therefore, try the remedies of which he told us: let us kiss and embrace each other, and lie naked on the ground. It is cold: but we will endure it, after the example of Philetas."

This was their nightly lesson. At daybreak they drove out their flocks, kissed each other as soon as they met, which they had never done before, and embraced: but they were afraid to try the third remedy, to undress and lie down together: for it would have been too bold an act for a young shepherdess, even for a goatherd. Then again they passed sleepless nights, thinking of what they had done, and regretting what they had left undone. "We have kissed each other," they complained, "but it has profited nothing. We have embraced, but nothing has come of it. The only remaining remedy is to

lie down together: let us try it: surely there must be something in it more efficacious than in a kiss."

With such thoughts as these their dreams were naturally of love and kisses and embraces: what they had not done in the day, they did in a dream: they lay naked together. The next morning, they got up more inflamed with love than ever, and drove their flocks to pasture, whistling loudly, and hurried to embrace each other: and, when they saw each other from a distance, they ran up with a smile, kissed, and embraced: but the third remedy was slow to come: for Daphnis did not venture to speak of it, and Chloe was unwilling to lead the way, until chance brought them to it.

They were sitting side by side on the trunk of an oak: and, having tasted the delights of kissing, they could not have enough: in their close embrace their lips met closely. While Daphnis pulled Chloe somewhat roughly towards him, she somehow fell on her side, and Daphnis, following up his kiss, fell also on his side: then, recognising the likeness of the dream, they lay for a long time as if they had been bound together. But, not knowing what to do next, and thinking that this was the consummation of love, they spent the greater part of the day in these idle embraces; then, cursing the night when it came on, they separated, and drove their flocks home. Perhaps they would have found out the truth, had not a sudden disturbance occupied the attention of the whole district.

Some wealthy young Methymnaeans, wishing to amuse themselves away from home during the vintage, launched a small vessel, manned with their servants as oarsmen, and coasted along the shore of Mitylene, which affords good harbourage, and is adorned with splendid houses, baths, parks, and groves, some natural, others artificial, but all pleasant to dwell in. Coasting along and putting in to land from time to time, they did no damage, but amused themselves in various ways. They fastened hooks to the end of a fine line attached to the end of a reed, and caught fish from a rock that jutted out into the sea: or, with dogs and nets, captured the hares which were scared by the noise of the labourers in the vineyard; or again, they set snares for ducks, wild geese, and bustards, which, besides affording them sport, provided them with an

addition to their repast. If they wanted anything else, they bought it from the villagers, at a higher price than it was worth. They only needed bread, wine, and lodging, for, as it was late in the autumn, they did not think it was safe to pass the night on the water: they accordingly drew up the ship on land, being afraid of a storm by night.

It chanced that a peasant, being in need of a rope to lift up the stone that was used for crushing the grapes after they had been trodden (his own being broken), went secretly down to the sea-shore, and, finding the ship unguarded, unfastened the cable, took it home, and used it for what he wanted. In the morning the young Methymnaeans looked everywhere for the rope, and, as no one admitted the theft, after abusing their hosts, they put out to sea again. Having sailed on about thirty stades, they put in at that part of the coast where was the estate on which Daphnis and Chloe dwelt: since it seemed to them to be a good country for coursing. But, as they had no rope with which to moor their vessel, they twisted some long green osiers into a cable, and with them fastened it to land: then, having let loose their dogs to scent the game in the most likely spots, they spread their nets. The dogs, running in all directions and barking, frightened the goats, which left the hills and fled hastily in the direction of the sea. There, finding nothing to eat in the sand on the shore, some of them, bolder than the rest, went up to the boat, and gnawed off the osiers with which it was fastened.

It so happened that the sea was rather rough, as there was a breeze blowing from the mountains: and, as soon as the boat was unfastened, the tide carried it away into the open sea. When the young Methymnaeans saw what had occurred, some of them ran down to the shore, and others called their dogs together: and all raised such a shout that all the labourers hurried up from the neighbouring fields. But it was all in vain: for, as the breeze freshened, it bore away the vessel down the current with irresistible force.

Then the Methymnaeans, having thus sustained a considerable loss, looked for the keeper of the goats, and, having found Daphnis, flogged him and stripped him of his clothes. One of them, taking up a dog-leash, twisted Daphnis's hands

behind his back, intending to bind him. He shouted loudly as he was being beaten, and implored the countrymen to help him, above all Lamon and Dryas. They, being vigorous old men, whose hands were hardened by their labours in the fields, assisted him stoutly, and demanded that a fair inquiry should be held into what had taken place.

As the others who had come up pressed the same demand, the herdsman Philetas was chosen as umpire: for he was the oldest of those present, and he had the reputation amongst his fellow villagers of being perfectly impartial. First the young Methymnaeans briefly and clearly made their complaint:

"We came to these fields to hunt. We had fastened our boat to the shore with a green osier-withe, and left it there: after which, we set out with our dogs to look for game. Meanwhile, this man's goats went down to the shore, ate the osiers, and set loose the boat. You yourself saw it being carried away out to sea: what do you think was the value of the property with which it was loaded? of the clothes and dog-trappings, besides money, enough to purchase this estate? Wherefore, by way of recompense, we claim that we have a right to carry away this rascally goatherd, who pastures his flock on the sea-shore, as if he were a sailor."

Such was the charge brought by the Methymnaeans. Daphnis, although suffering terribly from the blows which he had received, seeing Chloe amongst those present, made light of the pain, and spoke as follows:

"I tend my goats properly. No one in the village has ever complained of a goat of mine browsing in his garden or breaking down his sprouting vines. It is the fault of these sportsmen, who have dogs so badly broken, that they keep running about and barking so loudly, that, like so many wolves, they have driven my goats from the hills and plains to the sea-shore. But they have eaten the osiers: could they find any grass, or wild arbutus, or thyme to eat on the sand? Again, their boat had been destroyed by the winds and waves: the storm, not my goats, is to blame for this. Again, there was a large store of clothes and money on board: who would be so foolish as to believe that a boat, carrying so valuable a freight,

would have been fastened with nothing but a rope made of osier-withes?"

Having thus spoken, Daphnis began to weep, and moved the villagers to great compassion: so that Philetas, who had to pronounce the verdict, swore by Pan and the Nymphs, that neither Daphnis nor his goats were in the wrong, but the sea and the wind, which were under the jurisdiction of others. However, Philetas could not convince the Methymnaeans, who, in the impulse of their rage, again seized Daphnis, and would have bound him, had not the villagers, roused at this, rushed upon them like a flock of starlings, or jackdaws, and speedily rescued Daphnis, who also was stoutly defending himself. Then, with vigorous blows of their clubs, they routed the Methymnaeans, and did not cease from pursuing them, until they had driven them out of their territory.

While they were thus engaged in the pursuit of the Methymnaeans, Chloe quietly led Daphnis to the grotto of the Nymphs, where she washed his face which was smeared with the blood from his nostrils; then, taking a slice of bread and some cheese from her wallet, she gave him to eat, and—what comforted him most of all—she imprinted upon his mouth a kiss sweeter than honey with her tender lips.

Thus Daphnis had a narrow escape, but the matter did not rest there: for the Methymnaeans, having reached their home with great difficulty on foot, whereas they had come in a ship, full of wounds instead of in the enjoyment of luxury, called an assembly of their fellow-citizens, and, holding out olive branches in sign of supplication, besought them to deign to avenge them: they did not, however, utter a word of truth, for fear that they might be laughed at, for having allowed themselves to be so maltreated by a few shepherds: but they accused the Metylenaeans of having plundered them and seized their vessel and its contents, as if they had been at open war.

The Methymnaeans believed what they said when they saw their wounds, and, thinking it their duty to avenge their wrongs, since the young men belonged to the highest families in the place they immediately decided to make war without the usual formalities, and ordered their chief captain to put to sea with ten galleys and ravage their coast: for, as the winter was close

at hand, it was not safe to intrust a larger fleet to the mercy of the waves.

On the following day, the captain put out to sea, using his soldiers as oarsmen, and directed his course towards the coastland of Mitylene. He carried off a large number of cattle, and a quantity of corn and wine, since the vintage was only just over, and also took prisoner a considerable number of those who were working in the fields. He at last landed on the estate where Daphnis and Chloe were tending their flocks, and carried off everything that he could find. At the time Daphnis was not with his flock: for he had gone up to the wood to cut some green branches to serve as fodder for the kids during the winter. Seeing the inroad from a distance, he hid himself in the hollow trunk of a dry beech-tree. Chloe, who was with her flocks, being pursued, fled to the grotto of the Nymphs as a suppliant, and besought her pursuers to spare herself and her flocks, out of respect for the goddesses. But it was all in vain: the Methymnaeans insulted the statues and drove off the flocks, and Chloe with them, as if she had been a sheep or a goat, whipping her with switches.

Their ships being now loaded with all kinds of booty, they made up their minds to sail no further, but directed their course homewards, being afraid of the wintry season and hostile attacks. Accordingly they rowed away as hard as they could, but made slow progress, as there was no wind. Daphnis, when all was quiet, went down to the plain where their flocks had been in the habit of feeding, and finding neither goats nor sheep nor Chloe, but everywhere desolation, and Chloe's pipe, with which she used to amuse herself, lying on the ground, he cried aloud and lamented piteously, now running to the beech under which they used to sit, and now to the seashore, to look for her, and then to the grotto of the Nymphs, where she had taken refuge when she was being carried off. There he flung himself on the ground and reproached the Nymphs with having abandoned her:

"Chloe has been carried off from you, O Nymphs, and you have had the heart to see and endure it—she who used to weave for you chaplets of flowers and offer you libations of fresh milk, whose pipe hangs suspended yonder as an offer-

ing to you. No wolf has ever carried off a single goat of mine, but an enemy has carried off the flock and she who tended it with me. They will flay the goats and sacrifice the sheep, and Chloe will have to dwell in some distant city. How shall I dare to return to my father and mother without my goats and without Chloe, as if I had proved false to my charge? For I have no longer anything to tend.

"Here I will lie and await death, or some other attack. Are you suffering like myself, Chloe? do you still remember these fields, these Nymphs, and me? or do you find some consolation in the sheep and goats that are your fellow-prisoners?"

While he was thus lamenting, a deep sleep overcame him in the midst of his grief and tears. The Nymphs appeared to him, three tall and beautiful women, half-naked, without sandals, with their hair floating down their backs, just like their statues. At first they seemed to feel compassion for Daphnis: then the eldest addressed him in the following words of comfort:

"Do not reproach us, Daphnis: Chloe is more our care than yours. We took pity on her when she was but a child, and adopted her when she was exposed in this cave and brought her up. She has no more to do with the sheep and fields than you have to do with the goats of Lamon. Besides, we have already thought of her future: she shall neither be carried off as a slave to Methymna, nor become part of the enemy's spoil. We have begged the God Pan, whose statue is under yonder pine, to whom you have never offered so much as a chaplet of flowers in token of respect, to go to the assistance of Chloe: for he is more used to the ways of camps than we are, and he has often left the country to take part in battle. He will set out, and the Methymnaeans will find him no contemptible foe. Be not troubled: arise and show yourself to Lamon and Myrtale, who, like yourself, lie prostrate with sorrow, thinking that you also have been carried off. To-morrow Chloe will return with the sheep and goats; you shall tend them and play on the pipe together; leave the rest to the care of Love."

At this sight and at these words Daphnis started up from sleep. Weeping both for joy and grief, he did obeisance to

the statues of the Nymphs and promised, if Chloe should be saved, that he would sacrifice to them the finest of his goats. He next ran to the pine tree, beneath which stood the statue of Pan, with the legs of a goat, his head surmounted by horns, in one hand holding his pipe, in the other a bounding goat. He did obeisance to him also, begged his assistance on behalf of Chloe, and promised to sacrifice a goat to him. The sun was almost set before he ceased from his tears and entreaties; then, taking up the green branches which he had cut, he returned home, where his reappearance comforted Lamon and Myrtale and filled them with joy. Having taken a little food, he went to bed: but even then his rest was disturbed by tears. He prayed that the Nymphs might appear to him again in a dream, and prayed for the speedy coming of the day, on which they had promised him that Chloe should return. Never had a night seemed so long to him. Meanwhile, the following events had taken place.

The Methymnaean captain, when he had proceeded about ten stades, was desirous of giving his men some rest, as they were greatly fatigued with rowing. Accordingly, having reached a promontory which jutted out into the sea in the shape of a crescent, the bay of which afforded a quieter port than any harbour, he cast anchor, but at some distance from the shore, for fear that the inhabitants might annoy him; then he allowed his crew to enjoy themselves undisturbed. Since they were abundantly supplied with everything, they drank and made merry, as if they had been celebrating a feast in honour of a victory. But, when night began to fall and put an end to their enjoyment, suddenly the whole earth appeared in flames: the splash of oars was heard upon the waters, as if a numerous fleet were approaching. They called upon the general to arm himself: they shouted to each other: some thought they were already wounded, others lay as if they were dead. One would have thought that they were engaged in a battle by night, although there was no enemy.

After a night thus spent, a day followed even more terrible to them than the night. They saw Daphnis's goats with ivy-branches, loaded with berries, on their horns: while Chloe's rams and ewes were heard howling like wolves: Chloe her-

self appeared, crowned with a garland of pine. Many marvellous things also happened on the sea. When they attempted to raise the anchors, they remained fast to the bottom: when the oars were dipped into the water to row, they snapped. Dolphins, leaping from the waves, lashed the ships with their tails, and loosened the fastenings. From the top of the steep rock overhanging the promontory was heard the sound of a pipe: but the sound did not soothe the hearers, but terrified them, like the blast of a trumpet. Then, smitten with affright they ran to arms, and called upon their invisible enemies to appear: after which, they prayed for the return of night, hoping that it might afford them some relief. All who possessed any intelligence clearly understood that all the marvellous things that they had seen and heard were the work of God Pan, who was angry with them for some offence they had committed against him: but they could not guess the cause of it, for they had not plundered any spot that was sacred to him. At last, however, at mid-day, when their general had fallen asleep, not without the intervention of the Gods, Pan himself appeared to him and spoke as follows:

"O most impious and sacrilegious of men! what has driven your frenzied minds to such audacity? You have filled with war the country that I love, and have carried off the herds of cattle and flocks of sheep and goats entrusted to my care: you have dragged away from my altars a young girl whom Love has reserved for himself, to adorn a tale. Nay, you did not even respect the presence of the Nymphs, nor me, the great God Pan. Wherefore you shall never again see Methymna with such booty on board, nor shall you escape this pipe, which has so smitten you with alarm: I will swamp you in the waves and give you as food to the fishes, unless you speedily restore Chloe and her flocks, sheep and goats, to the Nymphs. Arise then, put ashore the young girl with all that I have mentioned: and then I will guide your course by sea, and Chloe's by land."

Alarmed at this vision, Bryaxis—that was the captain's name—started up, summoned the commanders of the ships, and ordered them to search for Chloe with all speed amongst the captives. They soon found her and brought her before him: for she was sitting down, with a pine garland on her

head. Recognising by this that it was she to whom his vision referred, he put her on board his own vessel, and conveyed her to land. As soon as she had gone ashore, the sound of the pipe again made itself heard from the summit of the rock, not martial and awe-inspiring, as before, but playing a pastoral air such as shepherds play when driving out their flocks to feed. Then immediately the sheep hurried down the gangway, without stumbling: while the goats descended with even greater confidence, being accustomed to climb steep places.

Then the sheep and the goats danced, skipped, and bleated around Chloe, as if they rejoiced with her: but the herds and flocks of the other shepherds remained where they were in the hollow ship, as if the sound of the pipe had not summoned them. While all were lost in admiration at this, and were singing the praises of Pan, stranger sights were seen on both elements. For the vessels of the Methymnaeans unmoored themselves of their own accord, before the anchors were pulled up, and a dolphin, leaping out of the sea, piloted the commander's ship: on land the sweet sounds of a pipe guided the goats and sheep, although no one could be seen playing upon it. Thus the two flocks went on, feeding the while, delighted to hear such strains.

It was about the time when the flocks were being driven to the plains after mid-day, when Daphnis, perceiving from a lofty hill the approach of Chloe and the herds, with a loud cry of "O Nymphs! O Pan!" hastened down, ran towards Chloe, and, after embracing her, fainted from excess of joy. Even the hot kisses of Chloe, as she clasped him in her arms, scarcely revived him; but at last, having regained consciousness, he made his way to the well-known beech, and, sitting on its trunk, inquired of her how she had managed to escape her numerous foes. Then she told him everything: the ivy that grew on the horns of her goats, the roaring of the sheep, the garland of pine leaves that sprouted upon her head, the fire that blazed forth upon the land, the noise of oars upon the sea, the two different sounds of the pipe, the martial and the peaceful, the horrors of the night, and how she had been guided on the road which she did not know by the sound of sweet music.

Then Daphnis, recognising the vision of the Nymphs and

the influence of Pan, told her in turn all that he had seen and heard, and how that, when he was on the point of death, his life had been restored by the Nymphs. Then he sent her to fetch Dryas and Lamon, and all that was necessary for sacrifice: and, taking the choicest of his goats, he crowned it with ivy, just as the enemy had seen them, poured a libation of milk between its horns, sacrificed it to the Nymphs, hung up and flayed it, and consecrated its skin to them as a votive offering.

When Chloe had returned, together with Dryas and Lamon and their wives, he roasted part of the flesh and boiled the rest, after having offered the firstlings to the Nymphs, and poured a libation from a full bowl of sweet wine. Then, having spread couches of leaves on the ground for the use of the guests, he enjoyed himself eating and drinking; but at the same time he kept an eye upon his flocks, for fear that a wolf might attack them. After this they sang some hymns in honour of the Nymphs, composed by some ancient shepherds. When night came on, they lay down in the fields, and on the following day bethought them of Pan. They crowned the goat that led the flock with branches of pine, and led him to the tree under which stood the image of the God: then, having poured a libation of wine over him, they sang praises to Pan, sacrificed, hung up, and flayed the goat. They roasted part of the flesh and boiled the rest, and set it down close by in the meadow on green leaves. The skin with the horns was hung up on the pine tree near the statue, an offering of shepherds to the shepherds' God. They also gave him of the firstlings, and poured libations in his honour from a larger bowl, while Chloe sang, and Daphnis played the flute.

After this they sat down and refreshed themselves. While they were thus engaged, by chance the herdsman Philetas came up, bringing some garlands of flowers to Pan, and some vine-branches full of bunches of grapes. He was accompanied by his youngest son Tityrus, a fair and impudent lad, with reddish hair and grey eyes, who ran and skipped along like a kid. When they saw Philetas and his son, the others, jumping up, went with them to place the garlands on the statue of Pan, and hung the vine-shoots on the branches of the pine: then, making Philetas sit down with

them, they invited him to share their feast. After the manner of old men who are somewhat heated with wine, they began to tell all sorts of tales: how they tended their flocks when they were young, and how they had escaped many attacks of robbers. One boasted of having slain a wolf, and another (this was Philetas) of being inferior to Pan alone in his skill on the pipe.

Daphnis and Chloe begged him to give them a specimen of his skill, and to play on his pipe at a feast in honour of the God who delighted in such music. Philetas consented, although complaining that his years had left him but little breath, and took Daphnis's pipe. But it was too small for the display of great skill, being only fit for a lad to play upon. Philetas therefore sent Tityrus to his cottage, which was about ten stades distant, to fetch his own pipe. The lad, throwing off his smock, ran off as swiftly as a fawn: meanwhile, Lamon offered to tell them the story of the pipe, which a Sicilian goatherd had related to him in return for the present of a goat and a pipe.

"This pipe in former times was not a musical instrument, but a beautiful maiden, who had a melodious voice. She tended goats, sported with the Nymphs, and sang as now. Pan, who saw her tending her goats, sporting, and singing, tried to persuade her to yield to his advances, promising that her goats should always bring forth twins. But she scoffed at his love, and declared that she would never have anything to do with a lover who was neither a goat nor a perfect man. Thereupon Pan was proceeding to violence, but Syrinx fled, until at last, weary of running, she flung herself into a swamp and disappeared amongst the reeds. Pan, enraged, cut down the reeds, and, not finding the maiden, understood what had happened. Then, cutting some reeds of unequal length, in token of an unequal love, he joined them together with wax and fashioned this instrument. Thus she who was once a beautiful maiden is now an instrument of music—the pipe."

Lamon had scarcely finished his story,—which was highly praised by Philetas, who declared that it was sweeter than any song,—when Tityrus returned with his father's pipe, which was very large and made of larger reeds than usual, while

the waxen fastenings were overlaid with brass. One would have said that it was the very pipe which Pan had first made. Then Philetas sat upright, tried all the reeds to see if there was a free current of air, and, finding that his breath passed through unchecked, blew so loud and lustily, that it seemed as if several pipes were being played at once: then, gradually blowing more gently, he changed his tune to a more pleasant strain, and, displaying to them the most perfect skill in pastoral music, he showed them what strains were best for a herd of oxen, or a flock of goats or sheep,—sweet and gentle for sheep, loud and deep for oxen, sharp and clear for goats: and all these notes he imitated on a single pipe.

While all, quietly reclining on the ground, listened in silence, charmed by the music, Dryas got up, begged Philetas to strike up a Bacchanalian air and then began the vintage dance. He seemed in turns to be plucking the fruit, carrying the baskets, treading the grapes, filling the jars, and drinking the new wine: so perfect was the imitation, and so naturally did the dance represent the vines, the wine-press, the jars, and Dryas drinking, to the life.

The third old man, having thus danced amid the applause of all, embraced Daphnis and Chloe, who quickly started up and began to represent in the dance the story told by Lamon. Daphnis took the part of Pan, and Chloe that of Syrinx. He tried to persuade her with his entreaties, while she rejected his advances with a smile. He pursued her, and ran on tiptoe, to represent the goat's cloven feet: while Chloe pretended to be weary in her flight and at last hid herself in the forest which served as a swamp. Then Daphnis took Philetas's large pipe, drew from it a mournful strain, like the lamentations of a lover, then a passionate air, to touch her heart, and, lastly, a strain of recall, as if he had lost and was seeking her. So well did he play that Philetas, overcome by admiration, jumped up and embraced him, and made him a present of his pipe, with a prayer that Daphnis in his turn might leave it to a successor like himself. Daphnis dedicated to the God Pan the small flute which he had hitherto used, embraced Chloe as if he had really lost and found her again, and drove back his flock, playing on his pipe the while.

As night was close at hand, Chloe also drove back her sheep to the sound of the same pipe: the goats went side by side with the sheep, while Daphnis walked close to Chloe. Thus they enjoyed each other's society until nightfall, when they separated, after promising to drive their flocks to pasture earlier than usual on the following day, which they did. At daybreak, they were in the fields. Having first saluted the Nymphs, and next, the God Pan, they sat down beneath the oak, where they played upon the pipe, kissed and embraced each other, and lay down side by side, but that was all. Then they got up and bethought themselves of food, and drank wine, mingled with milk. Warmed and further emboldened by what they had drunk, they commenced an amorous contest, and at last swore mutual fidelity. Daphnis swore by Pan beneath the pine tree that he could not live without Chloe, even for a single day: while Chloe, having entered the grotto, swore by the Nymphs to live and die with Daphnis. So simple and innocent was she that, when she came out of the grotto, she demanded that Daphnis should take a second oath. "Daphnis," said she, "Pan is an amorous and inconstant God: he was enamoured of Pitys and Syrinx, he never ceases to annoy the Dryads and the Epimelian Nymphs with his solicitations. Wherefore, even if you forget the oath that you have sworn by him, he will forget to punish you, even though you should have more mistresses than there are reeds in your pipe. Do you therefore swear by this herd of goats and by the she-goat that reared you, that you will never desert Chloe as long as she remains true to you: but if she breaks her vows to you and the Nymphs, flee from her, loathe her, and kill her like a wolf."

Daphnis, pleased at being thus mistrusted, stood upright in the midst of his flock, and, taking hold of a she-goat with one hand, and of a he-goat with the other, swore to love Chloe as long as she loved him: and that, if she ever preferred another, he would kill himself instead of her. Then Chloe was delighted, and no longer had any doubts: for she was young and a simple shepherdess, and saw in the sheep and goats the Gods of shepherds and goatherds.

BOOK III

When the Mitylenaeans heard of the descent of the ten vessels, and were informed by certain persons who came from the country of the plundering of their territory, they considered such outrages on the part of the Methymnaeans unbearable, and resolved to take up arms against them without delay. Collecting a force of three thousand heavy-armed infantry, and five hundred cavalry, they despatched them by land, under the command of Hippasus, being afraid of journeying by sea during the winter season.

Hippasus accordingly set out, but was careful not to plunder the territory of the Methymnaeans: he carried off neither flocks nor any kind of booty from the husbandmen and shepherds, considering such conduct to be rather the act of a brigand than of a general. He marched with all speed against the city itself, hoping to be able to attack it while the gates were left unguarded. When he was about one hundred stades distant from the city, a herald met them to propose a truce. The Methymnaeans, having learnt from the prisoners that the Mitylenaeans knew nothing of what had taken place, and that the whole affair was merely an attack of a few shepherds and labourers upon some insolent young men, regretted that they had behaved with greater violence than prudence towards a neighbouring city. They were accordingly anxious to restore all the plunder that they had taken, and to re-establish friendly relations between the two cities, both by sea and land. Hippasus sent the herald to the Mitylenaeans, although he had been appointed commander with unlimited power: at the same time he pitched his camp about ten stades from Methymna, to await instructions from his government. At the end of two days, the messenger returned with orders to the commander to receive the booty, and to return home without committing any act of hostility. Having the choice between peace and war, they were of opinion that peace would be more advantageous.

Thus ended the war between Methymna and Mitylene, as suddenly as it had commenced. Winter came on, a greater hardship than the war for Daphnis and Chloe: suddenly there

was a heavy fall of snow, which blocked up all the roads and kept all the labourers indoors. Torrents rushed down with violence from the mountains, the water was frozen hard, the trees seemed buried beneath the hoar frost: the earth was completely hidden, except around the fountains and the banks of the streams. No herdsman led his flocks to pasture, or set foot outside his door: in the morning, at cockcrow, they lighted a large fire, round which they gathered, some twisting hemp, others weaving goats' hairs or making snares for birds. The only thing they had to think about was to give the oxen in the stalls straw to eat, the sheep and goats in the cotes plenty of leaves, and the pigs in the sties acorns and beech-nuts.

The necessity of remaining at home gladdened the hearts of the other labourers and shepherds, who thus enjoyed some relaxation from their daily task, and, after they had breakfasted, had a long sleep. In this respect the winter seemed to them more enjoyable than spring, summer, or autumn. But Daphnis and Chloe had always in mind the pleasant pastimes which they were now forced to abandon—their kisses, embraces, and meals shared together: they passed sad and sleepless nights, and waited for the return of spring as a resurrection. It grieved them sorely when they touched a wallet from which they had eaten, or saw a pail from which they had drunk together, or a pipe, carelessly thrown aside, that had been a gift of affection. They prayed to Pan and the Nymphs to put an end to their sorrows, and to show the sun again to them and their flocks; at the same time, they endeavoured to find some means of seeing each other. Chloe was terribly embarrassed, and did not know what to do: for her supposed mother never left her for a moment: she taught her to card wool, and turn the spindle, and talked to her of marriage. Daphnis, however, since he had more time to himself, and was cleverer than the young girl, devised the following scheme for seeing her.

In front of Dryas's cottage, close to the courtyard gate, grew two large myrtles and an ivy plant. The myrtles almost touched, and the ivy had worked its way between them in such a manner that, spreading its branches on either side like a vine, it formed a kind of arbour shaded by its intertwining foliage: berries, large as grapes, hung down from the branches, upon

which settled swarms of birds, which were unable to procure food outside—blackbirds, thrushes, doves, starlings, and all the birds that are fond of feeding on ivy. Daphnis went out under pretence of catching some of these birds, taking with him a wallet full of honey-cakes, and some birdlime and snares, so as to allay all suspicion. Although the distance was ten stades at the most, the snow, which was not yet melted, caused him great inconvenience: but Love can make its way through everything, through fire, water, and the snows of Scythia.

He made all haste to the cottage, and, having shaken the snow from his feet, he set up his snares, and smeared some long sticks with birdlime: then he sat down waiting for the birds and thinking of Chloe. The birds came in great numbers, and he caught so many that he had plenty to do to pick them up, kill, and pluck them. But no one left the house, neither man, nor woman, nor fowl: for all had shut themselves up and were seated round the fire. Daphnis was utterly at a loss what to do, and cursed his unlucky star: then he thought of venturing to knock at the door, but did not know what plausible excuse to make. He discussed the matter with himself as follows: "If I say that I have come to fetch something to light a fire with, they will ask me if I have no nearer neighbours. If I ask for some bread, they will tell me that my wallet is full of food. If I say I want wine, they will answer that we have only just got in the vintage. If I say I have been chased by a wolf, they will ask where his footprints are. If I say that I came to catch birds, they will ask me why I do not return home, now that I have caught enough. And, as for declaring openly that I want to see Chloe, who would make such a confession to a girl's mother and father? All such excuses are open to suspicion: the best thing will be to hold my tongue. I shall see Chloe again in the spring, since I am not destined to see her this winter." After this soliloquy he picked up his birds and was preparing to go, when, as if Love had taken compassion upon him, the following incident occurred.

Dryas was at table with his family: the meat had been cut up and distributed, the bread served, and the goblet mixed, when one of the sheep dogs, taking advantage of the moment

when no one was watching him, seized a piece of meat, and ran out of doors. Dryas, greatly enraged (for the piece of meat was his own portion), snatched up a cudgel, and ran after him like another dog. In his pursuit, he passed close to the ivy, and saw Daphnis who had just flung his spoil over his shoulders, and had made up his mind to depart. Then, immediately forgetting all about the meat and the dog, he shouted, "Good-day, my lad," embraced him, and led him into the house. When Daphnis and Chloe saw each other, they nearly fainted for joy: however, they managed to keep on their feet, and greeted and saluted each other: and this helped to prevent them from falling.

Thus Daphnis, having, beyond all expectation, both seen and kissed Chloe, took a seat near the fire, and laid upon the table the doves and blackbirds with which his shoulders were burdened. He told them how, weary of being obliged to stay at home, he had set out to catch birds, and how he had trapped them with snares and birdlime, owing to their greediness for myrtle and ivy-berries. They praised his activity, and pressed him to eat some of what the dog had left. Chloe was bidden to pour out wine for them to drink, which she gladly did. She served all the rest first, reserving Daphnis for the last: for she pretended to be angry with him because, having come so far, he was on the point of going home without seeing her. However, before she offered him the cup, she dipped her lips into it and then gave it to him: and he, although very thirsty, drank the contents slowly, in order to make the pleasure last longer.

The bread and meat soon disappeared from the table: then, remaining seated, his hosts began to ask him about Myrtale and Lamon, at the same time congratulating them upon having such a support in their old age. Daphnis was delighted at their commendation, since Chloe heard them: but when they invited him to stay until the following day, when they intended to offer sacrifice to Dionysus, he was ready to fall down and worship them in place of the God. He immediately pulled out the honey-cakes from his wallet and all the birds which he had caught: and they got them ready for the evening meal. A second goblet was prepared, and the fire relighted: and,

when it was night, they sat down to another hearty meal. After this they sang and told stories, and then went to bed. Chloe with her mother, and Daphnis with Dryas. Chloe thought of nothing but the happiness of seeing Daphnis on the following day; while Daphnis satisfied himself with an idle enjoyment: he thought it happiness even to sleep with Chloe's father, clasped him in his arms, and kissed him again and again, dreaming that he was kissing and embracing Chloe.

At daybreak, it was bitterly cold, and a north wind was nipping everything. The family got up, and having sacrificed a year-old ram to Dionysus, lighted a large fire, and made preparations for a meal. While Nape was making the bread, and Dryas cooking the meat, Daphnis and Chloe, being left to themselves, retired to the ivy-bower in front of the yard, where they again set up the nets and smeared the twigs with birdlime, and caught a large number of birds. In the meantime, they continually kissed each other and held delightful converse.

"It was for your sake that I came, dear Chloe." "I know it, Daphnis." "It is for your sake that I am destroying these poor birds. What then am I to you? Do not forget me." "I do not forget you, I swear by the Nymphs whom I formerly invoked as the witnesses of my oath in the grotto, whither we will soon return, as soon as the snow melts." "It lies very deep, Chloe: I am afraid that I myself shall melt first." "Courage, Daphnis: the sun is hot." "Would that it were as hot as the fire which consumes my heart." "You are laughing at me and trying to deceive me." "No, I swear it by the goats, by which you bade me swear."

While Chloe was thus answering Daphnis, like an echo, Nape called them. They ran into the house with their catch, which was much larger than that of the previous day. After they had poured libations to Dionysus, they ate, crowned with garlands of ivy. Then, when the time came, after they had celebrated the praises of Bacchus and chanted Evoe, Dryas and Nape sent Daphnis on his way, having first filled his wallet with bread and meat. They also gave him the wood-pigeons and thrushes to take to Lamon and Myrtale, since they knew that they would be able to catch as many as they wanted, as

long as the winter and the ivy-berries lasted. Then Daphnis departed, after kissing them all—Chloe last, that her kiss might remain pure and without alloy. He afterwards found several fresh excuses for returning, so that they did not pass the winter entirely deprived of the joys of love.

With the commencement of spring the snow began to melt, the earth again became visible, and the green grass sprouted. The shepherds again drove their flocks into the fields, Daphnis and Chloe first of all, since they served a mightier shepherd. They ran first to the grotto of the Nymphs, then to the pine tree and the image of Pan, and after that to the oak, under which they sat down, watching their flocks and kissing each other. Then, to weave chaplets for the Gods, they went in search of some flowers, which were only just beginning to blossom under the fostering influence of Zephyr and the warmth of the sun: however, they found some violets, hyacinths, pimpernel, and other flowers of early spring. After they had drunk some new milk drawn from the sheep and goats, they crowned the images, and poured libations. Then they began to play upon their pipes, as if challenging to song the nightingales, which were warbling in the thickets and gradually perfecting their lamentation for Itys, as if anxious, after long silence, to recall their strains.

The sheep began to bleat, the lambs gamboled, or stooped under their mothers' bellies to suck their teats. The rams chased the sheep which had not yet borne young, and mounted them. The he-goats also chased the she-goats with even greater heat, leaped amorously upon them, and fought for them. Each had his own mate, and jealously guarded her against the attacks of a wanton rival. At this sight even old men would have felt the fire of love rekindled within them: the more so Daphnis and Chloe, who were young and tortured by desire, and had long been in quest of the delights of love. All that they heard inflamed them, all that they saw melted them and they longed for something more than mere embraces and kisses, but especially Daphnis, who, having spent the winter in the house doing nothing, kissed Chloe fiercely, pressed her wantonly in his arms, and showed himself in every respect more curious and audacious.

He begged her to grant him all he desired, and to lie with him naked longer than they had been accustomed to do: "This," said he, "is the only one of Philetas's instructions that we have not yet followed, the only remedy that can appease Love." When Chloe asked him what else there could be besides kisses, embraces, and lying together, and what he meant to do, if they both lay naked together, he replied: "The same as the rams and the he-goats do to their mates. You see how, after this has been accomplished, the former no longer pursue the latter, nor the latter flee from the former: but, from that moment, they feed quietly together, as if they had enjoyed the same pleasure in common. This pastime, methinks, is something sweet, which can overcome the bitterness of love." "But," answered Chloe, "do you not see that he-goats and she-goats, rams and sheep, all satisfy their desire standing upright: the males leap upon the females, who receive them on their backs? You ask me to lie down with you naked: but see how much thicker their fleece is than my garments." Daphnis obeyed, lay down by her side, and held her for a long time clasped in his arms: but, not knowing how to do what he was burning to do, he made her get up, and embraced her behind, in imitation of the he-goats, but with even less success: then, utterly at a loss what to do, he sat down on the ground and began to weep at the idea of being more ignorant of the mysteries of love than the rams.

In the neighbourhood there dwelt a labourer named Chromis, already advanced in years, who farmed his own estate. He had a wife whom he had brought from the city, young, beautiful, and more refined than the countrywomen: her name was Lycaenium. Every morning she saw Daphnis driving his goats to pasture, and back again at night. She was seized with a desire of winning him for her lover by presents. Having watched until he was alone, she gave him a pipe, a honeycomb, and a deer-skin wallet, but she was afraid to say anything, suspecting his love for Chloe. For she had observed that he was devoted to the girl, although hitherto she had only guessed his affection from having seen them interchange nods and smiles. One day, in the morning, making the excuse to Chromis that she was going to visit a neighbour

who had been brought to bed, she followed them, concealed herself in a thicket to avoid being seen, and heard all they said, and saw all they did. Even Daphnis's tears did not escape her. Pitying the poor young couple, and thinking that she had a two-fold opportunity—of getting them out of their trouble and, at the same time, satisfying her own desires, she had recourse to the following stratagem.

The next day, having gone out again on pretence of visiting her sick neighbour, she proceeded straight to the oak under which Daphnis and Chloe were sitting, and, pretending to be in great distress, cried: "Help me, Daphnis: I am most unhappy. An eagle has just carried off the finest of my twenty geese: but, as the burden was a heavy one, he could not carry it up to the top of the rock, his usual refuge, but has alighted with his prey at the end of the wood. In the name of the Nymphs and Pan yonder, I beseech you, go with me into the forest, for I am afraid to go alone: save my goose, and do not leave the number of my flock imperfect. Perhaps you will also be able to slay the eagle, and he will no longer carry off your kids and lambs. Meanwhile, Chloe can look after your goats: they know her as well as you: for you always tend your flocks together."

Daphnis, suspecting nothing of what was to come, immediately got up, took his crook and followed Lycaenium. She took him as far from Chloe as possible, and, when they came to the thickest part of the forest, she bade him sit down near a fountain, and said: "Daphnis, you are in love with Chloe: the Nymphs revealed this to me last night. They told me in a dream of the tears you shed yesterday, and bade me relieve you of your trouble by teaching you the mysteries of love. These consist not in kisses and embraces alone, or the practices of sheep and goats, but in connexion far more delightful than these: for the pleasure lasts longer. If then you wish to be freed from your troubles and to try the delights of which you are in search, come, put yourself in my hands, a delightful pupil: out of gratitude to the Nymphs, I will be your instructress."

Daphnis, at these words, could no longer contain himself for joy: but, being a simple countryman and goatherd, young

and amorous, he threw himself at her feet and begged her to teach him without delay the art which would enable him to do to Chloe what he desired: and, as if it had been some profound and heaven-sent secret, he promised to give her a kid lately weaned, fresh cheeses made of new milk, and even the mother herself. Lycaenium seeing, from his generous offer, that Daphnis was more simple than she had imagined, began to instruct him in the following manner. She ordered him to sit down by her side just as he was, and to kiss her as he had been accustomed to kiss Chloe, and, while kissing, to embrace her and lie down by her side. When he had done so, Lycaenium, finding that he was ready for action and inflamed with desire, lifted him up a little, and, cleverly slipping under him, set him on the road he had sought so long in vain: and, without more ado, Nature herself taught him the rest.

When this lesson in the mysteries of Love was finished, Daphnis, still as simple as before, would have hastened at once to Chloe, to teach her all that he had learnt, for fear of forgetting it, if he delayed. But Lycaenium stopped him, and said: "There is something else you must know, Daphnis: I am a woman, and you have not hurt me: for, long ago, another man taught me what I have just taught you, and took my maidenhead as his reward. But Chloe, when she enters upon this struggle with you for the first time, will weep and cry out, and will bleed as if she had been wounded. But you need not be afraid at the sight of the blood: when you have persuaded her to yield to your desire, bring her here, where, if she cries, no one can hear her; if she weeps, no one can see her; if she bleeds, she can wash herself in the spring. And never forget that I made you a man before Chloe."

After she had given him this advice, Lycaenium went off to another part of the wood, as if she was still looking for her goose. Daphnis, thinking over what she had said, felt his passion somewhat cooled, and hesitated to press Chloe to grant him anything more than kisses and embraces. He did not wish to make her cry out, as if she was being attacked by an enemy, or to make her weep, as if she were in pain, or to make her bleed, as if she had been wounded: for, being a novice in the art of love, he was afraid of this blood, thinking it impos-

sible that it could proceed from anything but a wound. He accordingly left the wood, resolved to enjoy himself with her in the usual way, and, when he reached the place where she was sitting weaving a chaplet of violets, he pretended that he had rescued the goose from the eagle's claws: then he embraced and kissed her, as he had kissed Lycaenium while they toyed together: for this at least he thought was free from danger. Chloe crowned his head with the chaplet, and kissed his hair, which smelt sweeter to her than the violets: then she took out of her wallet a piece of fruit-cake and some bread and gave him to eat; and, while he was eating, she would snatch a morsel from his mouth, and eat it, just like a young bird pecking from its mother's beak.

While they were eating, and were even more busily engaged in kissing each other, a fishing-boat came in sight proceeding along the coast. There was no wind, and the sea was calm: wherefore the crew decided to use their oars, and rowed on vigorously, for they were taking some fish that they had just caught to one of the wealthy citizens. After the custom of sailors, in order to lighten their toil, one of them sang a song of the sea, which regulated the movement of the oars, while the rest, like a chorus, joined in with the singer at intervals. As long as they were in the open sea, their song was but faintly heard, since their voices were lost in the expanse of air: but when they ran under a promontory, or entered a deep crescent-shaped bay, their voices sounded louder, and the refrain of their song was heard more distinctly on the land: for the bottom of the bay terminated in a hollow valley, which received the sound like a musical instrument, and gave back an echo which represented separately the plash of the oars and the voice of the singers, delightful to hear: for, when one sound came from the sea, the answering echo from the land took it up, and lasted longer, since it had commenced later.

Daphnis, knowing what it was, had eyes for nothing but the sea. He was delighted at the sight of the boat gliding along the coast swifter than a bird on the wing, and endeavoured to catch some of the airs that he might play them on his pipe. Chloe, who had never heard an echo before, looked first towards the sea, while the fishermen were singing,

and then towards the wood, to see whose voices answered. When the boat had passed, all was silent in the valley. Then Chloe asked Daphnis whether there was another sea behind the promontory, or another boat with another crew singing the same strains, and whether they all ceased singing at once. Then Daphnis smiled pleasantly, and kissed her more tenderly; and, placing upon her head the chaplet of violets, began to tell her the story of Echo, demanding as his reward ten kisses more.

"There are several kinds of Nymphs, my dear Chloe, Nymphs of the forest, of the woods, and of the meadows: they are all beautiful, and all skilled in singing. Echo was the daughter of one of these: she was mortal, since her father was a mortal, and beautiful, being born of a beautiful mother. She was brought up by the Nymphs, and taught by the Muses to play on the flute and pipe, the lyre and the lute, and to sing all kinds of songs: when she grew up, she danced with the Nymphs and sang with the Muses: but, jealous of her virginity, she avoided all males, both Gods and men. Pan was incensed against the maiden, being jealous of her singing, and vexed that he could not enjoy her beauty. He inspired with frenzy the shepherds and goatherds, who, like dogs or wolves, tore the maiden to pieces, and flung her limbs here and there, still quivering with song. Earth, out of respect for the Nymphs, received and hid them in her bosom, where they still preserve their gift of song, and, by the will of the Muses, speak and imitate all sounds, as the maiden did when alive—the voices of men and Gods, musical instruments, and the cries of wild beasts: they even imitate the notes of Pan when playing on his pipe. And he, when he hears it, springs up and rushes down the mountains, with the sole desire of finding out who is the pupil who thus conceals himself." When Daphnis had finished his story Chloe gave him, not ten, but ten times ten kisses: for Echo had repeated nearly all her words, as if to testify that he had spoken nothing but the truth.

The sun grew daily hotter—for spring was at its close and summer was beginning, and the delights of summer returned to them once more. Daphnis swam in the rivers, Chloe bathed in the springs: he played on the pipe, in rivalry with

the rustling of the pines, she emulated the nightingales in her song: they chased the noisy locusts, caught the chirping grasshoppers, plucked the flowers, shook the fruit from the trees and ate it: they even sometimes lay naked together side by side under the same goat-skin. Then Chloe would have soon become a woman, had not Daphnis been deterred by his horror of blood. Often, being afraid that he might not be able to contain himself, he would not allow Chloe to strip: whereat she was astonished, but was too bashful to inquire the reason.

During this summer, a number of suitors for the hand of Chloe presented themselves, coming from all parts to ask her of Dryas in marriage. Some brought presents, others made lavish promises. Nape, her hopes being thus excited, advised him to let Chloe marry, and not keep a girl of her age at home, who might, at any moment, while tending her flocks, lose her virginity and bestow herself upon some shepherd for a present of roses or apples: it would be better, said she, to make her mistress of a home and to keep the presents they had received for their own son lately born. Sometimes Dryas felt tempted by these arguments: for each of the suitors made far handsomer offers than might have been expected in the case of a simple shepherdess; but at other times he came to the conclusion that the girl was too good for a rustic husband, and that, if she ever found her parents again, they might make him and Nape rich. He accordingly put off answering from day to day, receiving in the meantime a considerable number of presents. Chloe, seeing all this, was overcome with grief, which she for a long time concealed from Daphnis to avoid giving him pain: but at last, as he importuned her with questions, and was even more unhappy than if he knew all, she told him everything—her numerous and wealthy suitors, Nape's reasons for hastening on her marriage, and how Dryas, without absolutely refusing his consent, had deferred his answer to the next vintage.

When Daphnis heard this, he nearly went out of his mind: he sat down and began to weep, declaring that he should die if Chloe no longer came to tend her flocks in the fields; and not he alone, but her sheep also, if they lost such a shepherdess. Then, having recovered himself a little, he took courage and

thought of asking her father for her hand himself. He already reckoned himself one of her suitors, and hoped to be easily preferred before the rest. One thing alone disturbed him: Lamon was not rich, and even though he had been rich, he was not free: this alone made his chances slighter. Nevertheless, he decided to prefer his suit, and Chloe approved his resolution. He did not, however, venture to speak directly to Lamon, but, feeling bolder with Myrtale, he told her of his love and spoke to her of his wish to marry Chloe. At night, she told Lamon, who was greatly annoyed at the proposal: he sharply rebuked her for wanting to marry, to the daughter of a simple shepherd, a youth who, to judge from the tokens found with him when he lay exposed, might look forward to a higher destiny, and who, if he found his parents again, might not only grant them their freedom, but might bestow upon them a larger estate even than the one on which they worked. Myrtale, fearing that Daphnis might do something desperate, or even take his own life, if he lost all hope of winning Chloe, gave him other reasons for Lamon's refusal. "We are poor, my son," she said to him, "we rather want a bride who will bring a dowry with her: while they [Dryas and Nape] are wealthy, and seek wealthy suitors. But, come, persuade Chloe, and let her try and persuade her father, not to ask for a large settlement, but to allow you to marry. No doubt she loves you and would prefer for her bed-fellow a handsome youth, though poor, to an ape, however wealthy."

Myrtale, who never expected that Dryas would give his consent, since there were far wealthier suitors for the hand of Chloe, thought that she had very cleverly avoided the question of the marriage. Daphnis, on his part, could find nothing to say against this: but, finding how little chance he had of getting what he wanted, he did what poor lovers usually do—he began to weep, and again implored the assistance of the Nymphs, who appeared to him at night, while he was asleep, in the same dress and form as on the first occasion. The eldest of them again addressed him: "Chloe's marriage is the business of another God: but we will give you some presents which will soften the heart of Dryas. The vessel which belonged to the young Methymnaeans, the osier cable of which

your goats formerly ate, was carried far out to sea all that day by the winds. But, during the night, when a violent breeze blew from the sea, it was driven ashore on the rocky promontory. The vessel was shattered to pieces, and nearly all that was in it was lost: but a purse of 3,000 drachmas was cast up by the waves, and it now lies upon the shore, hidden under some seaweed, close to a dead dolphin, the stench from which is so noisome that no passer-by will go near it. Go, take the purse, and give it to Dryas. It is enough for you now to show that you are not poor: but a day will come when you will be even wealthy."

With these words, they disappeared, and night with them. At daybreak, Daphnis jumped up full of joy, and eagerly drove his goats to pasture. Having kissed Chloe and paid his respects to the Nymphs, he went down to the shore, saying he was going to bathe, and walked along the sand on the beach, looking for the 3,000 drachmas. He had not to trouble himself long: for the evil smell of the dolphin, which lay rotting on the shore, soon reached his nostrils. Following the smell as a guide, he soon reached the spot, removed the seaweed, and found the purse full of money. He took it, stowed it away in his wallet, and, before departing, gave thanks to the Nymphs and the sea itself: for, although he was a goatherd, he began to think that the sea was pleasanter than the earth, since it had assisted his marriage with Chloe.

Having gained possession of the 3,000 drachmas, he delayed no longer. He thought himself the richest man, not only amongst the husbandmen in the neighbourhood, but of all men living, hastened to Chloe, told her of the dream, showed her the purse, told her to mind the flocks till he returned, and then ran with all speed to Dryas, whom he found with Nape, beating some wheat on a threshing-floor. Then, quite confidently, he approached the subject of marriage: "Give Chloe to me to wife: I know how to play on the pipe, to prune vines, and to plant trees: I also know how to plough, and to winnow the corn in the breeze: how I can tend flocks, Chloe herself can testify. I had fifty goats at first, I have doubled their number. I have reared some fine large he-goats, whereas before I was obliged to borrow those belonging to others. I am young and

your neighbour, against whom no one has any complaint. I was brought up by a goat, Chloe by a sheep: and, though I am so far superior to her other suitors, I will not be outdone by them even in presents. They will give you some goats and sheep, a yoke of mangy oxen, or some corn, not enough to feed a few fowls: but I will give you these 3,000 drachmas. But let no one know of this, not even my father Lamon." With these words, he offered Dryas the money, and embraced him.

When Dryas and Nape saw so large a sum of money, they immediately promised him Chloe in marriage, and undertook to persuade Lamon to give his consent. Daphnis and Nape remained, driving the oxen round, and beating out the ears with the threshing-machines. Dryas, having first stored away the money with the tokens, hastened to Lamon and Myrtale, to ask for the hand of Daphnis for their daughter, a most unusual proceeding. He found them measuring out some barley that had lately been winnowed, and greatly disheartened, because the crop was disproportionate to the seed that had been sown. He tried to console them, saying that the same complaint was to be heard everywhere: and then asked the hand of Daphnis for Chloe, saying: "Although others offer much for the honour, I will take nothing from you, but will rather give you something out of my own purse. They have been brought up together, and while tending their flocks, have become so attached to each other, that it would be hard to separate them: and they are now both of marriageable age." This and more said Dryas, as a man who was to have 3,000 drachmas for a reward, if he persuaded Lamon and Myrtale. Lamon, being no longer able to allege his poverty as an excuse (since the parents of the girl did not reject the alliance), nor the age of Daphnis (for he was now a well-grown youth), nevertheless shrunk from stating the real reason of his hesitation, namely, that Daphnis was above such a connection. He remained silent for a while, and then said:

"You do right in preferring neighbours to strangers, and in esteeming riches above honourable poverty. May Pan and the Nymphs reward you for it. I myself am anxious for this marriage: for I should be mad, seeing that I am now an old

man, and have need of more hands to help me, if I did not consider it a great honour to enter into an alliance with your family. Chloe herself is much sought after, being a good and beautiful girl. But, as I am a serf, I have nothing of which I can dispose: I must first inform my master and gain his consent. Come then, let us put off the marriage until autumn, when, according to those who have visited us from the city, he will be here. Then they shall become man and wife: in the meantime, let them love each other like brother and sister. But let me tell you this, Dryas: you are asking for the hand of a youth whose station is superior to our own." When he had thus spoken, Lamon kissed Dryas, and offered him wine to drink, for the sun was at its height: then he accompanied him part of the way home, with every mark of affection.

Dryas, who had listened attentively to Lamon's last words, began to think, as he was walking along, who this Daphnis might be: "He was reared by a goat, as if the Gods watched over him: he is fair to look upon, and in no way resembles this snub-nosed old man or his bald-headed wife. He has been able to lay his hands upon 3,000 drachmas, a larger sum than a man in his position could make out of pears. Was he exposed by some one, like Chloe? did Lamon find him, as I found her? were any tokens found with him, like those I found with Chloe? If this be so, O Pan and you, dear Nymphs, perhaps Daphnis will one day find his parents and find out the mystery attached to Chloe."

Thus reflecting and dreaming, Dryas went on until he reached the threshing-floor, where he found Daphnis eagerly waiting to hear what news he had brought. He cheered him, called him his son-in-law, promised that the marriage should take place in the autumn, and pledged him his word that Chloe should never marry anyone but Daphnis.

Then, quicker than thought, without tasting food or drink, Daphnis ran straight to Chloe, whom he found milking the cows and making cheese. He told her the good news of their approaching marriage, and kissed her, openly and without concealment, as his betrothed, and assisted her in all her tasks. He drew the milk into the pails, curdled the cheeses in the crates, and put the lambs and kids under their mothers. When

all this was done, they washed themselves, ate and drank, and went in search of ripe fruit, of which they found abundance, since it was the fruitful season of the year—wild and garden pears and apples, some fallen on the ground, and others still on the trees. Those on the ground were more fragrant, and smelt like wine: those on the trees were fresher, and glittered like gold. There was one apple-tree, the fruit of which had already been plucked, and which was stripped of its fruit and leaves. All its branches were bare, and only a single apple remained on the topmost bough, fine and large, more fragrant than all the rest. He who had plucked the others had not ventured to climb so high, or had forgotten to take it: or it may be that so fine an apple was reserved for a love-sick shepherd. When Daphnis saw this apple, he was eager to climb and pluck it, and, when Chloe tried to prevent him, he paid no heed to her, and she went off to her flocks. Then Daphnis climbed the tree, reached and plucked the apple, and took it to Chloe. Seeing that she was annoyed, he said: "Dear Chloe, the beautiful seasons have made this apple to grow, a beautiful tree has nourished it, the sun has ripened it, and chance has preserved it. I should have been blind not to see it, and foolish to leave it there, to fall to the ground and be trodden under foot by a grazing herd or poisoned by some creeping serpent, or to be consumed by time, though admired by all who saw it. Aphrodite was presented with an apple as the prize of beauty: I present this to you as the meed of victory. You are as beautiful as Aphrodite: your judges are alike: Paris was a shepherd, I am a goatherd." With these words, he placed the apple in Chloe's bosom, and, when he drew near, she kissed him, so that he did not regret that he had been bold enough to climb so high, for he was rewarded with a kiss that he valued above the golden apples of the Hesperides.

BOOK IV

MEANWHILE, one of Lamon's fellow-servants arrived from Mitylene and informed him that their master would visit his estate a little before the vintage, to see whether the inroad

of the Methymnaeans had done any damage. As the summer was nearly over, and autumn was close at hand, Lamon made preparations to receive his master, and put his house and garden in order, that he might find everything pleasant to look upon. He cleaned the fountains, that the water might be bright and pure, removed the dung from the yard, that he might not be annoyed by the smell, and put the grounds in order, that they might look as pleasant as possible.

These grounds were very beautiful, like royal parks. They were about a stade in length, situated on high ground, about four plethra in breadth, so that they were rectangular in shape. All kinds of trees were to be found there, apple-trees, myrtles, pear-trees, pomegranates, fig-trees, and olives: on one side was a lofty vine, which with its black grapes overspread the apple and pear-trees, as if to contend with them in fruitfulness. These were the cultivated trees: but there were also cypresses, laurels, planes, and pines, over which, instead of the vine, spread branches of ivy, whose large berries turning black looked like ripe grapes. The fruit trees were in the centre of the garden, as if for better protection: those that did not bear fruit stood round them like an artificial fence, and the whole was shut in by a little wall. Everything was admirably arranged and distributed: the trunks of the trees were kept apart, but, overhead, the branches were so intertwined that what was due to Nature seemed to be the work of art. There were also beds of flowers, some growing wild, others cultivated—roses, hyacinths, and lilies that had been planted: violets, narcissuses, and pimpernel, which grew wild. There was shade in summer, flowers in spring, grapes in autumn, and fruit in every season of the year.

From this spot the plain could be seen, with the shepherds feeding their flocks; also the sea, and the vessels passing along, which added enjoyment to this delightful spot. In the very centre of the garden, there was a temple and altar of Dionysus, the latter covered with ivy, the former with vine-branches. Within the temple were pictures representing incidents in the life of the God: Semele brought to bed, Ariadne asleep, Lycurgus bound in chains, Pentheus being torn to pieces, conquered Indians, Tyrrhenians changed into dolphins, and everywhere

Satyrs and Bacchantes leading the dance. Nor was Pan forgotten: he was seated on a rock, playing upon his pipe, so that he seemed to be playing the same air both for those who were treading the wine-press and for the Bacchantes who were dancing.

Such were the grounds to which Lamon devoted all his attention, lopping off the dry leaves and tying up the vine-branches. He placed a garland of flowers upon the head of Dionysus, and conveyed water to the flower-beds from a spring which had been discovered by Daphnis, and was hence called "Daphnis's spring." Lamon also advised Daphnis to get his goats into as good condition as possible, as his master would want to inspect them, since he had not visited his estate for so long a time. Daphnis had no fear of not being praised for the condition of his flock: he had doubled their number, not one of them had been carried off by wolves, and they were fatter than the sheep. But, as he was eager to do everything to obtain his master's approval of his marriage, he spared no pains to make them sleek and fat, driving them out to pasture in the early morning, and not driving them home until late in the evening. He took them twice to drink, and carefully sought for the places where there was the best pasturage. He also took care that there were new drinking-vessels, plenty of milk-pails, and larger cheese-vats. He was so particular that he even anointed their horns, and combed their hair: you would have thought you were looking upon Pan's sacred flock. Chloe also assisted him in his labours, and, neglecting her sheep, devoted the greater part of her time to the goats: so that Daphnis declared that it was owing to her that they looked in such good condition.

While they were thus engaged, a second messenger arrived from the city, bidding them gather the grapes as speedily as possible; since he had been ordered to stay until the new wine was made, when he was to return to the city to fetch his master in time for the autumn vintage. They gave Eudromus (so was the slave called, because he acted as his master's courier) a hearty reception, stripped the vines, pressed the grapes, put the new wine into casks, and cut off a number of branches with the grapes still unpicked, so that those who came from the

city might have an idea of the delights of the vintage and might think that they had taken part in them.

When Eudromus was ready to hurry back to the city, Daphnis gave him several presents, such as a goatherd might have been expected to give, some well-made cheeses, a young kid, and the shaggy skin of a white goat, to wear during the winter when he was running messages. Eudromus was highly pleased, kissed Daphnis, and promised to say everything in his favour to his master. Then he departed, full of kindly feelings: but Daphnis, full of anxiety, remained with Chloe in the fields. She felt equally timid, when she remembered that Daphnis, a youth who had never seen anything but goats, mountains, husbandmen, and herself, was now for the first time to see his master, whom he had hitherto only known by name. She was very anxious to know how Daphnis would address his master, and was greatly disturbed in mind regarding their marriage, for fear it might prove an idle dream. They kissed each other over and over again, and embraced tenderly: but their kisses were mingled with apprehension and their embraces were tinged with sadness, as if their master were already present, and they were afraid of him or were obliged to keep their love a secret. While they were in this distress, the following trouble came upon them.

In the neighbourhood there lived a cowherd named Lampis, a man of insolent and overweening disposition. He also sought Chloe's hand from Dryas, and had already given him several presents to further his suit. Seeing that, if his master's consent were obtained, Daphnis would marry her, he cast about for the means of embittering the master against the young couple. Knowing that he took great pride in his garden, he determined to spoil and rob it of its beauty. Since, if he cut down the trees, he might be betrayed by the noise, he determined to devote his energies to destroying the flowers. He waited until it was night, climbed over the low wall, pulled up, broke off, and trod down the flowers like a wild boar, and then withdrew without having been seen by anybody. The next morning, Lamon went into the garden to water the flowers from his spring; and, when he saw the whole place thus ravaged, at the sight of this desolation, which was clearly the

work of an enemy rather than of a robber, he immediately rent his cloak, and invoked the Gods with loud cries. Myrtale at once threw down what she had in her hands and ran out: Daphnis, who was driving out his goats, turned back: and when they saw what had happened they cried aloud and burst into tears.

It was idle to lament the loss of the flowers, but the fear of their master made them weep. Even a stranger would have wept at the sight: the whole place was in disorder, and nothing could be seen but upturned earth and mud. If by chance some flower had escaped the general destruction, it still looked gay and bright, and retained its former beauty, although lying on the ground. Swarms of bees hovered round, humming incessantly, as if they too lamented what had happened. Lamon cried out in his consternation: "Alas! my rose trees, how they are broken! Alas! my violets, how they are trodden under foot! Alas! my hyacinths and narcissuses, which the hand of some wretch has uprooted! The spring will return, but they will blossom no more: the summer will come, but they will not bloom: autumn will come again, but they will not deck anyone's head. And you, my lord Dionysus, had you no pity for these unhappy flowers, near which you dwelt, with which I have often crowned your brows? How can I show the garden to my master? What will he think when he sees it? he will hang the old man on a pine tree, like Marsyas: and perhaps Daphnis as well, thinking that his goats have done this damage."

At these words, they wept even more bitterly, not so much on account of the flowers as themselves. Chloe was bitterly distressed, at the thought that Daphnis would be hung: she prayed that their master might not come, and passed her days in bitterness, thinking that she already saw Daphnis under the lash. One evening, Eudromus came to inform them that the master himself would not arrive for three days, but that his son would be there on the morrow. They accordingly thought over what had happened, and took Eudromus into their confidence. He, being well disposed towards Daphnis, advised him to tell everything to their young master beforehand, promising to do his best for them, since he possessed some

influence with him, being his foster-brother. When the day came, they did as he had advised them.

Astylus arrived on horseback, accompanied by his parasite, also on horseback. Astylus's beard was only just beginning to grow, but Gnathon's (so was the parasite named) had long been familiar with the razor. Lamon, together with Daphnis and Myrtale, fell at his feet and besought him to have compassion upon an unfortunate old man, and to save from his father's wrath one who had committed no offence: and at the same time he told him all that had occurred. Astylus was moved to pity by his supplication: he went to the garden, inspected the damage done to the flowers, promised to make his father relent, and undertook to lay the blame upon his own horses, and to say that they had been fastened up in the garden, but, having become frisky, had broken loose, and trampled down, trodden under foot, and uprooted the flowers. Lamon and Myrtale wished him all prosperity in return for his kindness: and Daphnis presented him with some kids, cheeses, birds with their young, grapes still on the vine-branches, and apples on the boughs: to these he added some fragrant Lesbian wine, most delightful to drink.

Astylus, having expressed his satisfaction, went to hunt the hares, like a wealthy young man who had nothing to do but amuse himself, and was visiting the country in search of some fresh diversion. Gnathon, who knew nothing except how to eat till he could eat no more, and to drink till he was drunk, and was all throat and belly and lust, had carefully observed Daphnis when he brought the presents to Astylus. Being naturally fond of boys, and finding Daphnis handsomer than any of the youths in the city, he resolved to make advances to him, thinking that he would find no difficulty in seducing a simple goatherd. Having made up his mind to this, instead of accompanying Astylus to the chase, he went down to the place where Daphnis was tending his flock, under pretence of looking at the goats, but in reality he had eyes for nothing but Daphnis. In order to coax him, he praised his goats, and begged him to play a pastoral air upon his pipe: then he promised to obtain his freedom for him shortly, saying that he was all-powerful with his master.

When Gnathon thought he had won Daphnis's affection, he lay in wait for him one evening as he was driving back his goats from pasture, ran up to him and kissed him. Then he asked him to turn his back to him and let him do to him what the he-goats did to the she-goats. Daphnis was slow to understand, but at last he said to himself that, while it was quite natural for he-goats to mount she-goats, no one had ever seen a he-goat mounting a he-goat, or a ram another ram instead of a sheep, or a cock treading a cock in place of a hen. Meanwhile, Gnathon attempted to lay violent hands upon Daphnis, who dealt him a vigorous blow, which felled him to the ground, since he was already drunk and could hardly stand. After this, Daphnis ran away as swiftly as a fawn, leaving Gnathon on the ground, more in need of the assistance of a man, than of a boy, to help him along. From that time Daphnis shunned him altogether, changing the pasturage of his goats from one place to another, avoiding Gnathon as carefully as he sought Chloe. Nor did Gnathon trouble him any more, when he found that he was not only handsome, but also strong and vigorous. But he watched for an opportunity to speak to Astylus about him, hoping that his young master would make him a present of Daphnis, since he knew that he was ready to grant almost every favour he asked.

For the moment he could do nothing: for Dionysophanes had just arrived with Clearista, and nothing was heard but the noise of animals, slaves, men, and women. In the meantime, Gnathon set about composing a long and amorous discourse upon Daphnis. Dionysophanes, whose hairs were already beginning to turn grey, was a tall, handsome man, who need not have shrunk from rivalry with many a young man: in addition to this, he was richer than most men, and none were more virtuous. On the first day of his arrival, he offered sacrifice to all the Gods who preside over husbandry, to Demeter, Dionysus, Pan, and the Nymphs, and gave a feast to all the household. On the following days, he went to see how Lamon had done his work: and, at the sight of the ploughed fields, the well-kept vines, and the beautiful garden—for Astylus had taken the blame for the damage done to the flowers—he was delighted, congratulated Lamon, and prom-

ised him his freedom. After this he went to see the goats and the goatherd.

Chloe immediately ran away into the forest, feeling bashful and afraid of so many visitors: but Daphnis remained where he was, with a shaggy goat-skin fastened round him, and a new wallet hanging from his shoulder, holding in one hand some fresh cheeses, and in the other some sucking kids. If ever Apollo tended the flocks of Laomedon as a hired servant, he must have looked like Daphnis, who, without saying a word, his face covered with blushes, bowed and presented his gifts.

Then Lamon said: "O master, this is the goatherd: you gave me fifty goats and two he-goats to look after: he has doubled the number of the goats, and increased the he-goats to ten. You see how fat and sleek they are, what long hair they have, and how sound their horns are. He has also taught them to understand music: when they hear the sound of his pipe, they are ready to do anything."

Clearista, who was present and heard what was said, was anxious to put it to the proof: she ordered Daphnis to play on his pipe to his goats as he was accustomed to do, and promised to give him a cloak, a tunic, and a pair of shoes for his trouble. Daphnis made them sit down as if they were at the theatre, stood up under the beech tree, took his pipe out of his wallet, and, to commence with, drew from it merely a feeble strain. The goats immediately stood up, and lifted their heads. Then he piped to pasture and the goats began to browse, with their heads towards the ground. He played a clear sweet strain, and they all lay down. He played a shrill air, and they fled towards the forest, as if a wolf was approaching. After a brief interval, he piped a recall, and they came out of the forest, and ran to his feet. They obeyed the notes of the pipe more readily than servants obey their masters' orders. The visitors were astonished, especially Clearista, who swore to give what she had promised to the gentle goatherd who played so well. Then they returned to the homestead for dinner, and sent Daphnis something from their own table.

Daphnis shared the food with Chloe, highly pleased at

tasting city cookery, and feeling sanguine of obtaining his master's consent to his marriage. Gnathon, inflamed still more by what he had seen of the goatherd, and considering that life would not be endurable if he did not get possession of Daphnis, waited his opportunity until Astylus was walking in the garden: then, leading him up to the temple of Dionysus, he kissed his hands and feet. When Astylus asked what was the meaning of his behaviour, and bade him speak, swearing that he would grant whatever favour he asked, Gnathon replied: "Your poor Gnathon is lost, O master. I who hitherto cared for nothing but the pleasures of the table, who used to swear that there was nothing more delightful than old wine, who considered your cooks far superior to all the youths of Mitylene—I now think that there is nothing beautiful in the world but Daphnis. I do not so much as taste the most dainty dishes, although so many are prepared each day—meat, fish, and honey-cakes. I should like to be a goat, I should like to eat grass and leaves, listening to his pipe and tended by him. Save Gnathon, I beseech you, and remedy a love that is irremediable. If you do not, I swear to you by my God that I will take a hearty meal, and then stab myself in front of Daphnis's door; and you will never again call me your dear little Gnathon, as you used to do in jest."

When Gnathon began to kiss his feet again, Astylus could no longer resist his entreaties, for he was a generous youth, who had himself felt the pains of love. He promised to ask his father for Daphnis and to take him to the city, nominally as his slave, but really as Gnathon's minion. Then, wishing to cheer him up, he asked him with a smile if he were not ashamed of being in love with Lamon's son, and why he was so anxious to sleep with this young goatherd, at the same time pretending that the smell of goats disgusted him. But Gnathon, like one who had gone through the whole course of erotic lore at the tables of debauchees, replied shrewdly enough in regard to himself and Daphnis: "No lover troubles himself about such things: in whatever form he finds beauty, he is smitten with it. Men have been known to become enamoured of a plant, a river, or a wild beast: and yet who would not pity a lover who has to fear what he loves? No doubt

the form that I love is that of a slave, but its beauty is free. Do you see how like his hair is to the hyacinth, how his eyes glitter beneath his brows, like a jewel in a setting of gold? His face is ruddy, his teeth are white as ivory. Who would not long for a tender kiss from his lips? In loving a goatherd, I am but following the example of the Gods. Anchises was a cowherd, and Aphrodite possessed him: Branchius tended goats, and Apollo loved him: Ganymede was a shepherd, and Zeus carried him up to heaven. Let us not despise a lad, whose goats we see obey him, as if even they were enamoured of him: let us rather thank the eagles of Zeus for allowing such beauty to remain upon the earth."

Astylus, who was highly amused by this speech, laughed and told Gnathon that love produced very plausible orators: at the same time, he promised to watch for an opportunity to speak to his father about Daphnis. But Eudromus had heard all that was said without being seen. His friendship for Daphnis, whom he considered a worthy young man, and his indignation at the idea of such beauty being handed over to the insults of a drunken wretch like Gnathon, made him go and tell Daphnis and Lamon at once. Daphnis, in great consternation, at first thought of flight in company with Chloe, or of dying together with her. Then Lamon called Myrtale out, and said to her: "We are lost, my dear wife: the moment is come to reveal what has long been hidden. Although the goats and everything else be abandoned, I swear, by Pan and the Nymphs, even though I should be left like a worn-out ox in the stall, that I will no longer hold my tongue in regard to the history of Daphnis. I will tell how I found him exposed: I will declare how he has been brought up: and I will show all the tokens that I found exposed with him. That infamous wretch Gnathon shall know what manner of man he is, and who it is that he has the audacity to love. Do you look after the tokens, and see that I have them ready to hand."

Having settled this, they went indoors. Meanwhile, Astylus, finding his father disengaged, hastened to him and asked permission to take Daphnis home with him to the city, declaring that he was a handsome lad and too superior to be left in the country, and that Gnathon would soon teach him

city manners. His father willingly gave his consent, and, having sent for Lamon and Myrtale, told them the good news that Daphnis would in future serve his son Astylus instead of tending goats, and promised to give them two goatherds to take his place. Then, when all the other slaves had gathered together, delighted at the prospect of having so handsome a fellow-servant, Lamon asked leave to speak, and, on its being granted, began as follows: "O master, hear a true story from an old man: I swear by Pan and the Nymphs that I will not utter a word that is false. I am not the father of Daphnis, nor has Myrtale the good fortune to be his mother. He was exposed when a child by other parents, who perhaps had enough children already. I found him abandoned, and being suckled by one of my goats, which I buried in the garden when it died: for I loved it because it had performed the part of a mother towards the infant. I also found some tokens lying by its side: this I confess, master, and also that I kept them: for they show that he belongs to a higher rank of life than our own. I have no objection to his serving Astylus, for he will be a good servant to a good and honourable master: but I cannot endure that he should become the laughing-stock of the drunken Gnathon, who wants to take him to Mitylene and make him play the part of a woman."

After this Lamon was silent and burst into tears. But when Gnathon waxed bolder and threatened to chastise him, Dionysophanes, astounded at what Lamon had said, knitted his brows and ordered Gnathon to hold his tongue: then he again questioned the old man, exhorting him to speak the truth, and not to invent some story, in order that he might keep his son. When Lamon persisted in his tale, swore by all the Gods that it was true, and offered to submit to the torture if he had lied, Dionysophanes, with Clearista sitting by his side, carefully considered what he had said. "What object could Lamon have in speaking falsely, seeing that he was to have two goatherds in place of one? how could a rude peasant have invented such a story? again, was it not at the outset incredible that so handsome a youth should be the offspring of an old man like Lamon and a shabby old woman like Myrtale?"

They determined not to trust any further to conjecture,

but to examine the tokens at once, to see if they indicated that Daphnis belonged to a higher rank of life. Myrtale immediately went to fetch them out of an old sack in which they had been stored away. When they were brought, Dionysophanes looked at them first, and when he saw the little purple tunic with its golden clasp, and the dagger with the ivory handle, he cried aloud, "O Lord and master Zeus," and called his wife to look: and she, as soon as she saw them, in like manner cried aloud, "O kindly Fates: are not these the jewels which we gave to Sophrosyne to put by the side of our own son when she exposed him? There is no doubt about it: they are the same. Dear husband, the child is ours. Daphnis is your son, and has fed his father's goats."

While she was still speaking, Dionysophanes kissed the token, and wept from excess of joy. Then Astylus, understanding that Daphnis was his brother, immediately threw off his cloak, and hastened to the garden, wishing to be the first to embrace him. But when Daphnis saw him coming towards him, accompanied by a number of people, and shouting "Daphnis," thinking that he wanted to seize him, he threw away his wallet and his pipe, and fled towards the sea, intending to throw himself from the top of the rock: and perhaps, by a strange caprice of Fortune, Daphnis, who had just been found, would have been lost, had not Astylus, perceiving his intention, shouted to him: "Stop, Daphnis, fear nothing: I am your brother: your former master and mistress are your parents. Lamon has told us all about the goat, and shown us the tokens: look, turn around and see how glad and cheerful they seem. But kiss me first: I swear by the Nymphs that I am speaking the truth."

Even when he heard this oath, Daphnis was loth to stop: however, he waited for Astylus, and kissed him when he came running up to him. In the meantime, all the household, men and women servants, and his mother and father came and embraced and kissed him, with tears of joy. Daphnis welcomed them all affectionally, but especially his father and mother, whom he clasped to his bosom as if he had already known them for a long time: so quickly does Nature make her claim felt. For a while he even forgot Chloe: and when he reached the

homestead, they gave him a handsome dress, and he sat down by the side of his father, who addressed him and Astylus as follows:

"My sons, I married when I was a very young man, and, after a short time, I became a happy father, as I then imagined. My first child was a son, the second a daughter, and the third, Astylus. I though that three children were enough, and, when another son was born, I exposed him together with these jewels and tokens, which I considered rather as funeral ornaments than as tokens by which he might be afterwards recognised. But Fortune willed otherwise. My eldest son and daughter died of the same complaint on the same day: but you, Daphnis, have been preserved to us by the providence of the Gods that we may have greater support in our old age. Do not bear a grudge against me, my son, for having exposed you: for, though I did so, it was sorely against my will. Nor do you, Astylus, be annoyed that you will have to share your inheritance, for to a wise man a brother is better than all possessions. Love one another: as far as wealth is concerned, you need not envy even a king. For I will leave to both large estates, a number of clever and industrious servants, gold, silver, and all other blessings that rich men enjoy. But I specially wish that Daphnis should have this estate, and I make him a present of Lamon and Myrtale, and the goats which he has tended."

While he was still speaking, Daphnis suddenly started up and said: "You have just reminded me, father: I will go and take my goats to drink: they are thirsty about this time, and are waiting for the sound of my pipe, while I am sitting here." Hereupon all laughed, at the idea that Daphnis, who had just become a master, should still wish to perform the duties of a goatherd. They sent some one else to look after his goats, offered sacrifice to Zeus Soter, and held high festival. Gnathon alone was not present, but, seized with alarm, he remained day and night in the temple of Dionysus, as a suppliant. The report soon spread that Dionysophanes had found his son, and that the goatherd Daphnis had become master of the estate: and, the next morning, the peasants gathered together from all parts to congratulate the young man, and

offer presents to his father, the first to arrive being Dryas, who had brought up Chloe.

Dionysophanes made them all stay for the festivities: for he had prepared abundance of bread and wine, water-fowl, sucking-pigs, honey-cakes of all kinds, and victims to be offered as a sacrifice to the Gods of the country. Then Daphnis, having collected all his pastoral equipments, distributed them as offerings to the Gods. To Dionysus he consecrated his wallet and goat-skin, to Pan his pipe and flute, to the Nymphs his crook and the milk-pails which he had made himself. But—so much sweeter is that to which we are accustomed than strange and unexpected good fortune—Daphnis wept as he parted with each of these things. He did not offer up his milk-pails before he had milked his goats once again, nor his goat-skin before he had put it on again, nor his pipe before he had played upon it: he kissed them all, spoke to his goats, and called his he-goats by name: he also went and drank at the fountain, because he had often done so before with Chloe. But he did not yet venture to declare his love, since he was waiting for a better opportunity.

While Daphnis was engaged in these ceremonies, this was what happened to Chloe. She was sitting down, weeping, while she tended her flock, and lamenting, as indeed was only natural: "Daphnis has forgotten me: he is dreaming of a wealthy match. Why did I make him swear by his goats instead of the Nymphs? he has abandoned them as he has abandoned Chloe: even when he was sacrificing to the Nymphs and Pan, he felt no desire to come and see me. Perhaps he has found some handmaids at his mother's house whom he prefers. May he be happy: but I can live no longer."

While she thus gave utterance to her thoughts, the herdsman Lampis came up with a band of peasants and carried her off, being persuaded that Daphnis would no longer care to marry her and that Dryas would accept him[1] as her husband. As she was being carried off, uttering piercing cries, some one who had seen what had taken place went and told Nape, who informed Dryas, who in his turn told Daphnis. The lat-

[1]Lampis.

ter, almost beside himself, had neither the courage to confess everything to his father, nor the strength of mind to resign himself to this misfortune; he entered the garden-walk, and thus lamented: "What a painful discovery! how much better would it have been for me to remain a shepherd! how much happier I was when I was a slave! Then I used to see Chloe: but now Lampis has carried her off, and at night he will sleep with her. But I am drinking and enjoying myself, and in vain have I taken an oath by Pan, my goats, and the Nymphs."

Daphnis's lamentations were heard by Gnathon, who was concealed in the garden. Thinking this a good opportunity for making peace with him, he went in search of Dryas, accompanied by some young men of Astylus's retinue, ordered him to conduct him to Lampis's house, and hastened thither with him. He came upon the herdsman just as he was taking Chloe inside, snatched her away from him, and severely beat the peasants who were with him. He was anxious to bind Lampis, and to take him away like a prisoner of war, but he got the start and ran away. Having accomplished this exploit, Gnathon returned at nightfall. He found Dionysophanes in bed, but Daphnis was still up, weeping in the garden. Gnathon conducted Chloe to him, told him what had taken place, begged him not to bear him ill-will any longer, but to keep him—for he would be a useful servant—and not to drive him away from his table, otherwise he would die of hunger. When Daphnis saw Chloe, and clasped her in his arms, he pardoned Gnathon because of the service he had rendered him, and excused himself to Chloe for his own neglect.

After taking counsel together, they resolved not to mention their marriage as yet: meanwhile, Daphnis would see Chloe secretly, and only tell her mother of his love. Dryas, however, did not agree with this: he thought it best to tell Daphnis's father, and himself promised to obtain his consent. At daybreak, he put the tokens which had been found with Chloe into his wallet, and presented himself before Dionysophanes and Clearista, whom he found seated in the garden, together with Astylus and Daphnis. When all were silent, he addressed them as follows: "A necessity, similar to that which forced Lamon to speak, compels me to reveal what has

hitherto been kept a secret. Chloe is not my daughter, neither did I rear her. She is the daughter of other parents who exposed her in the grotto of the Nymphs, where she was suckled by an ewe. I saw this with my own eyes, and when I saw it, I wondered, and brought up the child as my own. Her beauty is sufficient proof of this: she in no way resembles us. The tokens also bear witness; for they are too valuable to belong to shepherds. Look at them, try and discover the girl's parents, and see whether you consider her worthy of marriage with Daphnis."

Dryas did not say this without a purpose, and it was not lost upon Dionysophanes, who, casting his eyes upon Daphnis, and seeing that he turned pale and was weeping silently, easily discovered the secret of his love. He accordingly took the greatest pains to verify what Dryas had said, being more anxious about his own son than about a young girl who was a stranger to him. When he saw the tokens—the gilt shoes, the anklets, and the head-dress, he called Chloe to him, and bade her be of good cheer, since she already had a husband, and would soon find her father and mother. Then Clearista took her and dressed her as became her son's intended wife: while Dionysophanes took Daphnis aside, and inquired of him whether Chloe was a virgin: and when he swore that nothing more had taken place between them than kisses and vows of fidelity, he expressed himself pleased at the oath they had taken, and made them sit down to table.

Then could be seen the power of beauty, when it is adorned: for Chloe, richly dressed, with her hair plaited and her face washed, appeared far handsomer to all who saw her, so that even Daphnis scarcely recognised her. Leaving the tokens out of consideration, anyone would have been ready to swear that Dryas could not be the father of such a daughter. However he was present, and sat on the same couch with Nape, Lamon, and Myrtale. On the next and following days, victims were sacrificed, goblets of wine were prepared, and Chloe also consecrated to the Gods everything that belonged to her —her pipe, wallet, goat-skin, and milk-pails. She poured some wine into the water of the fountain at the bottom of the grotto, because she had been suckled on its brink, and had

often bathed in it: she also crowned with a garland of flowers the tomb of the sheep, which was pointed out to her by Dryas. She also piped to her flocks, and, having sung a hymn to the Nymphs, she prayed to them that the parents who had exposed her might be found worthy to be allied by marriage with Daphnis.

When they became tired of the rustic festivities, they resolved to return to the city, to try and find out who Chloe's parents were, and to hasten on the marriage. Accordingly, in the morning, they packed up their things, and made ready for their journey: but, before they started, they gave Dryas another 3,000 drachmas, and to Lamon the privilege of gathering the corn and grapes of half the estate, together with the goats and goatherds, four yoke of oxen, some winter garments, and freedom for himself and his wife. After this, they set out for Mitylene, with a splendid equipage of horses and chariots. As they reached the city at night, the inhabitants were not aware of their arrival: but, on the following day, a crowd of men and women assembled round the house. The former congratulated Dionysophanes on having found a son, and all the more, when they saw how handsome Daphnis was: the latter shared Clearista's joy at having found, not only a son, but a wife for him. They also were struck with astonishment at Chloe's incomparable beauty. The whole city was in a state of excitement over the young man and the maiden: their union was already looked upon as a happy one, and hopes were expressed that Chloe's birth might be found to be worthy of her beauty. More than one wealthy woman prayed to the Gods that she might be credited with being the mother of so beautiful a daughter.

Dionysophanes, weary with constant thought, fell into a deep sleep, and dreamed a dream. It seemed to him that the Nymphs were begging Love to give his consent to the marriage. Then the God unbent his bow, placed it on the ground by the side of his quiver, and ordered Dionysophanes to invite all the nobles of Mitylene to a banquet, and, when the last cup was filled, to show the tokens to each guest, and to sing the song of Hymen. Struck with this vision and the directions given by the God, when he rose in the morning, he

ordered a sumptuous banquet to be prepared, furnished with every dainty that the land, the sea, the lakes, and rivers could produce, and invited all the nobles of Mitylene. At evening, after the cup with which libations are offered to Hermes had been filled, one of the attendants brought in the tokens upon a silver vessel, and carried them round and showed them to each of the guests.

All declared that they did not recognise them, with the exception of one Megacles, who, on account of his great age, had been placed at the end of the table. As soon as he beheld them, he shouted out loudly: "What is this I see? my daughter, what has become of you? are you still alive? or did some shepherd find these tokens and pick them up? Dionysophanes, I beseech you, tell me, where did you get these tokens of my child? Now that you have found Daphnis, do not grudge me the happiness of finding something." Dionysophanes at first desired him to state how she had been exposed: and Megacles, in as firm a tone and voice as before, replied: "Formerly I was badly off, for I had spent what I possessed upon the public games and triremes. While I was thus situated, a daughter was born to me. Being afraid to bring her up in poverty, I decked her out with these tokens and exposed her, for I knew that there were many people who are ready to adopt the children of others. She was exposed in the grotto of the Nymphs, and intrusted to the protection of the Goddesses. In the meantime, Fortune favoured me: my wealth increased daily, but I had no heir, for I have not been fortunate to have even another daughter. The Gods also, as if to mock me, send me visions at night, announcing that a ewe shall make me a father."

Then Dionysophanes shouted even louder than Megacles: he started up, brought in Chloe richly attired, and said: "Here is the child you exposed: thanks to the providence of the Nymphs, a ewe nourished this maiden, as a goat suckled Daphnis for me. Take the tokens and your daughter, and give her to Daphnis as his bride. We exposed them both: we have found them both: both have been under the care of Pan, the Nymphs, and the God of Love." Megacles approved, clasped Chloe in his arms, and sent for his wife Rhode. They slept

that night at the house of Dionysophanes: for Daphnis had sworn that he would not intrust Chloe to anyone, not even to her own father.

At daybreak they agreed to return to the country, at the earnest request of Daphnis and Chloe, who could not get used to city life: besides, they had decided that the wedding should be a rustic one. They returned to Lamon's house, where Dryas was presented to Megacles, and Nape to Rhode, and all preparations were made for a brilliant festival. Megacles consecrated Chloe in presence of the Nymphs, and, amongst other offerings, dedicated the tokens to them, and made up to Dryas the sum of 10,000 drachmas.

As it was a very fine day, Dionysophanes ordered couches of green leaves to be spread in front of the grotto, invited all the villagers to the festivities, and entertained them handsomely. Lamon and Myrtale were there, together with Dryas and Nape, Dorcon's relations, Philetas and his sons, Chromis and Lycaenium: even Lampis was forgiven, and allowed to be present. All the amusements were of a rustic and pastoral character, as was natural, considering the guests. One sang a reaper's song, another repeated the jests of the vintage season: Philetas played the pipe, Lampis the flute, Dryas and Lamon danced: Daphnis and Chloe embraced each other. The goats also were feeding close at hand, as if they desired to take part in the banquet. This was not altogether to the taste of the city people: but Daphnis called some of them by name, gave them some green leaves to eat, took them by the horns and kissed them.

And not only then, but as long as they lived, they devoted most of their time to a pastoral life. They paid especial reverence to the Nymphs, Pan, and Love, acquired large flocks of goats and sheep, and considered fruit and milk superior to every other kind of food. When a son was born to them, they put him to suck a goat: their daughter was suckled by a ewe: and they called the former Philopoemen, and the latter Agele. Thus they lived to a good old age in the fields, decorated the grotto, set up statues, and erected an altar to Shepherd Love, and, in place of the pine, built a temple for Pan to dwell in, and dedicated it to Pan the Soldier.

But this did not take place until later. After the banquet, when night came, all the guests accompanied them to the nuptial chamber, playing on the pipe and flute, and carrying large blazing torches. When they were near the door, they began to sing in a harsh and rough voice, as if they were breaking up the earth with forks, instead of singing the marriage hymn. Daphnis and Chloe, lying naked side by side, embraced and kissed each other, more wakeful than the owl, the whole night long. Daphnis put into practice the lessons of Lycaenium, and then for the first time Chloe learned that all that had taken place between them in the woods was nothing more than the childish amusement of shepherds.

THE ÆTHIOPICA

OR THE

ADVENTURES OF THEAGENES AND CHARICLEA

BY

HELIODORUS

TRANSLATED FOR THE ATHENIAN SOCIETY

THE ÆTHIOPICA

OR THE

ADVENTURES OF THEAGENES AND CHARICLEA

BOOK I

The light of day had just begun to smile and the rays of the sun to illumine the mountain ridges, when some armed men, whose attire proclaimed them brigands, showed themselves on the top of a promontory which overhangs the outlet of the Nile, which is called the Heracleotic mouth; there they halted for a while, carefully examining the expanse of sea that lay beneath them. Having first cast their eyes over the open and seeing no vessel that held out hopes of plunder, they turned their gaze towards the beach, where they beheld the following sight:

A vessel was lying at anchor; there was no one on board, but it carried a heavy cargo, as could be guessed even by those at a distance; for the weight of it caused the ship to sink in the water as high as the third band. The whole beach was covered with bodies of men but lately massacred, some quite dead, others still alive, their limbs yet quivering, which proved that a fierce struggle had just ended. But the indications were not those of a regular battle; with the dead and dying were mingled the miserable remains of an ill-starred feast, which had had so disastrous an issue; tables still covered with viands, fragments of others still clutched in the hands of the dead, who had used them as weapons in the sudden outburst of the fray, while others again, to all appearance, had been used as hiding places; drinking cups lying on the ground, some of which had fallen from the hands of the banqueters who had been slain in the act of lifting them to their mouth, while others had been used as stones. The suddenness of the attack had invented new uses for them and taught the com-

batants to use cups in place of weapons. One lay wounded by an axe, another with his brains dashed out by stones picked up from the beach; one had been battered to pieces with a club, another scorched by the fire of a blazing torch; death had overtaken them in various ways, but most of them had been pierced with arrows. Fortune had gathered together in a small space a countless variety of objects, polluting wine with blood, uniting war and festivity, and mingling promiscuously drinking and death, libations and slaughter. Such was the sight she set before the eyes of the Egyptian brigands.

The latter, spectators from the top of the mountain, were unable to understand the scene; they beheld numbers overthrown, but could not see their conquerors; all the signs of a brilliant victory, but the spoils untouched; a vessel without a crew, but in other respects uninjured, as if it were strongly defended or were tossing quietly at anchor. Although they did not know what had happened, the greed of gain excited them, and, as if they had been themselves the conquerors, they proceeded to descend, in order to lay hands upon the plunder.

When they were only a short distance from the vessel and the bodies of the dead and dying, another sight, which perplexed them even more, arrested their attention. They saw a young girl, of wondrous beauty, sitting on a rock, whom they took to be a goddess; though smitten with grief at the scene, her mien and features displayed a dignified and noble spirit; her head was crowned with laurel, a quiver was slung over her shoulders, her left arm rested upon her bow, while the hand hung carelessly down; with her right elbow resting upon her thigh, she leaned her cheek upon her hand, with head bent, looking from time to time at a young man lying a little distance from her on the shore.

This young man, covered with cruel wounds, with difficulty managed to lift up his head from a deep sleep, that resembled the sleep of death. But, even in this plight, a manly beauty shone upon his face; the blood, trickling down his cheeks, enhanced the charm of his fair complexion. But pain and grief, in spite of all his efforts, drew down his eyelids, while, on the other hand, the sight of the maiden attracted his gaze, and his eyes were constrained to look, because they

saw her. At last he recovered himself, and, heaving a deep sigh, cried in a feeble voice: "My dearest, are you really preserved to me? or have you too been slain amongst the rest? has not even death been able to separate us, that your shade and spirit still accompany my fortunes?" "My destiny, my life or death, is bound up with yours," replied the young girl; "you see this (here she showed him a dagger on her knees); if it has hitherto remained idle, it has only been held back by the signs of life in you." With these words, she sprang up from the rock. The spectators on the mountain, smitten with wonder and amazement, as if they had been struck by lightning, ran to shelter themselves beneath the bushes; for, when she stood up, she appeared even taller and more divine. The arrows in her quiver, which her sudden movements caused to rattle on her shoulders, the dazzling brilliancy of her gold-bedecked robe which glittered in the rays of the sun, her long hair which floated from beneath her crown like that of a Bacchante, hanging half-way down her back, and, more than what they saw, their ignorance of what had taken place—all this struck terror into their soul.

"She is a goddess," cried some, "either Artemis or Isis, the divine patroness of Egypt"; while others declared that she was some priestess inspired with divine frenzy, who had wrought such slaughter. Such was their opinion; but as yet they knew not the truth.

Meanwhile, the young girl hastened to the youth, flung her arms around him, wept and kissed him, wiped off the blood, uttered loud groans, and, although she held him in her grasp, seemed scarcely able to believe her eyes. When the Egyptians saw this, they altered their opinion. "How," said they, "can this be the act of a goddess? would she embrace a lifeless corpse so affectionately?" After this, they encouraged one another to take heart, and draw nearer and learn the truth. Their courage revived, they descended, and found the young girl still tending the other's wounds; standing behind, they remained motionless, venturing neither to speak nor to act. The girl, hearing the noise of their footsteps and seeing their shadows on the ground, looked up; in no way alarmed by their strange complexion, or their arms, which proclaimed

them brigands, she lowered her eyes again, and devoted her whole attention to the prostrate youth. Thus the keenness of regret and the sincerity of love make us disregard all external objects whether pleasant or painful, and compel us to see nothing but the one beloved object, and to devote to it our whole attention.

When the brigands stopped in front of her, apparently intending to lay hands on her, she looked up again, and, seeing their dark complexions and hideous appearance, thus addressed them:

"If you are the shades of the dead that are lying here, you do wrong to trouble us; for most of you have died by your own hands; those who were slain by us deserved their fate; we only exercised the right of self-defence to protect our honour. If you are living men, you would seem to be brigands; then you have arrived at a fitting moment to deliver us from our present calamities, and to end this scene of horror by our death."

Such was the tragic plaint she uttered. The others, unable to understand what she said, left the unhappy pair, thinking their weakness a sufficient guard; then, hurrying to the ship, they ransacked the cargo, which was considerable and consisted of various kinds of wares; to some they paid no heed, but carried off gold and silver, precious stones, and silken stuffs, as much as they could carry. When their greed was satisfied, they spread the booty on the shore, and divided it into equal portions, making the distribution not according to the value, but by the weight of each article. They had decided to defer the consideration of what they should do with their prisoners.

Meanwhile, another band of brigands came up, with two horsemen riding at their head. When the first band perceived them, without venturing to show fight or carry off any portion of the booty, for fear they might be pursued, they fled with all speed, being only ten in number, while those whom they saw coming were three times as many. Thus the young girl found herself captured a second time, although not actually a prisoner. The new arrivals, although intent on plunder, halted for a while, astounded at what they saw and

ignorant of the cause. They imagined that those who had just fled had perpetrated the massacre, and seeing that the young girl, dressed in strange and magnificent attire, paid no attention to the dangers that threatened her, as if they had no existence, but devoted all her care to the young man's wounds, and seemed to feel his sufferings as if they were her own, they stood still, struck with admiration at her beauty and courageous spirit, while they were equally astonished at the form and stature of the wounded young man, who had gradually recovered, while his features resumed their ordinary expression.

At length the captain of the band drew near, laid his hand upon the young girl, and commanded her to get up and follow him. Guessing what he meant (although she did not understand his words), she began to drag the young man along with her, who himself refused to part from her; then, pointing the dagger towards her breast, she threatened to kill herself, unless they took him as well. Her gestures, rather than her words, explained her meaning to the Captain, who, hoping that the young man, if he recovered, might be of great service to him, dismounted and ordered his esquire to do the same, and bade his prisoners mount in their places. Bidding his men collect the spoil and follow him, he himself walked on foot by the side of the captives, to hold them up in case they should be in danger of falling. Nor was their lot without its compensation; the master seemed to be the slave, and the captor the servant of the captured. So true is it that the appearance of nobility and the sight of beauty are able to subjugate even the hearts of brigands and to conquer the harshest natures.

After the brigands had followed the coast for a distance of about two stades, they left the sea on their right, and turned aside in the direction of a mountain, which they climbed with difficulty, and, descending the other side with all speed, arrived at a lake which lay below. The whole district is called Bucolia (Pasture) by the Egyptians. In it there is a valley, which receives the overflow of the Nile and becomes a lake, very deep in the middle, while its shores are shallow and marshy; for the waters of lakes, like those of the sea, diminish

in depth the nearer they are to the land. This spot is as it were the republic of all the brigands of Egypt. Some dwell in huts which they have built upon rising ground above the level of the water, while others live in boats, which they use both for habitation and purposes of transport; it is here that their wives spin, and are brought to bed. Their children are first brought up on their mother's milk, afterwards upon fish caught in the lake and dried in the sun. As soon as a child can crawl, a cord is tied to its ankles, and it is allowed to go as far as the edge of the boat or the door of the hut, the cord being used as a guide.

Thus those who are born on the lake look upon it as their nurse and native land, and regard it as a safe stronghold for brigands like themselves, who flock thither in large numbers. The water serves them as a wall, and the reeds, which grow in abundance, as a palisade. Amongst these reeds they have cut several winding and tortuous paths, easy for themselves to find who know them, but which are difficult of access to others and form a strong defence against invasion. Such is this little republic, and such the manners of its inhabitants.

The sun was setting when the captain and his followers reached the lake. They made the prisoners dismount, and put the booty on board the boats. Those who had not taken part in the expedition issued in large numbers from different sides of the marsh, and hurried to meet their chief, whom they received with as much reverence as if he had been a king. At the sight of the rich spoil and the divine beauty of the maiden, they imagined that some temple or shrine had been plundered by their companions, thinking, in their rustic simplicity, that they had carried off the priestess or the breathing image of some goddess. Then, with loud praises and congratulations, they escorted their chief in triumph to his abode.

This was a small island, apart from the rest, which he shared with a small number of intimate friends. As soon as he arrived there, he bade the multitude return home, after having ordered them all to assemble before him on the following day. He himself, with a few intimate friends, took a hasty supper, and then handed over the young couple to a young Greek, who had been taken prisoner by the brigands a

short time before, that he might serve as interpreter; he lodged them in part of his own hut, and charged the Greek to pay careful attention to the young man, and, above all, to see that no insult was offered to the young lady. He himself, exhausted by the fatigues of his journey, and overwhelmed with the anxieties of command, soon fell asleep.

When silence reigned throughout the marsh, about the first watch of the night, the maiden took advantage of the solitude and the absence of those who were likely to disturb her, to give vent to her sorrow; the quiet of the night only increased her grief, since nothing was to be seen or heard that could divert her painful thoughts. Separated from the rest by the captain's order, and lying upon a miserable couch, she sighed and shed bitter tears: "O Apollo, how cruel is the punishment you inflict upon us, far greater than our offences deserve! Is not your vengeance satisfied with the misfortunes which we have already suffered? Deprived of our parents, captured by pirates, exposed to perils without number on the sea, a second time fallen into the hands of brigands—can worse than this await us? when will you put an end to our miseries? Provided I could die pure and without reproach, death would be welcome. But if anyone should dare to attempt to obtain by force the favours which even my Theagenes has never obtained, I would strangle myself and anticipate the insult; so would I keep myself pure and chaste, as I have hitherto done, even to the hour of death, and virtue itself should be my honourable shroud. No judge will ever be more pitiless than you, O Apollo!"

She would have proceeded, but Theagenes interrupted her: "Hush, my life, my dearest Chariclea! your laments are just, but they provoke the god more than you imagine. You must not reproach him, but invoke his aid. Prayers are more likely than accusations to appease the wrath of those who are mightier than ourselves." "You are right," she replied: "but, tell me, I beg you, how are you yourself?" "Better, since evening; this young man's attention has allayed the inflammation of my wounds." "You will find yourself much easier in the morning," rejoined their keeper: "I will apply a certain herb to your wounds, which in three days will heal them. I know

its valuable properties by experience. Since I have been a prisoner here, when any of the Captain's followers return wounded from an expedition, I apply this remedy, which soon restores them to health. Do not be surprised if I sympathize with you; your lot seems to resemble mine; besides, since I myself am a Greek, I cannot help pitying you who are Greeks." "A Greek! Oh, heavens!" exclaimed the youthful pair, transported with joy. "Yes, most assuredly: a Greek both by birth and language." "Perhaps we shall obtain some alleviation of our sorrows. But by what name are we to call you?" "My name is Cnemon." "From what part of Greece do you come?" "From Athens." "What has been your history?" "Forbear," said Cnemon: "why do you attempt to revive the recollection of my sorrows? let us leave this to the tragedians; my story would be an unnecessary aggravation of your own misfortunes; besides, the rest of the night would not suffice to tell the tale, especially as you must need rest and sleep after all your fatigues."

But, as they persisted and begged Cnemon to tell his story, thinking that it would be a great consolation to them to hear of misfortunes equal to their own, he began as follows:

I am the son of Aristippus, an Athenian by birth, a man of considerable means, and a member of the Areopagus. After my mother's death, he married again; I was his only son, and he did not wish to be dependent upon my care alone in his old age. He married a lady, named Demaeneta, a most charming woman, but the cause of all my misfortunes. As soon as she entered the house, she endeavoured to make herself absolute mistress, and easily persuaded the old man to do whatever she wanted, by the charm of her beauty and the obsequious attention which she bestowed upon him; more than any woman I have ever known, she possessed the art of inspiring passion, and a wonderful knack of seducing those of the opposite sex. When my father went out, she wept; when he returned, she ran to meet him, complained of his long absence, and declared that, if he had delayed longer, it would have killed her; she embraced him after every word, and moistened her kisses with her tears. Ensnared by her artifices, my father saw no one but her, and lived for her alone.

At first she pretended to look upon me as her own son, thereby strengthening her hold upon my father. Sometimes she would kiss me, and desired that I would give her the pleasure of my company. I permitted her caresses, in no way suspecting the purpose she had in view; my only surprise was that she showed such motherly affection towards me. But when she grew more wanton, and her kisses became hotter than decency permitted, and her looks immodest —all this aroused my suspicions, and I began to avoid and repel her advances. I omit the rest, why need I weary you with recalling it? the different ways in which she tempted me, the promises which she made; calling me her little boy, her darling, her heir, her life and soul, mingling with the tenderest names all that was most likely to win my affections; in more serious matters she played the part of a mother, but in dalliance clearly showed that she was in love.

At last, her passion declared itself. During the celebration of the great Panathenaic festival, the Athenians carry a ship through the streets in honour of Athena. I had just arrived at man's estate, and, after I had sung the usual hymn in honour of the goddess, and duly led the customary procession, I returned home, still wearing my ceremonial robes, my head still crowned with garlands. As soon as Demaeneta saw me, she lost her reason, and, no longer able to disguise her passion, ran towards me, calling me "her young Hippolytus, her darling Theseus." You can judge of my feelings at the time, seeing that the mere recollection of it makes me blush. That evening, my father supped in the Prytaneum; and, as was usual on the occasion of such meetings and public banquets, had arranged to pass the night there. During the night, Demaeneta entered my room, and endeavoured to obtain the satisfaction of her unholy desires. When I firmly resisted all her caresses, promises, and threats, she sighed deeply and left me; and, when only one night had passed, the accursed woman plotted revenge.

At first, she kept her bed in the morning, and, when my father returned, and asked her what was the matter with her, she pretended that she was indisposed, and at first refused to answer him further; but at last, yielding to his pressing en-

quiries, she said: "That wonderful young man, that son of yours, whom I looked upon as my own, whom (as the gods can testify) I loved even more than you did, observing, from certain indications, that I was with child, (which I had concealed from you until I was certain of it) took advantage of your absence, while I was admonishing him, as I have always done, and exhorting him to be temperate, and avoid women and drinking (for I was aware of his irregularities, but I would not disclose them to you, for fear you might suspect me as his stepmother)—while, I say, I was discussing these matters with him alone, to spare his blushes, he burst forth into such abuse of both of us, that I should be ashamed to repeat it; after which, he kicked me in the belly, and reduced me to the condition in which you now see me."

On hearing these words, my father, without saying anything to me, without questioning me or giving me time to defend myself, came to the conclusion that one who had shown such affection for me could not have accused me falsely. Chancing to meet me in the house, he attacked me with his fists, called his slaves and ordered them to scourge me, although I knew not for what I was being punished, a privilege usually granted to the greatest criminals. At length, when he had satisfied his anger, I said to him: "Now at least, my father, you ought to let me know for what crime I have been scourged, although you refused to tell me before." These words only provoked him more. "Deceitful wretch!" he cried, "is it from me that you would learn your infamies?" Then, turning away from me, he hastened to Demaeneta, whose rage, not yet satisfied, had laid a second plot to destroy me.

She had a maid called Thisbe, a handsome girl, who played admirably upon the lute. Demaeneta sent her to me with instructions to gain my affections. Without delay, she made advances to me; and she, who had oftentimes before rejected my suit, endeavoured to attract me by looks, signs, and gestures. In my vanity, I believed that I had suddenly become an Adonis, and at last, one night, I admitted her to my arms; she visited me a second and a third time, and indeed, on several occasions. But, when I exhorted her to take care that she was not surprised by her mistress, she said: "Oh, Cnemon, how

simple you are! Do you think there is any danger for a slave such as I am, bought for a price, even if I am caught with you? if so, what punishment do you think my mistress deserves, a woman who boasts of noble birth, to whom the laws have assigned a husband, and who, although she well knows that death is the punishment of conjugal infidelity, is not afraid to commit adultery?" "Do not say so," I answered, "I cannot believe you." "Well, if you like, I will let you see her in the act." "If it is your wish," I said. "It is," she answered: "I desire for your sake, you have been so cruelly outraged by her, as well as for my own, who suffer terribly every day at her hands—the result of the bitter jealousy she feels against me. Therefore be a man, and surprise her with her paramour."

I promised, and she retired. Three nights afterwards, she came and woke me, telling me that Demaeneta was with her lover; that my father had been suddenly called into the country on business; and that the dishonourer of his bed had secretly, by appointment, entered his wife's room. She declared that it was my duty to prepare to avenge him and to arm myself with a sword, to prevent the villain's escape.

I did as she advised: I took a sword, and proceeded towards my father's room, while Thisbe carried a lighted torch in front. When I came to the door, I saw that there was a light burning inside; transported with rage, I broke upon the door, and rushed in, exclaiming, "Where is the wretch, a fine lover of this most virtuous woman?" With these words, I advanced, intending to run them both through with my sword. But, great heavens! my father leaped out of bed and fell on his knees before me, exclaiming: "Oh! my son, restrain yourself; pity your father; spare these grey hairs, that have brought you up. I have done you wrong, it is true; but death would be too cruel a vengeance. Do not abandon yourself to your rage, nor stain your hands with your father's blood."

Such were his piteous pleadings; for my part, as if smitten by a thunderbolt, I stood dumbfounded, unable to utter a word, looking for Thisbe, who had stealthily withdrawn. I gazed at the bed and round the room, not knowing what to say or do. The sword fell from my hand; Demaeneta jumped out of bed,

and seized it. When my father saw that he was out of danger, he laid hands upon me, and gave orders that I should be bound. Demaeneta, meanwhile, continued to exasperate him. "Did I not warn you of this?" she exclaimed; "did I not tell you to be on your guard against the youth, since he would seize the first opportunity of attacking you? I read his purpose in his eyes." "It is true," replied my father; "you warned me, but I refused to believe you." He then ordered me to be kept in chains, and refused to allow me to speak, or to tell him the real truth of the matter.

As soon as it was day, he took and led me, bound as I was, before the people; then, having poured ashes over his head, he thus addressed them: "Oh Athenians, it was not in expectation of this that I brought up my son; hoping that he would prove the support of my old age, I gave him, from his earliest years, a liberal education; after I had taught him the elements of letters, I introduced him amongst the members of his clan and family, registered his name amongst those who had reached the age of manhood, and secured him the standing of a citizen of our country, in conformity with the laws; in a word, my life's hopes were centered in him. But he, forgetting all this, first abused me and assaulted my lawful wife; and at last, with a naked sword in his hand, entered my chamber by night; if he is not guilty of the murder of his own father, he has only to thank Fortune, which inspired him with sudden terror, and caused the sword to fall from his hands. I now, therefore, have recourse to you, and formally denounce him. For, although, according to the law, I might have slain him with my own hand, I did not wish to do so; I am content to leave the decision in your hands, for I am convinced that it is better that my son should be punished by the verdict of the law, rather than by death before a verdict has been pronounced." With these words, he began to shed tears.

Demaeneta also wept and pretended to be grieved at my sad lot. "Unhappy wretch!" she cried; "his death will be just, but premature; some avenging Deity has driven him to lift his hand against his parents." But her lamentations were not so much an indication of sorrow for me as a fresh evidence of the truth of the accusation.

In my turn, I asked permission to speak; but the clerk came forward and put the simple question to me: "Did you attack your father with a sword?" "I certainly did, but hear how that came to pass," I answered. Then all cried out that I had no right to ask to be heard in my defence. Some demanded that I should be stoned; others, that I should be handed over to the executioner; and others, that I should be thrust headlong into the Barathrum. As for myself, while all this disturbance was taking place and they were deciding what should be my punishment, I kept crying out: "Oh, stepmother! I am destroyed by a stepmother! a stepmother is taking away my life without a trial!" My words attracted the attention of some of the judges, and made them suspect the truth; yet even then they refused to listen to me; for the mind of the people was preoccupied by the incessant disturbance.

When the votes were counted, 1,700 were found to be in favour of putting me to death, some voting that I should be stoned; others, that I should be flung headlong into the Barathrum. The rest, to the number of 1,000—and that no doubt because their suspicions of my stepmother inclined them to mercy—were for condemning me to perpetual banishment, Their opinion gained the day; for, although the others, taken together, were in an actual majority, yet, as there had been a difference of opinion amongst them in regard to my punishment, the 1,000 votes formed a relative majority. Thus I was driven from my father's hearth and my native land. However, the gods did not suffer the wickedness of Demaeneta to go unpunished. I will tell you afterwards what happened to her. But now you must have some sleep; the night is far advanced and you need repose.

"By no means," said Theagenes; "you will only vex us still more, if you break off your story before telling us how this vilest of women was punished." "Listen then," said Cnemon, "since such is your pleasure."

After the result of the trial I went down to the Piraeus, just as I was, and finding a ship there which was ready to set sail for Aegina, I embarked; for I remembered that some cousins of my mother lived there. On my arrival, I found those of whom I was in search, and at first I spent my time agree-

ably enough. About three weeks afterwards, in the course of my usual walk, I found myself down at the harbour; at the same moment, a bark was putting in to shore; and I waited a little to see where it hailed from, and who were on board. Almost before the ladder was properly let down, some one leaped on shore, hurried towards me, and embraced me. It turned out to be Charias, one of the friends of my youth. "I have good news for you, Cnemon," said he; "you are revenged upon your enemy. Demaeneta is dead." "Welcome, Charias," I said; "but why hurry over this good news so rapidly, as if you were the bearer of evil tidings? Let me have further details; for I am very much afraid that she has died a natural death, and has thus escaped the punishment she deserved." "Justice, to use the words of Hesiod, has not entirely deserted us; although she sometimes appears to wink at men's crimes, and to put off the day of punishment, nevertheless she casts her avenging eye upon such criminals; and it is she who has just punished the infamous Demaeneta. I know all that was said and done; you are aware of my relations with Thisbe; she told me everything. After the unjust sentence of banishment had been pronounced upon you, your unhappy father, regretting what he had done, retired into a lonely villa in the country, far from the haunts of men, and there he passed his days, 'eating his heart out,' in the words of the poet. As for Demaeneta, the Furies immediately began to torment her; your absence had only inflamed her passion for you; she never ceased to weep, apparently for your misfortunes, but in reality for her own unhappy fate; night and day she cried, 'Oh, Cnemon, my dear, my darling boy, my well-beloved!' The ladies of her acquaintance, when they came to visit her, were astonished, and loudly praised her, because, although only a stepmother, she showed a mother's affection. They endeavoured to console her and restore her courage; but she answered that her sorrow was inconsolable, and that others did not know by what goads her heart was pierced.

"Whenever she was alone, she bitterly reproached Thisbe for not having served her properly: 'How ready you were to do harm, how slow to assist me in my love! you hastened, almost before the words were uttered, to deprive me of all that

I held most dear, without even leaving me time to reflect or change my mind.' From these words, it was perfectly clear that she intended to do Thisbe a mischief.

"The latter, seeing how furiously indignant her mistress was, devoured by rage, and ready to plot against her, out of her mind, as she was, from anger and love, resolved to anticipate her, and, by laying a trap for her, to provide for her own safety. 'Why do you accuse your servant without cause, oh, my mistress?' said she; 'I have always, both now and in the past, studied your wishes; if anything has happened contrary to them, you must set it down to Fortune; I myself, even now, am ready, if you so desire it, to assist you in finding some remedy for your present distress.' 'But what remedy can be found, my dear girl?' she asked; 'he who alone might have comforted me is far away, and the unexpected clemency of the judges has destroyed me. If he had been stoned, if he had been killed, my desire would have ended with his life. For, when once all hope is lost, desire is extinguished in the soul; and the impossibility of reckoning upon anything in the future hardens the afflicted to sorrow. But now I seem to see him by my side, to hear his voice; he reproaches me with my unjust perfidy, and I blush for very shame to hear him. Sometimes I fancy that he will come back, and that I shall possess him; at other times I determine to go in search of him, wheresoever he may be. Such thoughts inflame my mind, they drive me mad. Oh Gods! I deserve my sufferings. Why, instead of trying to win his affection by kindness, did I plot against him? why, instead of supplicating him, did I pursue him with my hatred? He at first rejected my advances, as was only natural. I belonged to another, and, above all, he was ashamed to defile his father's bed. Perhaps time would have rendered him more tractable; persuasion might have induced him to yield. But I, cruel and savage beast that I was, treated him more like a tyrant than a mistress, and wrought a cruel deed against him, because he did not obey my commands and spurned the advances of Demaeneta, whom he far surpassed in beauty. But, my dear Thisbe, what is this easy remedy of which you speak?' 'Mistress,' she replied, 'it is generally believed that Cnemon left the city and Attica, in

obedience to the sentence of banishment pronounced upon him; but I, who have made the most careful enquiries in your interest, have discovered that he is concealed somewhere in the neighbourhood of the city. You have no doubt heard of the flute-player Arsinoe; he was on intimate terms with her. After his misfortune, she received him, and, having promised to share his exile, is now hiding him in her house until she has made the necessary preparations for the journey.' 'Happy Arsinoe,' cried Demaeneta; 'how I envy your former relations with him, and the exile into which you are now going to accompany him! But, what has all this to do with us?' 'Much, my mistress,' replied Thisbe; 'I will pretend that I am in love with Cnemon, and I will ask Arsinoe, with whom I have long had professional relations, to introduce me to him some night in her stead. If she consents, it will rest with you to represent that you are Arsinoe and to take her place by his side. I myself will take care that he does not go to bed until he has drunk pretty freely. If you obtain what you desire, in all probability your passion will be cured; for very frequently the first experience extinguishes the flame of desire; when we have once got what we want, love is sated. If, however, your passion continues (which heaven forfend!), we must set sail again, in the words of the proverb, and try some other scheme. Meanwhile, let us think about the present.'

"Demaeneta eagerly embraced the proposal, and begged Thisbe to put it into execution without delay. Having asked her mistress to allow her a day to make all necessary arrangements, she hurried to Arsinoe, and asked her if she knew Teledemus. When Arsinoe answered that she did, Thisbe said, 'Will you let us come to your house this evening, for I have promised to see him to-night? He will come first, and I will follow, after I have put my mistress to bed.' Thisbe then hurried into the country to Aristippus, and said to him: 'Master I am come to accuse myself before you; punish me as you think fit; I helped to ruin your son, against my will indeed, but nevertheless I did so. Knowing that my mistress led a dissipated life and defiled your bed, I feared some misfortune for myself, in case anyone discovered what was going on; but, above all, I was grieved to see you so ill-rewarded for

the affection which you bestowed upon your wife. Being afraid, however, of revealing the state of affairs to you, I told my young master; I went to him by night, that no one might know anything about it, and told him that my mistress was in the habit of sleeping with a lover. He, being (as you know) already embittered against her, thought that I meant that a lover was actually in her room, and, in a transport of ungovernable rage, he seized a sword, and ran madly towards your chamber. I did my utmost to hold him back, assuring him that there was no one in the room at that moment; he paid no heed to what I said, or perhaps he thought that I had repented and changed my mind. The rest you know. Now, if you wish, you can at least clear your son's character, although he is now in exile, and punish her who has done you so much injury. This very day I will show you Demeaneta in bed with her lover, and, what is worse, in a strange house, outside the city.' 'If you show me this,' said Aristippus, 'your freedom shall be your reward. Life will always be unendurable, until I have punished this enemy of my household. For a long time I have been tortured by anxiety; but, although I suspected her, I remained silent, for want of convincing proofs. But what must I do now?' 'You know the garden in which the Epicurean monument stands; go and wait for me there in the evening.'

"With these words, she returned to the house, and went to find Demaeneta. 'Come,' she said, 'dress yourself carefully; you must keep the appointment in an elegant attire. I have arranged everything as I promised you.' Demaeneta dressed herself according to Thisbe's instructions. When evening came, Thisbe took her to the place of assignation. When they were close to the house, she bade her wait a little; then she went on and asked Arsinoe to go into another room and leave her undisturbed, being desirous, as she said, of sparing the young man's blushes, since he had only recently been initiated into the mysteries of love. Having without difficulty persuaded Arsinoe, she went out, and fetched Demaeneta, took her into the house and put her to bed. Then she took away the light, in order, as she pretended, that she might not be recognised by you, (who were at the time in Aegina), and

bade her satisfy her passion without saying anything. 'I myself,' she said, 'will now go and find the young man and bring him to you. He is drinking somewhere in the neighbourhood.' As soon as she was outside, she ran to find Aristippus at the place which had been agreed upon, and urged him to go without delay, and bind the adulterer fast. He followed her, and, when he arrived at the house, rushed into the room, found his way to the bed as well as he could by the dim light of the moon, and exclaimed, 'Now I have caught you, oh! accursed woman.' While he was speaking, Thisbe rattled the doors as loudly as she could, and cried out, 'What untoward misfortune! her paramour has escaped. Mind you do not fail a second time.' 'Make yourself easy,' he answered, 'I have the abandoned woman in my power; it was she whom I wanted most.' With these words he seized her and dragged her towards the city. Demaeneta, reflecting, no doubt, upon her terrible situation, the disappointment of her hopes, her present disgrace, and the punishment which awaited her at the hands of the law, enraged at having been surprised, and furious at having been deceived, seized the moment when she was passing by the pit which is in the Academy (you know the place where the generals offer sacrifice to the shades of the heroes), suddenly tore herself from the hands of the old man, and leaped headlong into the pit. Thus the miserable woman perished by a miserable death.

"Thereupon Aristippus exclaimed, 'I have obtained satisfaction from you, without having recourse to the law.' On the following day, he laid everything before the people, and having with difficulty obtained pardon, went round amongst his friends and acquaintances, to consult them as to the best means of securing your return. I cannot tell you whether anything has been done; for, as you see, being summoned here on private business, I set sail before anything had been decided. You may, however, feel sure that the people will agree to your return and that your father will come and fetch you; he has announced his intention of doing so."

This was what Charias had to tell me. As for the rest of my story, how I came here, what I have gone through, it would take up too much time to tell.

With these words, he shed tears; the strangers did the same, apparently moved by the tale of his misfortunes, but really at the memory of their own. Their lamentations would never have ceased, had not sleep, induced by the luxury of their grief, suddenly come upon them and dried their tears. Thus, then, they went to sleep. In the meantime, Thyamis (this was the robber chieftain's name), who had rested quietly during the greater part of the night, was afterwards tormented by wandering visions; and, pondering what could be the meaning of the dream, he lay awake all night, plunged in meditation. It was the hour when the cocks begin to crow, either because a natural instinct warns them of the return of the sun to earth and they are moved to salute the god, or because a feeling of warmth and an eager desire to move and eat inclines them to rouse to work those who live in the same house. At this moment the gods sent Thyamis a vision.

He thought that he was in Memphis, his native country; he entered the temple of Isis, which seemed to be one blaze of lamps; the altars were full of all kinds of victims, and dripping with blood; the vestibule of the temple and its open spaces were filled by a noisy and agitated crowd. After he had entered the sanctuary, the goddess came forward to meet him, and presenting Chariclea to him, said: "Thyamis, I intrust this maiden to your care; you shall possess her without possessing her; you shall be guilty of a crime, you shall cover the stranger with blood, but she shall not die." This vision sorely troubled him: after turning the words over every way in his mind, in order to discover their meaning, he at last gave up the attempt, and interpreted them in accordance with his own desires. "You shall possess her without possessing her," he interpreted to mean that he should have her as a wife, not as a virgin; by the words "you shall cover her with blood," he understood the wounds inflicted upon her virginity, wounds which would not prove mortal. In this manner he explained the vision, agreeably to the suggestions of his passion.

As soon as it was day, he summoned his chief followers, and ordered them to bring the plunder, which he called by the high-sounding name of "spoils," into the midst; he also sent for Cnemon, with instructions to fetch the prisoners who had

been intrusted to his care. While they were being conducted to the chief, they exclaimed, "What fate is reserved for us?" and begged Cnemon to assist them in any way he could. He promised to do so, and bade them be of good cheer, assuring them that the chief of the brigands was not an utter barbarian, but was of a kind and gentle disposition; that he belonged to an illustrious family, and had only adopted his present mode of life from necessity.

When they reached his presence, and the whole band had assembled, Thyamis took his seat upon an eminence in the island, the appointed meeting-place, and ordered Cnemon to translate what he said to the prisoners; for, while he had only an imperfect knowledge of Greek, Cnemon had now learned to speak Egyptian. Thyamis then addressed the meeting as follows: "Comrades, you know what my feelings towards you have always been. You are aware that, being the son of a priest of Memphis, deprived of my right of succession to the sacerdotal functions, of which a younger brother, after my father's death, had robbed me, in violation of the laws, I took refuge amongst you, in order to avenge myself and recover my dignity. You thought me worthy to be your leader; since then, I have lived with you, without ever claiming any special privileges for myself. When there was money to be distributed, I was content with the same share as each of yourselves; when prisoners were sold, I paid what they fetched into the common stock; for I considered it the duty of a good leader to take upon himself the greatest share of fatigue and to be content with an equal share of the spoils. As to the prisoners, I have enrolled amongst your band those who, from their bodily strength, were likely to be useful to us, and sold the weaker. I have never been guilty of violence towards the women; those of noble birth I have released either on payment of ransom, or out of pure compassion for their lot; those of lower rank, who were condemned to slavery by habit rather than the rights of war, I have distributed amongst you as servants. On the present occasion, I ask nothing from you out of all this booty, except this stranger maiden; although I might have claimed her by right, I yet think it better to receive her from you by common consent; for it would be foolish to seem to be acting

against the wishes of my friends by appropriating a prisoner by force. However, I do not ask even her from you for nothing; in return, I resign all share in the rest of the booty. The priestly caste despises indiscriminate love; I have made up my mind to wed this maiden, not to satisfy my lust, but in order to propagate my family.

"I will also tell you the reasons which have led me to act thus. In the first place, she appears to me to be well born; this I conjecture from the money found upon her, and also because she is by no means overwhelmed by her misfortunes, but from the first has met them boldly. Next, I am convinced that she is of a good and virtuous disposition; for if, while she surpasses all in beauty, she yet imposes respect upon all who see her by her modest looks, how can we help thinking highly of her? An even still more weighty reason is, that she seems to me to be the priestess of some god, since, even in her misfortune, she considers it an offence against religion to put off her garlands and sacred vestments.

"Could any union be more fitting than that of a priest and priestess?" All applauded his words, and wished him a happy marriage, under favourable auspices. Then Thyamis continued: "I thank you, my friends; but we shall now do well to enquire what the maiden thinks about the matter. If I were disposed to make use of the right of authority, my wish alone would be sufficient; for those who can command obedience have no need to ask. But, in the case of lawful marriage, mutual consent is necessary." Then, addressing himself to Chariclea, he said: "What do you think of the proposal that we should marry? Tell me, who you two are, and who are your parents?"

Chariclea remained for a long time with her eyes fixed upon the ground, and shaking her head from time to time, as if she were collecting her thoughts before answering him. When at length she lifted her eyes towards Thyamis, her beauty dazzled him even more than before; for her cheeks, animated by her thoughts, were ruddier than usual, and her kindling eyes were full of vehemence. Then, Cnemon acting as interpreter, she thus addressed Thyamis: "It would be more seemly that my brother Theagenes should answer; for I think

that silence becomes a woman, and that it is a man's duty to answer amongst men.

"But, since you have invited me to speak, and have given us in this the first proof of your humanity, showing that you wish to obtain what you have a right to claim by persuasion rather than by force (since everything that has been said concerns myself), I feel compelled to abandon my usual practice and that of my sex, and, even in the presence of so large an audience of men, to reply to the question put to me by him who is now my master. Listen, then, to the following account of us:

"We are Ionians: our family is one of the most illustrious in Ephesus. When we had attained to years of discretion, we were summoned by the law to undertake priestly functions; I was consecrated to Artemis, and my brother to Apollo. These functions last a year. When our term was over, we had to set out for Delos on the sacred embassy, to arrange the athletic sports and contests of music, and to lay down our priestly office in accordance with the established custom. For this purpose, a vessel was loaded with gold, silver, garments, and all that was necessary to invest with suitable dignity the public feast and entertainments. We set sail; our parents, already advanced in years, being afraid of the sea and the voyage, remained at home; but a large number of the citizens accompanied us, either on board our vessel, or upon others which they had fitted out themselves. When the voyage was nearly over, a storm suddenly arose; a violent hurricane, accompanied by thunder and lightning, lifted up the waves, and drove the ship out of its course; the pilot, obliged to yield to the fury of the storm, abandoned the helm, and allowed the vessel to drift haphazard. Seven days and seven nights we were borne along by the wind that never ceased, until at last we were cast upon the shore where we were found by you, and where you saw the traces of the great slaughter that had taken place. I must explain how it happened. The sailors conspired against us, while we were celebrating a feast in thanksgiving for our preservation, and resolved to kill us and seize our property. A terrible struggle ensued, in which all our companions perished, while the sailors themselves slew and

were slain: we alone survived the disaster—and would to Heaven we had not!—we alone remain, a miserable remnant. Our only consolation amidst our misfortunes is, that some god has brought us into your hands; and that we, who feared for our lives, have been granted permission to discuss the question of my marriage, which I certainly do not desire to decline. The idea that I, a captive, should be considered worthy of my master's bed, is indeed too great a happiness! and further, that a maiden, consecrated to the service of God, should be united to the son of a priest, who will soon, with Heaven's approval, be a priest himself, this is clearly the work of divine Providence. I only ask you, Thyamis, to grant me one favour: let me first go to the city, or wherever there is a temple or altar dedicated to Apollo, to lay aside my priesthood and deposit there these badges of my office. The best thing would be to wait until you return to Memphis, when you receive the dignity of priesthood; in this manner, our marriage would be more joyful as being associated with victory and celebrated after success. However, I leave it to you to decide whether it shall take place sooner; let me only first perform the sacred rites enjoined by the custom of my country. I know that you will grant my request, since, as you say, you have been devoted to the service of the gods from your infancy, and you are full of respect for everything that concerns them."

With these words she left off speaking, and began to weep.

All those who were present approved, and urged her to do as she proposed, and declared that they were ready to support her. Thyamis also approved, willing and yet unwilling. His passion for Chariclea caused him to look upon the delay of a single hour as an eternity. But, on the other hand, her words, like some siren's song, charmed him and compelled him to assent. Besides, he saw in this some connection with his dream, and believed that the wedding would be celebrated at Memphis. Having distributed the booty, he dismissed the assembly; he himself obtained some of the most valuable articles, a voluntary gift from his comrades.

They were ordered to hold themselves in readiness to proceed to Memphis in ten days' time. He assigned the same tent to the young Greeks as before, and ordered that Cnemon

should attend them, no longer as their custodian, but as their friend and companion. He also gave them more luxurious food than he ate himself, and sometimes invited Theagenes to his table, out of regard for his sister. He had resolved to see Chariclea only rarely and at intervals, for fear the sight of her might still more inflame his violent passion and drive him to do something contrary to the agreement that had been entered into. For these reasons Thyamis avoided her presence, thinking that, if he saw her, he would find it impossible to restrain himself.

As soon as the meeting had broken up, and all had dispersed to their several quarters in the marsh, Cnemon went some little distance from the lake, to look for the herb which he had promised Theagenes the day before.

Meanwhile Theagenes, taking advantage of the freedom afforded him, began to weep and sob; he did not address a word to Chariclea, but called upon the gods without ceasing. Thereupon the maiden asked him whether he was only lamenting their common misfortunes, or whether anything fresh had happened. "What fresh misfortune could be worse?" replied Theagenes; "what greater infidelity, what greater violation of vows and promises could there be than that Chariclea should forget me, and consent to another union?" "Hush!" said the maiden; "be not more cruel to me than my misfortunes; do not, after so many proofs of my fidelity in the past, suspect me in consequence of words uttered under stress of circumstances, and adapted to the necessities of the moment. Otherwise, you will show that you are changed yourself rather than that you have found any change in me. I am ready to endure unhappiness; but no force in the world will ever persuade me to do anything that virtue forbids. I know that in one thing alone I am immoderate—my passion for you; but this is lawful and honourable. I did not yield to you as a lover; I abandoned myself entirely to you from the first, as a husband with whom I had made a solemn compact; hitherto, I have kept myself pure from all illegitimate intercourse with you; I have frequently repelled your advances, waiting for the opportunity of legitimately consecrating that union to which we have been pledged from the commencement, and which has been con-

firmed by most solemn oaths. Besides, you could not be so foolish as to think that I should prefer a barbarian to a Greek, a brigand to one whom I love!"

"What, then, was the meaning of your fine speech?" asked Theagenes; "your idea of calling me your brother was a very wise precaution, which prevented Thyamis from being jealous of our affection for each other, and allowed us to associate freely and without fear. I understood that all you said about Ionia and our wanderings in the neighbourhood of Delos were so many fictions to disguise the truth and to mislead your hearers.

"But, when you showed yourself so ready to agree to the proposal of Thyamis, definitely promised to marry him, and even fixed the day, I neither could nor would understand what it meant; rather, I wished that the earth had opened and swallowed me up before I had lived to see such a result of my hopes and labours on your behalf." At these words Chariclea embraced Theagenes, covered him with kisses, and watered his face with her tears. "How delightful to me are your fears on my account! They prove that your love for me is not shaken, in spite of our calamities. Be assured, Theagenes, that had I not made this promise, we should not be conversing together at the present moment. Resistance, as you are aware, only aggravates a violent passion; whereas yielding words, calculated to humour the will, soothe its first outbursts, and blunt the edge of desire by the delights of which they hold out promise in the future. Those who love most fiercely consider a first attempt implies consent, and, thinking that possession will follow, grow calmer, resting on their hopes. This consideration made me yield to Thyamis in words, leaving the future issue to the gods and the Genius who, from the beginning, has taken our love under his protection. An interval of a day or two is often most salutary, and Fortune brings means of safety which no human wisdom can devise. Wherefore I have deferred the present by my inventiveness, putting off the certainties of the present by the uncertainties of the future. Wherefore, my dearest, we must use this fiction as a wrestler's trick and conceal it not only from the rest, but even from Cnemon. For, although he is kindly disposed to us, and is a Greek, he is,

like ourselves, a prisoner, and therefore more likely to try and gain his master's favour, should the opportunity occur. Neither the time our acquaintance has lasted nor the ties of kindred race are sufficiently sure pledges of his fidelity to us; wherefore, should he at any time touch upon the truth, you must flatly deny it. For a lie is sometimes permissible, even praiseworthy, when it benefits those who tell it and does no harm to those who hear it."

While Chariclea was thus suggesting to Theagenes the best course to take, Cnemon entered in great haste, with agitation depicted in his looks. "Oh, Theagenes!" said he, "here is the herb which I promised you; take and apply it to your wounds. But we must be prepared for other wounds, and another massacre such as that you have already witnessed." Theagenes begged him to explain himself more clearly. "It is not the time to tell you now," he answered; "there is reason to fear that words might be anticipated by deeds. But follow me without delay, both you and Chariclea." He then conducted them both to Thyamis, whom they found polishing his helmet and sharpening his spear, and said to him: "Your employment is opportune; gird on your arms and order your comrades to do the like. We are threatened by foes more numerous than we have yet encountered; they are close upon us; I descried them advancing over the top of the hill, and have hastened with all speed to announce their approach. I have also warned all those whom I met to get ready for battle.

At these words, Thyamis started up, and asked where Chariclea was, as if he feared more for her than for himself. When Cnemon showed her trembling at the entrance of the tent, Thyamis whispered in his ear: "Take her into the cave where all our treasures are stored; and when you have taken her down, close the entrance in the usual way, and come back to me with all speed; we must make arrangements for the fight." At the same time he ordered his armour-bearer to bring him a victim, that he might offer sacrifice to the gods of the place, before beginning battle.

Obedient to orders, Cnemon led away Chariclea, who sighed and lamented and kept looking back at Theagenes, and shut her down in the cave. This cave was not the work of nature,

like many others that are hollowed out on the surface and in the interior of the earth. The art of the brigands had imitated nature, and had cleverly hollowed it out as a receptacle for their spoils.

It was constructed in the following manner: Its entrance was narrow and dark, made beneath the door of a secret chamber, the threshold of which was another door, which easily shut and opened upon the entrance, and afforded a passage for descent, whenever necessary; within were a number of winding paths, cut at haphazard. These paths or galleries, sometimes separate and winding alone, sometimes purposely connected and intertwined like roots of trees, all converged into an open space at the bottom, which was dimly lighted through an opening in the lower part of the marsh. Here Cnemon made Chariclea descend; he led her by the hand to the inmost recesses of the cave, along the winding passages with which he was familiar, encouraging her in every way he could, and promising to return for her in the evening with Theagenes, whom he said he would not permit to take part in the coming engagement, but would keep him out of the way. Chariclea did not utter a word; she appeared stricken to death, deprived of Theagenes, her life and soul. He left her scarcely breathing and silent, and came up from the cave. Then he shut down the door, shedding tears over her lot and the necessity which compelled him to bury her alive, and to deliver over to darkness and obscurity the most beautiful of human beings. After this, he hastened back to Thyamis, whom he found burning with eagerness for the fray, and splendidly armed, with Theagenes by his side. In order to arouse to frenzy the warlike spirit of his comrades who surrounded him, he stood up in the midst, and thus addressed them:

"Comrades, I know that I need not exhort you at length; you want no encouragement, for you have always looked upon war as the breath of life. Besides, the sudden approach of the enemy cuts short all lengthy discourse. Those who, when the enemy attacks them, do not promptly prepare to repulse them by the same means, show themselves utterly ignorant of their duty. Know, then, that it is not a question of defending your wives and children, which alone in the case of many would

be sufficient to rouse their spirits to battle; for these and other like advantages to which we attach less importance, together with those that victory brings, will remain ours if we overcome our foes. But it is a question of our very existence, of our life; no quarter is given, a truce is unknown in wars between pirates; life is the reward of victory, defeat is death. Let us therefore fall upon our hated foes with fury of mind and body."

Having said this, he looked round for his squire, Thermuthis, and called him several times by name. When he did not appear, he burst out into violent threats against him, and hastened to the ferry. For the battle had already begun, and he was able to see from a distance the inhabitants of the extremity and approaches of the marsh in the hands of the enemy, who had set fire to the boats and huts of those who had fallen or sought safety in flight. The flames spread to the neighbouring morass, and consumed the reeds which grew there in great abundance; the conflagration shed around a mighty and intolerable blaze, that dazzled the eyes, while the ears were stunned with the sharp crackling and roaring of the flames.

War, in every form and shape, was seen and heard; the inhabitants sustained the combat with all possible courage and vigour; but the enemy, who possessed the advantage of superior numbers and the suddenness of their attack, slaughtered some upon land, and overwhelmed others in the marsh with their boats and huts. In the midst of the tumult, a dull and confused sound rose in the air, as if the engagement were going on both on land and water; the combatants slew and were slain; the waters of the lake were stained with blood, and all were confusedly mingled with fire and water. Thyamis, at this sight and the terrible noise, suddenly remembered the vision, in which he had seen Isis and her temple, resplendent with lamps and full of victims for sacrifice; he saw in it the representation of what he now beheld, and, putting quite a different interpretation upon it from his earlier one, he thought that the words "you shall possess her, and yet shall not possess her," signified that Chariclea would be carried off from him by war, and that the words "you shall slay her and not merely wound her" referred to the sword, and not to the contest of

love. He heaped abuse upon the goddess for having deceived him; and, exasperated at the thought that another should possess Chariclea, he bade his comrades halt, and, if they were obliged to fight, to carry on a war of ambuscade where they stood, and make secret sallies into the marshes around them, although even thus they would find it difficult to resist the enemy's superior numbers.

He himself, under pretence of going to look for Thermuthis, and offering up prayers to his household gods, gave orders that no one should follow him, and returned, almost beside himself, to his tent. It is in the nature of barbarians not to allow themselves to be turned aside from the object they have in view; when they despair of their own safety, they begin by slaying all those whom they hold most dear, either in the false belief that they will be with them again after death, or that, in so doing, they are delivering them from the violence and insults of the enemy. Thus Thyamis, forgetting all the dangers by which he was threatened, at the very moment when the enemy surrounded him like a net, raging with anger, love, and jealousy, hurried with all speed to the cave, and leaped down, crying out with all his might in the Egyptian language. At the entrance he found a woman who addressed him in Greek; her voice guided him to her person; he seized her hair with his left hand, and plunged his sword into her bosom.

The unhappy woman uttered a piteous groan, and fell lifeless on the ground. Thyamis hastened up, closed the entrance, and flung a few handfuls of earth upon it, saying: "Let this be my wedding present!" He then made his way to the boats, where he found his companions preparing to take flight, since the enemy could be seen close at hand; at the same time, Thermuthis arrived with a victim for the sacrifice. Thyamis reviled him, told him that he had anticipated him by offering the most beautiful of victims, and got into a boat, accompanied by Thermuthis and a rower, these boats, consisting of a single piece of wood and rudely hollowed out of the trunk of a tree, being unable to hold more than three. Accordingly, Theagenes and Cnemon got into another boat, and the rest did the same. When all had embarked, they retired to a little distance from the island, and at first rowed round it instead of going out into

the open sea; soon they even ceased rowing, and drew up their boats in line, ready to meet the attack of the enemy. But, at the mere approach of the latter, as soon as they saw them, the brigands took to flight, frightened at the violence of the waves alone and thrown into confusion by the sound of their war cry. Cnemon and Theagenes also retreated, but not from fear. Thyamis alone, either because he thought it would be disgraceful to flee, or because he could not endure the idea of surviving Chariclea, rushed into the midst of his enemies.

Already he was engaged with them, when some one cried out, "It is Thyamis; do not lose sight of him." Then immediately the boats surrounded and shut him in on all sides. He fought stoutly, wounding some and killing others; but the most astonishing thing was what happened afterwards; in spite of their numbers, not one of the enemy lifted up the sword, or hurled a javelin against him; their only object seemed to be to capture him alive. For a long time Thyamis resisted with all his might; but at last, a body of men rushed upon him, and tore his spear from his hands. He also lost his armour-bearer, who had bravely assisted him, but at length, believing himself mortally wounded, and despairing of his life, flung himself into the lake, swam out of reach, and, although with considerable difficulty, safely gained the land, since the enemy did not think it worth while to pursue him; for, as they had already captured Thyamis, they regarded this as a complete victory. The loss of a great number of their comrades grieved them less than the capture alive of the man who had been chiefly responsible for it. So true is it that all brigands hold money dearer than life itself, and the rights of friendship and kinship are sacrificed to greed alone. It was so in this case; for the victors were the very same who had formerly taken to flight before Thyamis and his comrades at the Heracleotic mouth of the Nile.

Indignant at being deprived of that which was not really theirs, and as furious at the loss of the spoils as if they had been their own property, they gathered together their comrades who had remained at home and called upon the neighbouring villages for assistance, and, offering them an equal share of any spoils that might be taken, put themselves at the head of

the expedition. The following was the reason why they took Thyamis alive. He had a brother named Petosiris living at Memphis, who had by intrigue dispossessed him of the dignity of chief priest, contrary to the custom of the country (for he was the younger brother). This Petosiris, having heard that his elder brother had become the captain of a band of brigands, and being afraid that, if he found an opportunity, he might return to Memphis, or that time might reveal his treachery; and, in addition, seeing that he was suspected of having made away with his brother, who had disappeared, he sent messengers into the villages inhabited by the brigands, offering a large sum of money and a large number of cattle to any who should capture Thyamis alive and bring him to him. The brigands, seduced by these offers, even in the heat of battle did not forget the hope of gain held out to them; and, as soon as Thyamis was recognised, did not hesitate to sacrifice a number of their comrades, in order to take him alive. When they had captured him, they put him in irons and rowed him to land, half of their number being deputed to guard him, while he reproached them bitterly for their apparent inhumanity and expressed greater indignation at his imprisonment than if it had been death itself. The others, meanwhile, returned to the island, in the hope of finding the treasures and booty of which they were in search, and scoured it thoroughly, leaving no part unexplored. But, finding nothing of all that they had set their hearts upon, with the exception of a few articles of trifling value, which the owners had forgotten to hide in the underground cave, they set fire to the tents. Then, since night was approaching, being afraid to remain longer in the island, lest they should fall into the hands of those who had escaped from the battle, they returned to their comrades.

BOOK II

Thus the island was ravaged by fire; but Theagenes and Cnemon did not perceive the mischief as long as the sun was above the earth. For the appearance of fire is effaced by day, being illumined by the beams of the god. But, when the sun set and brought back the night, the flames, recovering their

irresistible brilliancy, were clearly seen from afar. At the same time, Theagenes and Cnemon, trusting to the darkness of night, left the marsh, and beheld the whole island in a blaze. Then Theagenes beat his head, tore his hair, and cried aloud: "Farewell to life this day! fears, dangers, anxieties, hope, and love—all are ended; Chariclea is dead, Theagenes is undone. My cowardice has been of no avail to me; in vain did I flee from the battlefield in flight unworthy of a man, to save myself for you, my dearest love! No longer will I survive you, now that you are lying dead, not (which is hardest of all) in accordance with the common law of nature, nor having breathed your last in your lover's arms. Alas! you have been consumed by fire; some cruel god has substituted these flames for the bridal torches. Your beauty has perished from amongst men; your dead body does not even preserve the remains of your unadulterated charms. Oh, unutterable cruelty! Oh, most bitter spite of fortune! I have been denied the favour of a last embrace, of a last and lifeless kiss."

With these words, he would have grasped his sword, when Cnemon suddenly caught hold of him and thrust back his hand, crying out: "What is the meaning of this, Theagenes? why lament for her who is still alive? Chariclea is safe; take heart." "This tale is only fit for fools and children," replied Theagenes; "you have crowned my woes, by depriving me of a most delightful death." Thereupon Cnemon swore that his words were true and told the whole story; the instructions that Thyamis had given him, how he had let Chariclea down into the cave, and the formation of the same, which prevented all danger of the fire reaching the bottom, since it would be checked by the countless windings and turnings. At these words, Theagenes breathed again and hastened to the island, in his mind already seeing Chariclea and representing to himself the cave as his nuptial chamber, ignorant what sorrow awaited him there.

They advanced in all haste, being obliged to row themselves; for their boatman, at the beginning of the engagement, struck by the first shouts of the enemy, as if by a swine-goad, had fallen overboard. Being little skilled in handling their oars and rowing together, they were carried backwards and

forwards out of the straight course, while they also had to contend against an adverse wind. Nevertheless, their eagerness overcame their want of skill.

When, therefore, with great difficulty and effort they had at last reached the island, they hastened with all speed to the huts, which they found already consumed by the fire, and only recognisable by the site which they had once occupied. The stone, however, which had formed the entrance to the cave was clearly to be seen; for a violent wind blowing upon the huts, that were only made of thin reeds and sedge intertwined, had fanned the flames in passing, and caused their total conflagration, exposing an almost level plain beneath. The flame, when it was extinguished, had left nothing but a heap of ashes, most of which had been carried away by the violence of the wind, while the few that remained, although still smouldering, had cooled sufficiently to allow anyone to pass over. Having found some half-lighted torches and kindled some fragments of reeds they opened the mouth of the cave and hastened down, Cnemon going first. But, after they had proceeded a little way, he suddenly cried out: "O Jove! what means this? We are lost; Chariclea is no more!" With these words, he let the torch fall from his hands, and it went out; he himself, clasping his hands before his eyes, sank on his knees, weeping bitterly. But Theagenes, as if urged forward by some irresistible force, fell upon the body of the woman lying on the ground, and for a long time, motionless, held it clasped in a close embrace. Cnemon, seeing that he was utterly overwhelmed with grief and bathed in sorrow, was afraid that he might make an attempt upon his life. Secretly drawing his sword, which hung by his side, from its scabbard, he left him to himself, and ran out to light his torch again.

In the meanwhile, Theagenes filled the cavern with his loud and mournful wailing: "Oh, grief unbearable! oh, calamity sent upon me from heaven! what insatiable fury rages for our destruction, and has driven us from our country, exposed us to dangers on sea and the attacks of pirates, often delivered us into the hands of brigands, and robbed us of all our possessions? One comfort alone remained to me; now, even this has been taken from me. Chariclea lies dead, and she who

was dearer than all to me has been destroyed by the hand of the enemy, doubtless in defence of her chastity, to preserve it for me. Now the unhappy woman lies dead, having reaped no benefit from her beauty, without my having enjoyed it myself. Oh, my dearest, bid me a last farewell; give me your last commands, if the breath of life is still in you. Alas! you are silent. Those heavenly and prophetic lips are hushed in silence; the shades of darkness have enveloped the bearer of the torch and chaos the priestess of the gods. Those eyes which charmed all with their beauty are closed for ever. I am convinced your murderer never saw them. But by what name am I to call you? my betrothed? But you have never been betrothed. My wife? But you never knew the meaning of the word. What, then, am I to call you? How shall I address you for the last time? By the sweetest name of all—Chariclea? Oh, Chariclea, be of good cheer; you have a faithful lover; soon you shall see me again. I will celebrate your obsequies by my own death and offer to you a libation of my own blood that is so dear to you. This cave shall be our impromptu tomb. In it we shall at least be united after death, although, during our lifetime, this has been denied us."

With these words, he stretched out his hand to draw his sword; but not finding it, he exclaimed: "Oh, Cnemon, you have destroyed me, and again wronged Chariclea, having a second time deprived her of the company of him who was her greatest delight."

While he was thus speaking, the sound of a voice came from the inmost recesses of the cave, crying out, "Theagenes." In no wise troubled, he heard and answered: "My dearest, I will come. It is evident that your shade still wanders upon earth; methinks you cannot endure to quit that body from which you were driven by force, or, being yet unburied, are perhaps refused admittance to the company of the shades below." In the meantime, Cnemon had returned with his torch relighted, when the same voice was heard again, calling "Theagenes." "Good heavens!" exclaimed Cnemon, "Is that not the voice of Chariclea that I hear? I believe she is still alive, Theagenes; for the voice that has just struck my ear proceeds from the inmost recesses of the cave, where I remember that I left her." "Oh,

Cnemon," said Theagenes, "will you never cease to deceive me?" "Well, if I deceive you, I am myself deceived; let us see whether this corpse be really Chariclea." With these words, he turned the body on its back, and, looking at it attentively, exclaimed: "Oh, ye gods! what prodigy is this? This is the face of Thisbe!" Then he stepped back, and stood trembling and motionless, like one dumbfounded.

But Theagenes, who now began to breathe again, with hope revived, called upon Cnemon, who seemed ready to faint, and begged him to lead him with all speed to Chariclea. After a little time, Cnemon recovered, and again examined the corpse, and saw that it was really Thisbe; by her side lay a sword, which he recognised by its hilt as belonging to Thyamis, who, in his mad frenzy, had left it in the wound. Seeing a letter in Thisbe's bosom, he took it out, and would have read it, but Theagenes would not permit him to do so, and earnestly pressed him, saying: "Let us first recover our dear Chariclea; who knows whether some god is even now mocking us; we shall be able to read the letter afterwards." Cnemon consenting, they took up the letter and the sword, and hastened to Chariclea, who, dragging herself on her hands and knees in the direction of the light, threw her arms round her lover's neck. "Oh, Theagenes, do I really hold you in my arms?" "Oh, Chariclea, are you still preserved to me?" This they kept repeating, until, at last, they suddenly fell upon the ground, clinging to each other, fast entangled in their embraces, and unable to utter a word. It seemed as if death had overtaken them; for oftentimes excess of joy ends in sorrow, and immoderate pleasure begets pain, which we have brought upon ourselves. Thus these two lovers, preserved beyond their hopes, seemed at death's door, until Cnemon, by scraping the rock, discovered a tiny stream of running water, under which he held his hands, caught some of the slowly falling drops, and, dashing them in their faces and moistening their nostrils from time to time, gradually revived them.

Theagenes and Chariclea, finding themselves in each other's arms, started up blushing (especially Chariclea) at the thought that they had thus abandoned themselves to their extravagant transports in the presence of Cnemon, and besought him to

pardon their excesses. Cnemon, gently smiling, restored their cheerfulness. "Nay, your behaviour deserves praise in my opinion, and in the opinion of every man who has entered the lists with love, has felt the pleasure of being vanquished by him, and made acquaintance, but in moderation, with his inevitable accidents. But there are other things, of which I can by no means approve, Theagenes; I was really ashamed to see you embrace a strange woman who was in no way known to you, and weeping over the body of a slave, especially when I protested to you that the object of your affections was still alive." "Oh, Cnemon," replied Theagenes, "cease to slander me to Chariclea; it was she whom I was lamenting in the person of another; it was her body that I thought I was watering with my tears. But, since some kindly Deity has opened my eyes and shown me my mistake, it is time for you to remember the great bravery which led you first to deplore my misfortunes, and, when you suddenly came upon the dead body, made you, a brave Athenian warrior, armed from head to foot, with your drawn sword in your hand, run away from a woman—and a dead woman, too—like the actors from the devils on the stage."

At this they smiled slightly, but a forced smile, and not without tears, which were rather tears of grief, caused by the magnitude of their calamity. After a brief interval, Chariclea, gently passing her hand over her cheek, as if in thought, said: "I esteem her happy, whoever she may be, whom Theagenes lamented and even kissed! Do not think me jealous, if I ask you to tell me who was the happy woman, who was honoured by the tears of Theagenes, and how you came to be so deceived as to kiss her as if she had been myself: if you know, I wish you would tell me." "You will be surprised," replied Theagenes; "Cnemon here declares that it is Thisbe, the Athenian lute-player, who contrived the plots against Demaeneta and himself." Chariclea, astounded at what she heard, said: "But how could she have been transported, as if by enchantment, from the midst of Greece to the furthest bounds of Egypt? and how was it that we did not see her when we came hither?" "That I cannot tell you," answered Cnemon; "all I know is this. When Demaeneta, finding herself tricked, flung her-

self into the pit, my father informed the people of what had happened, and was immediately acquitted; after which he endeavoured to secure my recall from banishment, and made preparations to set sail in search of me. In the meantime Thisbe, taking advantage of the leisure which her master's occupation afforded her, frequented all the festivals, at which she shamelessly prostituted her art and person. One day, having outdone Arsinoe, who had sung somewhat slowly and loosely, whereas she swept the strings rapidly and sang a delightful air, she drew upon herself, without knowing it, all the jealousy and hatred of which a courtesan is capable. This jealousy was increased when a wealthy merchant from Naucratis, by name Nausicles, embraced Thisbe, spurning Arsinoe, who had formerly been his mistress, because, while she was playing, he saw her cheeks puffed out, and, in consequence of her violent blowing, protruding most unbecomingly as far as her nose, while her flaming eyes seemed ready to start out of her head.

"Arsinoe, swelling with rage and inflamed with jealousy, went and informed Demaeneta's relatives of Thisbe's intrigues against her mistress, some of which she had herself suspected, and had learnt the rest from Thisbe while they had been intimate. Demaeneta's relatives accordingly conspired against my father, and bribed the most famous orators to accuse him. They asserted that Demaeneta had perished without having been judged or condemned; that the charge of adultery was only a pretext invented to excuse her murder; and they demanded that the supposed adulterer should be produced, alive or dead, or that, at least, his name should be given; lastly, they claimed that Thisbe should be handed over to them, that she might be put to the torture. My father promised, but was unable to produce her; for Thisbe, foreseeing what would happen, even before the process was drawn up, had taken flight with the merchant, by previous arrangement. The people, although highly indignant, did not indeed judge my father to be the murderer of his wife, for he had told them all that had taken place, but expelled him from the city as an accessory to the plot against Demaeneta and to the unjust sentence of banishment against myself, and confiscated his property. Such were the fruits of his second marriage; and this was

how Thisbe, that vilest of women, came to leave Athens, and, as we see, paid the penalty of her crimes.

"Such are the facts which I heard from one Anticles in Aegina, with whom I set sail again for Egypt, to see whether I could find Thisbe in Naucratia, take her back to Athens, and so dispel the suspicions and accusations directed against my father, and at the same time exact vengeance from this woman for her treachery against us all. But now I am here with you. Another time you shall learn the cause and manner of my captivity, and my misfortunes during the interval. But how Thisbe came into this cave and by whom she was slain, we shall need some god to tell us.

"But let us now examine the letter which we found in her bosom; it is probable that it will afford us further information." His suggestion being approved of, he opened the note, and read as follows:

"TO MY MASTER CNEMON, FROM HIS ENEMY AND AVENGER, THISBE.

"First, let me announce to you the welcome news of Demaeneta's death; it is I who have avenged you. If you will receive me, I will tell you the circumstances of her death in person. In the next place, I have been for ten days in this island, taken prisoner by one of the brigands, who boasts that he is the captain's armour-bearer, and keeps me shut up, not even permitting me to peep out of the door; he declares that he acts thus from his friendship for me; but I myself suspect he is afraid that I may be carried off by some one else. But, by the mercy of some god, oh, my master! I saw you passing by and recognised you; and now I am secretly sending you this letter by an old woman who lives with me, having charged her to give it into the hands of the handsome Greek, the captain's friend. Rescue me, I beg you, from the brigand's hands, and receive your handmaid. If you will, save my life; remember that, when I seemed to wrong you, I was compelled to do so; but that, when I avenged you, I acted on my own impulse. But, if your resentment is so violent that it cannot be appeased, employ it against me as you please. I am ready

even for death, if only I may die yours. For I consider it far better to die by your hands and to obtain the rights of burial according to the custom of Greece, than to endure a life more terrible even than death, and the love of a barbarian more odious to me than the hatred of an Athenian."

Such was the contents of Thisbe's letter. Then said Cnemon: "Oh Thisbe! you did well to die; and now you yourself are the messenger of your misfortunes, delivering into our hands after death this letter that tells the story of them. It seems that some avenging fury, driving you from one country to another, never stayed the lash of justice until she brought me, your injured master, although I was in Egypt, to be the spectator of your punishment. But what new stratagem were you plotting against me by this letter, when fortune cut you off before the attempt? Even in death I cannot help suspecting you, and I greatly fear that even Demaeneta's death may be a fiction, and that those who told me news of it may have deceived me. How do I know that you did not come across the sea to play upon the stage of Egypt a tragedy similar to that which you played in Athens?" "What!" said Theagenes, "still so brave and bold? are you still afraid of ghosts and shadows? I have nothing to do with the drama that has ended thus; you cannot say that she has bewitched me and my eyesight. Believe me, Thisbe is really dead; you have nothing more to fear from her. But, who has done you this kindness, whose hand has slain her, how and when she came here, this perplexes and astonishes me." "I am as ignorant as yourself," said Cnemon; "but it was Thyamis who killed her, if we may conjecture from the sword, which we found lying by the victim's side; I recognise it as his by the ivory eagle carved upon the hilt." "But can you say when, how, and why he committed this crime?" "How should I know? This cave has not bestowed upon me the gift of divination, like the Delphic shrine or the cave of Trophonius, which are said to inspire with prophetic frenzy those who enter them." At these words, Theagenes and Chariclea suddenly began to weep and wail, crying out, "Oh Pytho! Oh Delphi!" This amazed Cnemon, who could not imagine why the name of Pytho should have thus affected them.

Such were the fortunes of Cnemon, Theagenes, and Chariclea. While they were thus engaged, Thermuthis, Thyamis's armour-bearer, who had been wounded in the engagement, had managed to swim ashore. When night came on, having found one of the shipwrecked barks drifting about the marsh, he got into it and directed his course towards the island in search of Thisbe; for it was he who, a few days before, had carried her off by a sudden attack, when she was being conducted by Nausicles, the merchant, through a narrow pass at the foot of the mountain. In the midst of the disturbance caused by the approach of the enemy, he had taken advantage of the instructions given him by Thyamis to go in search of a victim, to put Thisbe under shelter, in order to keep her unhurt for himself. But, while letting her down into the cavern, in his hurry and confusion he had unawares left her at the entrance. Fright, the imminence of danger, want of familiarity with the winding passages which led to the bottom, kept her fixed to the spot where he had left her, so that Thyamis, finding her there, slew her in mistake for Chariclea. It was in search of her that Thermuthis was hurrying, thinking that he had escaped the dangers of war. As soon as he reached the island, he hastened towards the huts, which he found in ashes. Having with difficulty recognised the entrance to the cave by the stone that formed its covering, he lighted a handful of reeds which were left, and hastened down, calling Thisbe by her name in Greek. When he saw her stretched upon the ground, he stood for a long time dazed, unable to speak. At last, he heard sounds and a kind of murmer proceeding from the recesses of the cave; for Theagenes and Cnemon were still talking together. He had no doubt that they were Thisbe's murderers; but his perplexity was great, and he did not know what to make up his mind to do; the ferocity natural to brigands and the rage of a barbarian, aggravated at the moment by the disappointment of his desires, urged him to rush headlong upon those whom he believed to be the authors of the murder; but, on the other hand, the want of a sword or other arms obliged him to restrain himself, though much against his will.

It seemed to him that the best plan would be to go to meet

them, without at first showing signs of any hostile intent; and then, if he could by any means procure arms, to attack them as enemies. Having resolved upon this, he directed his steps towards Theagenes, throwing round him wild and savage glances, and revealing in his looks the hidden purpose of his soul. At the sudden appearance of this stranger, naked and wounded, with his face covered with blood, Chariclea withdrew into the interior of the cave, partly in alarm, but partly also from a feeling of modesty at the hideous sight of this naked stranger. Cnemon also quietly drew back a little; he had recognised Thermuthis, but was surprised at his sudden appearance, and was afraid that he might do something desperate. Theagenes, on the other hand, irritated rather than alarmed, pointed his sword at him, as if he intended to stab him at the first indication of hostility. "Stop," he cried, "or you will suffer for it; if I have spared you, it is because I recognised you, and I am not yet sure with what purpose you are come." Then Thermuthis, forced by necessity rather than his natural inclinations to become a suppliant, fell at his feet and asked for pardon. At the same time, he called upon Cnemon to help him, saying that he deserved succour from him; that he had never done him any injury, that he had fought by his side on the previous day, and that he now came to them as to friends.

Cnemon was touched by his entreaties; he went up to Thermuthis, who was still clasping the knees of Theagenes, lifted him up, and asked him eagerly where Thyamis was. Thermuthis told him all he knew about him; how he had attacked the enemy, how he had plunged into the thickest of the fight, without thought of their lives or his own; how he had slain all who came in his way, being himself protected by the general order that he was to be taken alive. He declared that he did not know what had been Thyamis's fate; for, having been wounded himself, he had swum to land, and was now come in search of Thisbe. When they asked him what interest he could have in Thisbe, why he sought her, and how she had come into his possession, he told them the whole story; how he had taken her away from the merchants, how he had fallen violently in love with her, how he had kept her hidden in his tent, and, on the approach of the enemy, had let her down into the cave,

where he had just found her lying dead, slain by an unknown hand; he added that he was very eager to find out who had committed the murder, and what had been their motives. Cnemon, being exceedingly anxious to free himself from all suspicion, told him that Thyamis was the murderer, in proof of which he showed him the sword that had been found near the dead body. When Thermuthis saw it, still dripping with blood, the blade still warm from the recently-inflicted wound, and recognised it as the property of Thyamis, he uttered a deep sigh, and, not knowing how to account for what had taken place, in a state of gloomy stupor made his way back to the entrance to the cave. When he came to the body of Thisbe, he placed his head upon her breast, and, continually repeating nothing but the name of Thisbe, at first the name in full, then, more slowly, syllable by syllable, at last he fell asleep.

Theagenes, Chariclea and Cnemon, reflecting upon all that had taken place, began to deliberate what was best for them to do; but the multitude of their past calamities, their present sufferings and embarrassments, and the uncertainty of the future, obscured their reasoning powers. At every moment, they looked at each other, each of them waiting for the other to propose something; then, being disappointed, they bent their eyes upon the ground, lifted them up again, took breath, and lightened their grief by deep-drawn sighs. At length, Cnemon threw himself upon the ground. Theagenes flung himself upon a rock, and Chariclea reclined upon his breast. For some time they struggled against the attacks of sleep, being anxious, if they could, to devise some plan; but at length, overcome by fatigue and exhaustion, they submitted, although against their will, to the call of nature, and fell into a refreshing slumber from very excess of sorrow. Thus the intelligent part of the soul is sometimes obliged to sympathise with and yield to the fatigues of the body.

But, almost as soon as they had closed their eyelids and snatched a few moments of sleep, Chariclea, lying upon Theagenes's bosom, had a dream. A man with dishevelled hair, a gloomy and savage look, and bloody hands, seemed to thrust out her right eye with a sword. She immediately cried out, declaring that her eye had been pulled out, and called upon Theagenes for

help. When he heard her call, he immediately hastened up to her, being deeply affected himself, as if, while he was asleep, a kind of sympathy had made him share her suffering. She had lifted her hand to her face, as if feeling everywhere for the part which she had lost in her vision; then, understanding that it was only a dream, she exclaimed: "I was dreaming; my eye is safe; fear nothing, Theagenes." At these words, he breathed again: "It is well that no harm has befallen those bright rays of the sun; but, tell me what has happened, what caused your sudden alarm?" "A fierce and savage man, not even fearing your invincible might, attacked me with a sword as I lay at your feet, and, as it seemed to me, struck out my right eye; and would to Heaven that it had been a reality rather than a dream." "Heaven forbid!" said Theagenes, "why do you wish that?" "It would be better for me to lose one of my eyes than to be anxious about you. I am greatly afraid that this dream has reference to you—you whom I look upon as my eyes, my life, my all." "Do not say that," interrupted Cnemon, who had heard everything, having been awakened by Chariclea's cries: "I can give another interpretation to the dream; tell me, are your parents living?" "Yes," she replied, "and if they were——" "Then believe that your father lives no longer; this I conjecture for the following reason. We know that our parents are the authors of our life, and that it is owing to them that we see the light of the day: therefore, the comparison of our father and mother to our two eyes, as being the sense capable of light, and the means whereby we discern things visible, seems to me a natural one." "A grievous misfortune is this you announce," said Chariclea; "but may this interpretation prove true rather than the other; may your oracle be verified, and may I be shown a false prophet." "The event will show the truth of my prediction," said Cnemon, "and you must rest content. But methinks we are really dreaming, while we trouble ourselves about dreams and vain imaginations, instead of taking advantage of the opportunity to consider what is best for us to do, while this Egyptian (meaning Thermuthis) has left us, to mourn for his dead mistress?"

Theagenes, taking him up, said: "Oh, Cnemon! since some

god has united you to us and made you the partner of all our misfortunes, do you give your advice first. You know the neighbourhood and understand the language of the country. Overwhelmed with greater calamities than you, we are less in a condition to understand what is best to do." After a few moments' silence, Cnemon spoke as follows: "We do not know which of us is the most unfortunate; Heaven has laid upon me also a heavy burden of woes; yet, since you desire that I, as being the eldest, should give my advice first, I will do as you wish. This island, as you see, is deserted, and we are its only inhabitants. It contains abundance of gold, silver, and stuffs; for in this cave are stored the treasures which Thyamis has taken from you and many others; but it is absolutely destitute of corn and all the necessaries of life. If we stay here longer, we run the risk of perishing from hunger, or at the hands of the enemy, should they return, or even of our own comrades, should they rally and come back for the sake of the treasures, of the existence and whereabouts of which they cannot be ignorant. Then we should be unable to escape death; or, even should they treat us more leniently, we should be exposed to insults and outrages at their hands. These men[1] are rarely to be trusted, and especially when they have no leader to restrain them and check their violence. We must therefore leave this island, and shun it as if it were a prison or a net; but we must first get rid of Thermuthis, under pretence of sending him to try if he can find out what has become of Thyamis. We shall be able to deliberate more at our ease if we are alone; and shall more readily carry into execution what we decide to do. Besides, it is better in any case to get this man out of the way; for he is by nature quarrelsome and savage, and not to be depended upon; he also suspects us of being Thisbe's murderers, and will not rest until he has made an attempt upon our lives, should he ever have the opportunity."

The others approved of Cnemon's advice and resolved to follow it. Perceiving that it was day, they hastened to the mouth of the cave, and woke Thermuthis, who was in a deep sleep; they informed him of their resolution, but only told

[1] Literally, "cowherds."

him so much as it was absolutely necessary for him to know; and he, being of a credulous disposition, readily believed what they said. They then dug a pit, in which they deposited the body of Thisbe, covered it with the ashes, the sole remains of the huts that had been burnt, and rendered the last rites to it, as well as they were able and as far as time permitted, watering the grave with tears in place of libations; after which, they despatched Thermuthis on the errand agreed upon. But he had only gone a few steps, when he turned back, declaring that he would not go alone, that he would not undertake so dangerous a search by himself, unless Cnemon would consent to accompany him. Theagenes, when he saw that Cnemon was afraid (for, when Thermuthis's request was explained to him, he was evidently greatly alarmed), said: "What, Cnemon! so strong in counsel, and so weak in execution! Your present behaviour confirms my previous opinion of you. Come, recall your courage, pluck up your spirits. You must consent and accompany him at first, lest your refusal should make him suspect our design of flight. You are armed and carry a sword; what have you to fear from one who is unarmed? At the first favourable opportunity you can steal away from him and rejoin us at a place we will settle upon; let this be some neighbouring village, the inhabitants of which are kindly disposed." Cnemon approved of this suggestion, and mentioned a town called Chemmis, flourishing and populous, situated near the banks of the Nile, upon a hill, to defend it against the incursions of robbers. This town, after crossing the lake, is distant about a hundred stades, due south.

"That is a difficult matter," replied Theagenes, "at least for Chariclea, who is not accustomed to long journeys; however, we will go, and pretend that we are beggars, some of those jugglers who get their living from what the public bestow upon them." "Very good, by Hercules!" said Cnemon; "you are sufficiently ugly and deformed, especially Chariclea, who has just had her eye knocked out; from your present appearance, however, you seem to me to be candidates not for 'the crumbs, but for the knives and plates.'"[1] At these

[1] A quotation from Homer's Odyssey, xvii.

words, he smiled slightly, but with a forced smile, which did not go beyond the lips. Having confirmed their agreement by an oath, they called the gods to witness that they would never desert one another, and commenced to put their plan into execution. Cnemon and Thermuthis, having crossed the lake early in the morning, made their way with difficulty through a dense wood. Thermuthis led the way, at the suggestion of Cnemon, on the pretence that, as the road was difficult and Thermuthis was more familiar with it, it would be better for him to act as guide; in reality he was thinking of his own safety and was looking for an opportunity of running away. As they went on, they fell in with some flocks, whose keepers fled at their approach, and concealed themselves in the thickest part of the forest. They seized one of the choicest rams, cut its throat, broiled it over a fire which the shepherds had lighted, and, being violently hungry, eagerly devoured the flesh, without waiting until it was properly cooked. Like wolves and jackals, they tore off and swallowed large pieces, hardly warmed through; the blood of the half-cooked flesh trickled down their mouths as they gorged themselves with it. After they had satisfied their hunger, they quenched their thirst with milk, and resumed their journey. In the evening, while they were ascending a hill, Thermuthis declared that there was a village at the foot of it, where it was probable that Thyamis was being kept prisoner, if indeed he had not been killed. Then Cnemon began to complain of pains in his stomach; he said that he had eaten too heartily, and that the milk had given him violent diarrhœa. He begged Thermuthis to go on ahead, saying that he would catch him up. He did the same two or three times, but his companion suspected nothing, and believed that he really had great difficulty in keeping up with him.

When he had accustomed the Egyptian to his staying behind, he at last waited a considerable time; and then, plunging into the thickest part of the forest, ran downhill as fast as he could. When Thermuthis had reached the top of the hill, he sat down upon a rock, waiting for the approach of night; for it had been agreed between them that they should wait until it was dark, before they entered the town to make enquiries about Thyamis. At the same time, he looked about to see whether

there were any signs of Cnemon, against whom he had evil designs; for, as he still suspected that it was he who had killed Thisbe, he was thinking how he might treat him in like manner; in his furious rage, he even had an idea of killing Theagenes afterwards. However, finding that Cnemon did not appear, as the night was now far advanced, Thermuthis fell asleep—a deadly and last sleep for him; for an asp, no doubt guided by the will of Fate, bit him and put a fitting end to his life.

Cnemon, from the moment he had left Thermuthis, continued his flight without taking breath, until night and darkness compelled him to halt. He hid himself in the place where night had surprised him, gathered together as many leaves as he could, and covered himself with them. But he scarcely slept, being a prey to mortal dread. At the slightest noise, at the least breath of wind, at the rustling of the leaves, he fancied that he heard Thermuthis. If sleep sometimes overcame him for a moment, he thought that he was fleeing; that he was turning round every instant to look behind and discover an enemy who had no existence. Although he wanted to sleep, he resisted its approach, in order to escape from the dreams which were more terrible than even the reality itself. At last, he vented his irritation upon the night, which appeared to him longer than usual. At length, to his great joy, daylight appeared. At first, being afraid of frightening those whom he might meet, or of arousing their suspicions, he cut his hair, which he had allowed to grow while he was with the shepherds, in order to give himself the appearance of a brigand. For these people, amongst other devices for making themselves look as terrible as possible, comb their hair down over their eyebrows and let it grow down over their shoulders; for they know well that, while a flowing head of hair adds grace to the lover, it makes the brigand look more terrible.

When he had cut his hair after the fashion of ordinary individuals, he hastened towards Chemmis, the meeting-place agreed upon with Theagenes. When he reached the Nile and was about to cross over to Chemmis, he saw an old man wandering upon the banks, hastily walking up and down, as if he were holding communication with the river. His hair, which he wore long like the priests, was as white as snow; his long,

thick beard gave him a venerable aspect; his cloak and the rest of his garments resembled those of the Greeks. Cnemon stopped for a moment; the old man kept passing backwards and forwards in front of him, as if he did not notice that there was anyone there, so entirely absorbed was he in his thoughts and wrapt in meditation. Cnemon then accosted him with the words: "Hail! be of good cheer." "There is no more joy for me," replied the old man, "my fortune forbids it." Cnemon, in surprise, asked: "Are you a Greek or a foreigner, or what is your native country?" "I am neither a Greek nor a foreigner, but an Egyptian, a native of this country." "Why, then, do you wear this Greek dress?" "It is my misfortune that has clothed me in these splendid garments." Cnemon, being unable to understand how misfortune could improve a man's attire, seemed desirous of hearing his story. "You are carrying me out of Ilium," said the old man, "and are stirring up a swarm of evils, which will assail you with perpetual buzzing. But whence come you, young man, and whither are you going? How comes it that you, in Egypt, speak the Greek language?" "Your request is unreasonable," said Cnemon; "you have told me nothing about yourself, although I asked you first, and now you want to know my story." "Very well, then," replied the old man, "I will not refuse; for you seem to me to be a Greek, in spite of the disguise which some caprice of Fortune has imposed upon you. Besides, if you are so eager to learn my history, I myself am terribly anxious to recount it; probably I should have told it to these reeds, like Midas in the fable, if I had not met you. But let us leave the Nile and its banks; a spot that is scorched by the noonday sun is by no means suitable for hearing a long story. Let us go to the town which you see on the other side, right opposite here, unless more important business prevents you. I can offer you hospitality, not at my own house, but at that of a worthy man who has received me as a suppliant; there, you shall hear the story of my misfortunes, if you so desire, and shall confide to me your own in return." "Let us go," said Cnemon; "in fact, I myself am going to this very town, to wait for some friends, with whom I have an appointment."

They got into one of the numerous boats that were lying off the bank, ready to take passengers across for a fee, and directed their course towards the town. When they reached the house where the old man had found shelter, the master of the house was absent; but his daughter, a tall, well-grown girl, together with the servants of the household, gave them a cordial welcome. They treated the old man as if he had been their father, having probably been bidden to do so by their master. One washed his feet, and wiped off the dust which covered his legs; another looked after his bed, and strewed it with soft coverlets. One brought water and lighted a fire; another set bread and all fruits of the season upon the table.

Cnemon, astonished at all this, exclaimed: "It seems to me, father, that we have entered the abode of Jove the God of Hospitality, so unhestitating is the attention and so remarkable the kindness with which we have been received." "It is not the house of Jove," he replied, "but that of a man who reveres Jove the God of Hospitality, the protector of suppliants. He also, my son, leads a wandering life; he is a merchant, and with his own eyes has made acquaintance with many cities, and with the manners and the minds of many men. This is doubtless the reason why he has received under his roof so many other unfortunates like myself, who but a few days ago was a homeless vagabond." "And how, then, came you to be a wanderer?" "The brigands have taken away my children; I know those who have carried them off, but I am unable to punish them. This is why I roam about this spot, pursuing my misfortune with my grief. In like manner a bird, when a serpent attacks its nest, and devours its little ones before its eyes, fears to approach, and yet cannot resign itself to flight; love and fear struggle for mastery; it circles with mournful cries round the nest which is in the enemy's possession, and pours its maternal wailings and useless supplications into barbarous ears which nature has made deaf to all feelings of pity." "Tell me, then," said Cnemon, "how and when you have had to undergo this painful struggle." "I will do so later; in the meantime, we must look after our stomachs; it was a wonderfully happy expression on Homer's part, to call the belly 'destructive,' since it puts itself before every-

thing else. And first, according to the custom of the Egyptian sages, let us pour libations to the gods. Nothing will ever make me neglect to do this; no misfortune, however great, will ever have power to make me forget what I owe to the gods."

With these words, he poured pure water (this was his only drink) out of the cup, saying: "I pour this libation to the gods of the country and to those of Greece; also to you, oh Pythian Apollo, and to you, Theagenes and Chariclea, good and virtuous children; for you also I reckon amongst the number of the gods." At the same time he shed tears, as it were by way of a second libation. Cnemon, when he heard these names, was struck with astonishment, and looked at the old man from head to foot: "What do you say?" he exclaimed; "are Theagenes and Chariclea your children?" "They are my children, oh stranger, although they were not given to me by a mother; Fortune and the will of the gods have made them mine; the travail of my soul has brought them forth; my affection for them has taken the place of the ties of kinship; thanks to this affection, they look upon me as their father, and call me by that name. But, tell me, how do you come to know them?" "I not only know them," replied Cnemon, "but I tell you the good news that they are alive." "Oh Apollo, and all ye other gods!" exclaimed the old man; "where are they? Speak, and I will look upon you as my preserver and the equal of the gods." "And what shall be my reward?" "For the moment, my gratitude, the best of all rewards in the eyes of a man who is wise; I know many who have laid up this as a treasure in their hearts. Afterwards, when we have returned to my country—and this, so the gods foretell, will not be long—you shall draw as much wealth as you please from my store." "These are vague and uncertain promises; you have it in your power to reward me on the spot." "Speak, if you see anything that I can offer you now; I would willingly sacrifice even one of my limbs." "There is no need of so great a sacrifice; I shall consider myself fully repaid if you tell me whence they come, who were their parents, how they came here, and what their fortunes have been." "You shall have a reward second to none, even though you should ask for all the wealth of the universe. But, first of all, let us take some food;

for you will have a long tale to listen to, and I shall have much to say." They then ate a few nuts, figs, fresh dates, and other fruits of this kind, which formed the old man's usual food; for he never deprived any animal of its life to provide food for himself; his drink was water, while Cnemon took some wine. After a brief interval of silence, Cnemon said: "You know, father, that Bacchus delights in convivial tales and songs. He has this day claimed my hospitality; he has aroused in me a desire to listen to you, and urges me to claim my promised reward; it is time for you to put your piece upon the stage, as the saying is." "Listen then," said the old man; "and would to Heaven that the worthy Nausicles were here, for he has often entreated me to tell him this story, but has always been put off under some pretext or another."

"And where may he be now?" asked Cnemon, as soon as he heard the name of Nausicles mentioned. "He is gone hunting," replied the old man. "After what kind of game?" "Wild beasts, the most savage in existence; they are called men and shepherds; in reality, they are brigands by profession, and are most difficult to catch; for they live in a marsh instead of lairs and caves." "And what injury have they done him?" "They have carried off from him an Athenian maiden whom he loved, who was called Thisbe." "Good heavens!" cried Cnemon, and then immediately stopped as if to check himself. When the old man asked what was the matter with him, Cnemon, in order to put him off the scent, replied that he was greatly surprised, and wondered with what forces he intended to attack them. "The satrap of the great king in Egypt is Oroondates, under whose orders Mitranes is in command of the garrison of this town. Nausicles, by means of a large sum of money, has persuaded the latter to assist him with a large number of soldiers, foot and horse. He is especially annoyed at the loss of this Greek girl, not only because he really loved her and she was a clever musician, but also because he was going to take her with him to the King of Aethiopia, to be companion of the queen's amusements, and her associate according to the usage of the Greeks. Finding himself thus disappointed of the considerable profit which he expected to make by her, he is doing his very utmost to get her

back again. I myself have encouraged him in the undertaking, in the idea that he might perhaps meet my children somewhere and restore them to me." "Enough of shepherds, satraps, and kings," said Cnemon; "you have wandered from the point, and nearly transported me at the very outset to the end of the story. This episode is brought in rather unnaturally, and has nothing to do with Bacchus, as the phrase goes; you are like Proteus of Pharos, with the difference that, instead of changing yourself into false and fleeting shapes, you are trying to lead me away from the subject." "Well, then, you shall hear all," replied the old man; "but I will first give you a rapid account of myself, not in order, as you imagine, to throw dust in your eyes, but in order to prepare you for a connected and well-arranged narrative of later events. I was born at Memphis; my father's name, like my own, was Calasiris. Although I now lead a wandering life, a short time ago I filled the office of high priest. I took a wife, according to the custom of the country; I lost her, according to the law of nature. When, released from the trammels of this life, she had entered the repose of another world, for some time I remained free from the blows of misfortune, delighting myself in the society of the two sons whom she had left me. But, a few years later, the fatal course of the celestial bodies upset my destiny; the eye of Saturn struck my house, and changed its fortunes for the worse. Wisdom revealed these ills to me, but without showing me the means of escaping them. For, although it is possible to foresee the immutable decrees of the Fates, it is useless to endeavour to avoid them. And yet foreknowledge is an advantage, at least relatively, since it blunts the edge of adversity. An unforeseen misfortune, my son, is intolerable; those which we know in advance are easier to bear; in the first case, the mind, seized with fear, is cast down; in the second, reflection familiarises it with the idea of them.

"The following is what happened to me: A Thracian woman, named Rhodopis, in the prime of life, as beautiful even as Chariclea, came to the country (I know not whence or how), to the ruin of those who became acquainted with her. After travelling through Egypt, she settled at Memphis. Her numerous suite, the magnificence she displayed, her charms,

her cleverness in setting the snares of Venus—all this made it impossible for anyone to look upon her without being hopelessly bewitched. Never was there a courtesan who knew better how to attract a man with her irresistible fascinations. From time to time she visited the temple of Isis, of which I was priest, frequently consecrating to the goddess victims and sumptuous offerings. I must tell the truth, although it makes me blush; the frequent sight of her overcame me; she gained the victory over the self-restraint which I had practised all my life. After I had for a long time resisted the eyes of the body with those of the mind, I at length succumbed, I fell overwhelmed by the weight of the burden of love. I saw in this woman the commencement of the misfortunes reserved for me by the gods, and which they had predicted; I foresaw in her the person of Destiny, and I understood that she was the mask beneath which the evil Genius, in whose power I then was, lay concealed. Fearing to disgrace my sacred office, in which I had been brought up from infancy, I determined to avoid profaning the temple and sanctuary of the gods. I appointed reason my judge, and, punishing as it deserved the fault which I had committed—not in very deed, in truth, indeed (Heaven forbid!), but in desire—I imposed upon myself the penalty of exile. Unhappy that I was, I left my native land; I yielded to the irresistible power of the Fates, and gave myself up to them to deal with me as they pleased. I also wanted to escape from the accursed Rhodopis; for I was afraid that, still under the influence of my baleful star, I might be dragged into more disgraceful acts. But what, above all, made me decide to flee, was the fact that my skill in divination had several times foretold to me that my sons were destined to draw the sword against each other. I wished to tear my eyes away from so frightful a sight, in the presence of which even the sun would veil himself in a cloud to avoid being a witness of it. I spared the eyes of a father the sight of the murder of his children; I exiled myself from my country, from my father's house, without communicating my design to anyone. I had pretended that I was going to Egyptian Thebes, to see my eldest son, who was staying there on a visit to his grandfather. His name, oh stranger, was Thyamis." Cne-

mon started again, as if the name of Thyamis had struck him; but he restrained himself and kept silence to hear the continuation of the story. Calasiris proceeded: "I pass over in silence the intermediate part of my journey, which has nothing to do with what you want to know.

"Having heard that there was a city in Greece, named Delphi, consecrated to Apollo, and also that it was a sanctuary for all the other gods, and for the wise man a place of retirement[1] far removed from popular disturbances, I directed my course thither; for it appeared to me that no place of refuge could be better suited for a priest than a city entirely devoted to religion and sacrifice. Having crossed the Gulf of Crissa, I landed at Cirrha, and, on disembarking, hastened up to the city. When I drew near to it, a voice, evidently divine, sounded in my ears; the city appeared to me in every respect, but especially from its natural situation, an abode worthy of no ordinary mortals. Parnassus, like a natural fortress, with a citadel which owes nothing to art, rises aloft, and throws out on one side and the other its spurs, which embrace as in its bosom the city lying at its feet." "Your description is most accurate," said Cnemon; "it seems to have been made by one who was really under the influence of the Pythian god; it tallies with that given me by my father, when he was sent as the deputy[2] of the Athenian people to the Amphictyonic assembly." "So then you are an Athenian, my son?" "Yes." "What is your name?" "Cnemon." "What is your history?" "You shall hear it later; meanwhile, continue." "I will. I went up to the city, and, after having admired the race-courses,[3] the market-places, and fountains (especially Castalia, with whose water I sprinkled myself), I hastened my steps towards the temple. The murmurs which announced that it was the hour when the priestess would be under the influence of the god, excited me greatly. Having entered the temple, I flung myself on the ground and uttered a silent prayer, and received the following

[1] Literally, "workshop."

[2] The *Hieromnēmon* was the secretary sent by each of the twelve Amphictyonic states to their council together with the *Pylagoras* (the actual deputy or minister).

[3] Or simply, "public walks."

oracle: 'Thou comest from the district of the fruitful Nile; thou fleest from the threads of the mighty Fates. Take heart; soon I will give thee the plains of Egypt with its dark furrows; meanwhile, be my friend.'

"As soon as I heard these prophetic words, I fell upon my face at the foot of the altar and besought the god to be propitious to me in everything. The whole multitude of the bystanders glorified Apollo for the oracle which he had vouchsafed to me on the occasion of my first visit to the temple; they congratulated me, and treated me with particular respect, saying that I was the only man, with the exception of Lycurgus of Sparta (upon whom the god had bestowed the title of friend. They granted me permission to inhabit the precincts of the temple, at my request, and it was decreed that I should be maintained at the public expense. In short, my situation left nothing to be desired; I took part in the sacred ceremonies; I studied the numerous sacrifices of various kinds performed daily by strangers as well as natives, in honour of the god; I joined in the conversations of the philosophers who flocked in great numbers to the temple of the Pythian Apollo; for the city is really a sanctuary of the Muses, under the inspiration of the God whom the Muses recognise as their head. At the beginning, questions were put to me upon different subjects: one asked me in what manner we worshipped our gods in Egypt; another enquired why certain animals were worshipped in different places, and wanted an account of each; while others, again, put questions to me concerning the construction of the Pyramids and the underground burial-vaults of the kings; in a word, none of the curiosities of Egypt were forgotten, for everything relating to that country has a special charm for the Greeks.

"At length, one of the most learned amongst them asked me about the Nile, its source, the special characteristics by which it is distinguished from other rivers, and why it is that it is the only river that overflows in summer. I told them what I knew on the subject, what I had gathered from the sacred books which the priests alone may read and consult. I told them that it rises in the mountains of Aethiopia, on the furthest confines of Libya, where the east ends and the south begins.

The reason of its overflowing in summer is not, as is sometimes asserted, that its waters are driven back by the Etesian winds, which blow in an opposite direction; but rather, these winds, at the period of the summer solstice, drive the clouds before them from north to south, until they collect beneath the torrid zone, where they are arrested in their course by the excessive heat of these regions; all the vapours previously accumulated gradually condense, are resolved into water, and fall in torrents of rain. The Nile swells, and, disdainfully overflowing its banks, is no longer a river, but a sea, which spreads over Egypt, and fertilises the plains over which it flows. This is the reason why its waters are so pleasant to drink, since they are composed of the rain from heaven, and are soft to the touch; although they are not so hot as they are at its source, they are nevertheless tepid. This explains why the Nile is the only river which exhales no vapours; whereas it would certainly do so, if it were true, as some learned men amongst the Greeks have asserted, that its rise is owing to the melting of the snows.

"While I was giving these explanations, the priest of Apollo, whose name was Charicles, and an intimate friend of mine, said to me: 'What you say is perfectly correct, and I am inclined to share your opinion, according to what I have heard from the priests of the Nile at the cataracts,' 'What!' said I to him, 'have you been there?' 'Yes,' he replied. 'And what necessity drove you thither?' 'A domestic misfortune. which turned out the cause of my happiness.' When I expressed my astonishment, he said: 'You will not be astonished when you hear how it happened; and you shall hear whenever you please.' 'You may speak at once,' I answered; 'I am ready to hear you.' 'Listen, then,' said Charicles, after he had dismissed the crowd; 'for I have long desired to confide to you the story of my adventures, and that from an interested motive.

"'After my marriage I remained for a long time without children. At last, when I was advanced in years, the God who had long been wearied by my supplications, permitted me to become the father of a girl, but at the same time predicted that I should have no reason to rejoice that she

had been born. When she was old enough to be married, I gave her to the one of her numerous suitors whom I thought most worthy of her; but, the very night of her wedding, when she was in bed with her husband, the unhappy woman was burnt either by fire from heaven or by accident. The marriage-song, the strains of which had not yet ceased, was succeeded by lamentations; she passed from the marriage-chamber to the tomb, and the torches which had illuminated the wedding procession lighted up the funeral pile. To this tragic event the gods added a fresh misfortune; my wife succumbed to her grief. Incapable of resisting the misfortunes with which the Deity thus overwhelmed me, I would not, however, lay violent hands upon myself, so as not to disobey the interpreters of the divine law, who teach us that this is forbidden. I left my native land, and fled from the loneliness and desolation of my house. For nothing is better calculated to make us forget our misfortunes than to leave those objects the sight of which reawakens the sorrows of the soul. After having wandered through many countries, I also came to your Egypt and Catadupa,[1] to visit the cataracts of the Nile.

"'Now that I have explained to you the reasons for my journey to Egypt, I must now enter upon a digression, although in reality it is my chief reason for telling my story. I was walking one day in the city, to occupy my time and buy some things which could not be procured in Greece (for time had by this time alleviated my excessive grief, and I was anxious to return to my own country), when I was accosted by a man of grave demeanour, whose look betokened shrewdness; his skin was perfectly black, and he had only just reached man's estate. He saluted me, and made me understand, in spite of the difficulty he found in expressing himself in Greek, that he had something to say to me. I willingly agreed to his request, and went with him into a temple in the neighbourhood. He then said to me: "I have seen you buying Indian, Aethiopian and Egyptian roots and herbs; if you would like to buy some from me, at a fair price, without any cheating, I shall

[1] The name of the district of the Cataracts, as well as of the Cataracts themselves.

be happy to supply you." "Well," said I, "let me see them." "You are sure to be satisfied, but do not be too hard upon me in regard to the price." "Then you must not be too exorbitant in your demands." He then pulled out a small bag from under his arm, and showed me a quantity of precious stones of very great value. There were some diamonds as big as nuts, quite round, cut with most perfect skill, pure and sparkling; emeralds and sapphires, the one as green as the corn in spring, with the brilliant lustre of the olive, the other imitating the tints of the sea when it ruffles its surface slightly under shelter of an overhanging rock, and tinges with purple the objects beneath it. In a word, the stones were of varied brilliancy, and enchanted the eye. When I saw them, I said: "You had better find other purchasers for these; as for me, all that I possess would scarcely be sufficient to pay for one of them." "But, if it is not possible for you to buy them, you can at least receive them as a present." "Certainly; I am perfectly ready to receive them as a present, but I cannot understand why you are jesting with me." "I am not jesting," he replied; "I am in earnest; I swear by the god who presides over this temple that I will give all these stones, if you will agree to accept in addition an even still more valuable present." At these words I began to laugh, and, when he asked me the reason, I replied: "It seems to me absurd that, in order to make me accept these valuable gifts, you should offer me, as an inducement, a present of even greater value." "You may take my word," he said; "only you must swear, on your part, that you will make the best use of this gift, and will follow my instructions." In my astonishment, I hardly knew what to do; but at last I took an oath to him, allured by the hope of such vast wealth. When I had taken the oath, he led me to his house, and showed me a young girl of divine and incomparable beauty. He told me that she was only seven years of age, although she seemed to me old enough to marry, so much did her rare beauty seem to add to her stature. I stood mute with astonishment, unable to understand what it all meant, and enchanted by what I saw.

"'Then my friend addressed me as follows: "This young girl whom you see, O stranger, was exposed in her earliest

infancy; her mother, for reasons which you shall learn later, abandoned her to the mercy of Fortune. I found her and adopted her; for it was not permitted me to abandon without assistance a soul which had once formed part of a human body; this is one of the precepts of us Gymnosophists,[1] whose lessons I have for some time been privileged to hear. Besides, it seemed to me that divine light beamed from the eyes of the child, which were fixed upon me with a keen and, at the same time, winning glance. With her was exposed a necklace of precious stones, which I showed you just now; and, upon a silken fillet, the story of the child was traced, in the language and characters of her country; it was no doubt her mother who, in her anxiety, had deposited with her these tokens whereby she might be recognised. What was written told me who she was and the name of her parents. I took her to a country house at some distance from the city, and gave her to my shepherds to bring up, with strict instructions to tell no one. I myself kept the things which had been exposed with her, for fear they might lead to attempts upon her life. Thus, at the commencement, she lived in concealment; but, in the course of time, as she grew up, and increased in stature and beauty—to such an extent that, even if she had been hidden beneath the earth, her charms could not long have remained concealed—being afraid that the secret of her life might become noised abroad, and that, if any misfortune happened to her, the result would be disastrous for myself, I contrived to secure the appointment of ambassador to the satrap of Egypt. When I came here, I brought the girl with me, in order to make all necessary arrangements for her safety. I shall soon discuss my mission with the satrap, who has given me an audience for to-day. Meanwhile, I intrust this young girl to your care and that of the gods who have thus decided; I place her in your hands on the conditions agreed upon between us; namely, that you will always keep her free as you have received her from my hands, or rather, from the hands of the mother who exposed her; and that you will never marry her to anyone but a free man. I believe

[1] The naked philosophers of India.

that you will faithfully carry out our agreement; I put my faith, not only in your oath, but also in your character, which I have carefully studied during the time that you have been in the city, and which I see is truly that of a Greek.

"'To-day I ought to have limited myself to this rapid outline, for the affairs of my embassy claim my attention; but if you will meet me at the temple of Isis to-morrow, I will give you full and accurate details concerning the young girl."

"'According to his wishes, I took the young girl, closely veiled, to my house. I spent the day in lavishing affection and caresses upon her; I offered thanks to God; already I looked upon her as a daughter, and called her such. The following morning, at daybreak, I hurried eagerly to the temple of Isis, where I had arranged to meet the stranger. I walked about for some time, waiting for him; and at length, seeing nothing of him, I went to the satrap's palace and asked whether anyone had seen the Aethiopian ambassador. They told me that he had left, or rather, had been driven out of the city, the satrap having threatened to put him to death if he had not crossed the frontiers by sunset. When I asked the reason, I was told that his mission had been to forbid the satrap from working the emerald mines, which he claimed as the property of Aethiopia. I went away deeply grieved, as if someone had dealt me a violent blow; I was also greatly disappointed at being thus prevented from learning who the young girl was, and the name of her native country and her parents.'" "Do not feel surprised," said Cnemon; "I myself am greatly vexed at not hearing; but perhaps I shall know later." "You shall," said Calasiris; "in the meantime, I will continue Charicles's story.

"'When I reached my house, the child came out to meet me. She could not talk to me, since she did not know Greek; but she took my hand by way of welcome, and the sight of her cheered my soul. I beheld with astonishment how, like young dogs of good breed which fawn even upon those of whom they have but little knowledge, she had from the very first understood my kindly feelings towards her, and regarded me as her father. I resolved not to stop at Catadupi, for fear some envious spirit might rob me of my second

daughter. I accordingly went down the Nile until I reached the sea, where I found a ship to take me back to my native land. The child is now with me; she is my daughter, she bears my name; she is my only support. She has in every respect surpassed my wishes, when I consider how rapidly she has learnt Greek, and her beauty has reached perfection, like a thriving plant. She so surpasses all other girls in beauty, that she attracts the admiration of all, both Greeks and strangers. Wherever she appears, in the temples, in the walks, in the public places, like a perfectly-finished statue, she draws upon herself the eyes and attention of all. And yet, in spite of all these perfections, she causes me incurable sorrow; she rejects all ideas of marriage, and declares that she will remain a maiden all her life; devoting herself entirely to the service of Diana, she does nothing but hunt and shoot, while my life has become an unbearable burden. I had hoped to marry her to my nephew, an agreeable young man, distinguished by his character and abilities; but her cruel decision has frustrated my desires. Neither attention, nor exhortation, nor argument can persuade her. The most cruel thing of all is, that she turns my own weapons against me. The varied learning with which I have filled her mind is employed by her to prove that the mode of life which she has adopted is the best; she praises virginity to the skies, shows it seated by the side of the immortal gods, calls it pure, free from reproach, and uncorrupted, while she rejects with horror the idea of Love, Venus, and all the pomp and ceremonial of marriage. For this reason I appeal to you for assistance; it is for this reason that I have seized the opportunity chance has given me to tell you this story, which I have been unable to make shorter. Wherefore, good Calasiris, grant me this favour: employ against her all the wisdom and enchantments of Egypt; lead her, by word and deed, to the feelings of her sex; make her understand that she is a woman. This will be easy enough for you, if you will; she is by no means averse to talking with men, she has been brought up in their company from her earliest childhood; she lives very close to you, in the sacred precincts of the temple. Do not refuse my prayer; do not let me drag out a

melancholy old age, without children, without consolation, without heirs; I entreat you by Apollo himself and the gods of your country.' I shed tears at this story, my dear Cnemon; he himself mingled tears with his supplications; I promised to assist him in any way I could.

"We were still deliberating, when a messenger arrived in haste to announce that the chief of the sacred embassy of the Aenianians had been at the door for some time, and was impatiently asking for the priest to begin the religious ceremonies. I asked Charicles who the Aenianians were, what was the nature of their embassy, and what sacrifice they were going to offer. 'The Aenianians,' he replied, 'are the chief people of Thessaly; they are a genuine Hellenic people, since they are the descendants of Hellen, the son of Deucalion. They dwell on the shores of the Malian gulf, and pride themselves on having Hypata for their metropolis; this city is so named, according to them, because it commands the other cities of the province and rules over them, or, as others declare, because it is built at the foot of Mount Oeta. As for the sacrifice and the sacred embassy, the Aenianians despatch one every four years in honour of Neoptolemus, son of Achilles, at the time of the celebration of the Pythian games, which, as you know, are now going on. For it was here, at the foot of the altar of Apollo, that Neoptolemus was treacherously slain by Orestes, son of Agamemnon. The present embassy surpasses all preceding ones in magnificence: for the head of it boasts that he is descended from Achilles. I met him yesterday, and he appeared worthy to be a member of the house of Peleus; his beauty, his lofty stature, clearly show him to be descended from a goddess.'

"I asked with surprise how he, being an Aenianian, could claim to be a descendant of Achilles, since the Egyptian Homer, in his poems, makes Achilles a native of Phthia. Charicles replied: 'In this the young man, in common with the rest of the Aenianians, claims Achilles as his countryman; he declares that Thetis, when she left the Malian gulf, married Peleus, and that the countries washed by this gulf formerly bore the name of Phthia; that others, allured by the reputation of Achilles, have falsely claimed the honour of having given

him birth. He is also descended from Achilles in another way: he reckons amongst his ancestors Mnestheus, the son of Sperchius and Polydora, daughter of Peleus, one of the most famous of Achilles' companions at Troy, who from his close connection with him, was chief of the commanders of the Myrmidons. Lastly, in order to complete his connection with Achilles, whom he claims in a manner as the property of the Aenianians, he appeals, amongst other proofs, to the offering sent to Neoptolemus, an offering which the Thessalians have agreed to leave to the Aenianians, thereby admitting that they are more closely related to him. 'I do not grudge them that,' said I, 'whether the statement be really true, or due to self-glorification; but call in the ambassador; for I am exceedingly anxious to see him.'

"Charicles consented, and the young man came in. There was really something about him that reminded me of Achilles; his proud looks, his head erect, his hair carelessly thrown back over his forehead; his nose revealed an impetuous disposition; his open nostrils freely inhaled the air; his dark blue eyes were at the same time proud and gentle, like the surface of the sea when a storm is succeeded by a calm. He saluted us in the usual way, and we returned his salute. He then told us that the time was come to offer sacrifice to the god, in order that he might afterwards have time to accomplish the expiatory sacrifice in honour of the god and to arrange the funeral procession. 'So be it,' said Charicles, getting up. 'You will see Chariclea to-day,' he added to me, 'if you do not already know her; for, according to custom, she will take part in the procession and the funeral ceremonies in honour of Neoptolemus.' I knew the young girl, my dear Cnemon, and had frequently seen her, both when we were taking part in the same sacrifices, and when she came to put some question to me concerning sacred subjects. However, I made no answer, being eager to see what was going to take place next. We immediately directed our steps towards the temple, where the Thessalians had already made all preparations for the sacrifice. When we had reached the altar, the young man commenced the sacred ceremonies, after the priest had uttered a prayer. Then the Pythian goddess, from her inmost shrine, gave forth this

oracle: 'Sing, O Delphi, of her who begins with grace and ends with glory;[1] sing of the son of a goddess; when they leave my shrine, they shall cleave the waves, and arrive at the countries darkened by the heat of the sun. There they shall receive the noble meed of a virtuous life, a snowy crown on their dusky brows.'

"At this declaration of the God, those who stood by were greatly perplexed, and asked one another what might be the meaning of the oracle; each interpreted the words in his own way and explained them in a manner that accorded with his inclinations. No one, however, saw their true purport; for oracles, like dreams, can only be judged after the event. Besides, the inhabitants of Delphi, struck with admiration, and eager to see the sacred procession, which was on a magnificent scale, did not trouble about exactly understanding the meaning of the oracle.

BOOK III

"When the ceremony was over, and the procession had gone by——" continued Calasiris. "But," interrupted Cnemon, "it is not yet over for me; your narrative has not yet made me a spectator of it: when I am burning with anxiety to hear the whole story, and to be a spectator of the ceremony myself, you pass me by and treat me like one who has come, in the words of the proverb, too late for the feast; as soon as you have opened the theatre, you shut the doors again." "I did not want to weary you with such details, which have nothing to do with our subject; I was in a hurry to reach the principal part of my narrative, about which you asked me at the commencement; but, since you wish to be a passing spectator of the solemnity (just like an Athenian), I will give you a brief description of the pageant, one of the few that has become celebrated, both on its own account and because of the results which followed it.

"At the head of the procession was a hecatomb of victims, led by some of the initiated, men of rustic dress and

---

[1] The name Chariclea is compounded of *charis*, grace, and *kleos*, glory.

appearance. Each of them was clad in a white tunic, tied round the waist. The right arm, bare to the shoulder and the breast, brandished a two-edged axe. The oxen, completely black, walked along majestically; their necks were proudly arched; on their foreheads were horns exactly alike, scarcely bent, some gilded, and others adorned with flowers; their feet were broad and short, their dewlaps deep and hanging down as far as the knees. A hundred in number, they formed a true hecatomb. They were followed by a number of victims of different kinds, each walking separately and in order. They proceeded to the accompaniment of flutes and pipes, playing a mystic strain, that heralded the sacrifice.

"After the animals and their drivers came some young Thessalian girls, with beautiful and deep girdles and flowing hair. They formed two bands; the first carried baskets of flowers and fruits; the second, vessels full of cakes and perfumes which scented the air around. These offerings, being carried on their heads, did not prevent them from using their hands. Arranged in long rows, some straight, the others slanting, holding each other by the hand, they advanced and joined in the dance. The first company gave the keynote of the song; its only duty was to sing the sacred hymn, the subject of which was the praises of Peleus and Thetis, then of their son, and then of Neoptolemus. After them, my dear Cnemon——" "No more 'dear Cnemons'; you are cheating me again of a very great pleasure, in not letting me hear the words of the hymn; it seems that you want to make me a mere spectator of the ceremony, instead of an auditor." "Very well, then," replied Calasiris, "if you so desire it, you shall hear; as far as I remember, the words of the hymn were nearly as follows: 'I sing of Thetis, Thetis with the golden hair, immortal daughter of Nereus of the sea, wedded to Peleus by the will of Jupiter, glory of the seas, our Venus of Paphos. She it was who bore the mighty, the hero of battle, the divine Achilles, whose glory reaches the heavens. The son of Achilles and Pyrrha was Neoptolemus, who destroyed the city of Troy and defended the Greeks. Be thou propitious to us, O hero, son of Achilles, blessed Neoptolemus, who here reposest in the territory sacred to Apollo; receive this sacrifice favourably

and drive away fear from our city. I sing of Thetis, Thetis with the golden hair.'

"Such, my dear Cnemon, if my memory does not deceive me, were the words of the hymn. In the dances there was such grace and regularity, every movement was so happily wedded to the melody of the song, that for a while the spectators forgot to look, being entirely abandoned to the pleasure of listening, and all who were looking on followed the young girls as they passed in front of them, irresistibly carried away by the delightful harmony. But, when a band of youths on horseback appeared behind, with a splendidly-attired commander, the magnificent spectacle soon effaced the pleasure of listening. They were only fifty in all, divided into two bodies of five-and-twenty; in their midst was the chief of the sacred embassy under their protection. Their greaves, plaited with purple leather thongs, were tied above the ankle; their white cloaks, with purple borders round the bottom, were fastened with golden clasps over their breasts. All their horses were Thessalian and recalled in their fiery looks the freedom of their native plains; they champed their bits and covered them with foam, as if scorning a master, but nevertheless obeyed the guiding hand of their riders, in whichever direction they turned them; they were adorned with trappings and frontlets, gorgeously bedecked with silver and gold, so curiously wrought that it seemed as if the youths had vied with one another in their efforts.

"But, in spite of the brilliancy and magnificence of this procession, the eyes of the spectators passed it by in contempt, and fixed themselves upon the commander, my charge Theagenes, who seemed to eclipse all who had hitherto appeared, as a bright lightning flash eclipses the lesser fires of heaven, so brilliant was the show he made. Horseman and foot-soldier at once, heavily armed, he brandished an ashen spear with a point of brass, his beaver up, with face exposed, clad in a cloak of purple, upon which was embroidered in gold the combat between the Lapithae and Centaurs; on the amber buckle that fastened it was represented the image of Pallas, holding before her the Gorgon's head on her shield. A gentle breeze added to his charms; sweetly breathing, it softly played with

the curls upon his neck, parted his hair upon his forehead, and made the borders of his robe float over his charger's back and legs. It seemed, to look at his neck arched like the waves, his head erect, his pricked-up ears, and his fiery, swiftly glancing eyes, as if the animal himself were conscious of his master's beauty, and, proud of his noble form, felt that he carried the noblest rider of all. Proud of the burden which he bore and of the hand which guided him, he moved along freely with reins loosely held, balancing himself alternately on either side, lightly skimming the surface of the ground with the extremity of his hoofs, rocking his rider by a regular and gentle motion. All gazed with admiration upon the sight; the masculine features and beauty of the young man conquered all hearts. The women, unable to disguise their feelings, flung him fruits and flowers, in the hope of obtaining a favour from him; in short, all were agreed that Theagenes was the handsomest man who had ever been seen.

"But, when rosy-fingered morn appeared (to use the words of Homer), when the beautiful and accomplished Chariclea left the temple of Diana, then we saw that even Theagenes might be surpassed, but only in the sense that the most perfect beauty is always less graceful and attractive in men than in women. She rode in a chariot drawn by two perfectly white oxen; a purple cloak, embroidered with gold, enveloped her down to her feet. Round her waist was a girdle, a masterpiece of work, the like of which never had been, and never would be seen. It represented two serpents, the tails of which were intertwined over her back; their necks, brought beneath her bosom, formed by their interlacing a graceful knot, from the midst of which their heads hung down on one side and the other as an appendage; you would have said that the serpents not only appeared to climb, but really did so; so life-like were they. Their aspect was neither frightful nor alarming; they rather seemed to be buried in a languid sleep and lulled by the pleasure of reposing upon the young girl's bosom. They were wrought in dark-coloured gold, which had been artificially blackened, in order to represent, by this mixture of black and gold colour, the roughness and changing appearance of the scales. Such was the maiden's girdle. Her hair was not com-

pletely tressed up, nor quite unconfined; the greater part of it, flowing down her neck, waved luxuriantly over her back and shoulders; tender branches of laurel, intertwined with the locks on her forehead and crown, formed a kind of garland, in which the freshness of the rose mingled with the dazzling reflection of the sun, and prevented her tresses from floating too freely in the breeze. In her left hand she held a bow; a quiver hung over her right shoulder; in her right hand she carried a lighted torch, the brightness of which paled before the brilliancy of her eyes." "It is certainly they, Theagenes and Chariclea," cried Cnemon. "And where are they? Show them to me, in Heaven's name, I implore you," said Calasiris, believing that Cnemon saw them at that moment. "My father," replied Cnemon, "I only thought that I saw them, although in their absence; so faithfully have you described them as I knew them." "I do not know," continued Calasiris, "whether you have seen them such as Greece and the sun beheld them on that day, in all their splendour, amidst universal applause—she the object of all men's, he of all women's desires; for there was no one who would not have considered it immortality to be united to one or the other. But, while the inhabitants more particularly admired the young man, the Thessalians favoured the maiden, each being most struck with the one whom he saw for the first time. For that which is novel strikes the eyes with greater effect than that with which we are familiar. But, what a sweet illusion, what a delightful anticipation! how you made my heart flutter with hope, when I thought that you saw, and intended to show me those beloved children! And now it seems that you have completely deceived me! You assured me, at the commencement of our conversation, that they would be here directly; it was for this that you demanded my story as a reward; already evening and night are come upon us, and they are not here; you are unable to show them to me." "Do not be uneasy," I replied, "be of good cheer, they will certainly come; no doubt something has detained them and prevented them from arriving as soon as we had agreed. Besides, even if I have not yet shown them to you, neither have I received my reward in full; if, then, you are in a hurry to see them, carry out your promise

and finish your story." "I rather shrink from the last part of it," said Calasiris, "both on my own account, by reason of the melancholy recollections which it awakens, and also on yours, because I am afraid of wearying you by my interminable story. But, since you seem a patient listener, and eager to hear stories that are worth telling, I will resume my narrative at the place where I left off. But first let us light a lamp, and offer the evening libations to the gods of night,[1] in order that, having performed this sacred duty, we may continue our narrative with perfect safety through the night."

With these words, the old man gave orders to a servant, who brought a lighted lamp; and he immediately proceeded to pour libations, to invoke the gods, and, before all, Mercury, whom he begged to keep away from him unpleasant dreams, and to let him see, at least in sleep, those whom he so dearly loved. After this, he continued his story as follows: "After the procession had compassed the tomb of Neoptolemus and the young men had thrice ridden round it, the women uttered mournful cries, and the men raised war-like shouts. Immediately, as at a given signal, oxen, rams and goats were slaughtered; it seemed as if they had all been put to death by a single hand. An enormous altar was covered with a heap of fragments of wood, and, after the consecrated portions of the victims had been placed on the top, they begged the priest of Apollo to begin the libations and set light to the fire beneath the altar. Charicles replied that it was really his duty to pour the libations; but that the chief of the sacred embassy ought to light the fire with the torch which the priestess should hand to him, according to custom. With these words, he poured the libation, and Theagenes received the torch from Chariclea. Then, my dear Cnemon, what took place convinced us that there is in our souls something divine, and that they are in a manner allied to some higher nature. For, as soon as they beheld each other, they loved; it seemed as if their souls had recognised that they were akin, as if, conscious that they were related by nobility, they hastened with a bound each towards its affinity.

---

[1] Literally, "take the last cup before going to bed."

"At first they remained dumbfounded and motionless; she, still holding out the torch, and he, extending his hand to take it. For a long time they continued thus, their eyes fixed upon each other, as if, instead of having now met for the first time, they had met before, and were trying to remember where. Then they smiled, gently and almost imperceptibly, which was only betrayed by the movement of their eyes; soon, as if ashamed, they both blushed; and, a moment later, when passion had reached their hearts, they grew pale. In a word, a thousand changes overspread their faces in a moment, a thousand changes of colour and features betrayed the agitation of their soul. All this, as may be imagined, escaped the notice of the multitude, whose thoughts and attention were devoted to other matters. Charicles himself, busy in reciting the customary prayer and invocation, saw nothing of it either; but as for me, my whole attention was devoted to watching the young people; for, after I had heard the oracle that had been given to Theagenes, at the time when he was offering sacrifice in the temple, their names awakened in me some suspicion of what was going to happen, although I could not clearly make out the meaning of that part of the prophecy that related to the future.

"At last, Theagenes tore himself away from the maiden, as if under compulsion, placed the torch beneath the altar, and lighted the pile. The procession broke up; the Thessalians repaired to a banquet, and the rest dispersed to their own houses. Chariclea threw a white robe over her shoulders, and retired with some of her companions to her abode in the precincts of the temple; for she did not live with her supposed father, but apart, in order that she might devote herself entirely to the service of the temple. Filled with curiosity by what I had seen and heard, I purposely went to meet Charicles. 'Well,' said he, 'have you seen Chariclea, my pride and the pride of Delphi?' 'Yes, and not for the first time, I replied; 'I had already frequently met her before in the temple; not merely in passing by, as the phrase goes; she has frequently offered sacrifice with me; she has often questioned me concerning things human and divine, when she came across anything that puzzled her, and I was pleased to assist her.' 'And

what did you think of her to-day? Did she add any ornament to the procession?' 'Hush, Charicles; you might as well ask me whether the moon outshines the stars.' 'But some praise was given to the Thessalian youth.' 'Yes, to him was given the second or third place, but all were agreed that your daughter was the pride and crown of the procession.' Charicles was evidently pleased at my words, and, while I told the truth, I attained my object, which was to inspire him with perfect confidence in me. He smiled and said to me: I am now going to her; if you would like it, do not hesitate to come with me and see whether the crowd and the disturbance have fatigued her.' I gladly consented, giving him to understand that I had nothing more at heart than the wish to oblige him.

"When we reached her room, we found her lying on her couch, in a state of langour and depression, her eyes moist with the tears of love. Her father, having embraced her as usual, asked her what ailed her. She complained of a violent headache, and said that she would like to rest. Then Charicles left the room with me, ordered the servants to keep quiet, and, going out into the front of the house, said: 'What does this mean, my dear Calasiris? What is this langour which has come over my daughter?' 'Do not be surprised,' I replied, 'if, while walking in procession amidst so large a crowd. she has drawn upon her some evil eye.' At these words he smiled ironically: 'And do you also, like the vulgar, believe in the influence of the evil eye?' 'I believe in it implicitly, and the following is my explanation of the matter. The air which surrounds us and penetrates into our bodies through the eyes, nose, respiration, and other passages, reaches us charged with external qualities, and, according to the different nature of these qualities, we are variously affected. After that, it is enough for anyone to look at a beautiful object with an envious eye to communicate pernicious qualities to the surrounding air; his breath spreads, full of bitterness, over his neighbour, and, thanks to its subtilty, penetrates to the bones, even to the very marrow. Thus it is that, frequently, this species of envy which has been called by the name of "fascination," affects the health of those whom it attacks. To convince you of this,

Charicles, I would ask you to remember that we are frequently attacked by ophthalmia or some contagious disease, without having touched persons afflicted by them, without having been near their bed or sat at the same table with them, but simply because we have breathed the same air. Remember again—and there is not a more evident proof—the manner of the birth of love; objects perceived by the sight produce it; they spread around themselves a kind of light mist, and cause the passion, which is to have its abode in the soul, to penetrate through the channel of the eyes. And it is not difficult to see the reason of this: the sight, being the most fiery and mobile of all our senses, is for that very reason most susceptible to the influences around it; and, by reason of its burning spirit, attracts the emanations of love.

"'But, if you wish for an example out of natural history, I will give you one out of the sacred books on animals: the Charadrius[1] possesses the property of curing the jaundice; when anyone afflicted with this complaint looks at it, it turns aside, shuts its eyes, and runs away; not, as is sometimes said, because it is unwilling to bestow its assistance, but because, from the moment that an afflicted person looks upon it, it naturally attracts, as it were, a current of the disease; for this reason it avoids the person's eyes, like a dart. It is the same with the serpent called basilisk;[2] you have no doubt heard that its breath and look alone dry up and infect everything that it touches. Nor must we be astonished if some persons fascinate even their dearest friends, those to whom they wish every happiness; for, being naturally envious, they do not do what they wish, but what their nature compels them to do.'

"After a moment's silence, Charicles rejoined: 'You have solved the question in a reasonable and convincing manner; pray Heaven that the fascination which influences her may be that of love; far from considering that a malady, I should think that she was cured. You know that I have already begged your assistance in this. But ,for the moment, there

---

[1] Supposed to be the "stone-curlew"; so called from dwelling in "clefts" (*charadrai*).

[2] Perhaps the cobra capello.

seems no reason to suspect this; she is the declared enemy of love and marriage. We must therefore believe that her malady is really due to the evil eye. I do not doubt that you will consent to cure her of it; for you are my friend, and your learning is vast.' I promised that I would do all that lay in my power to help her, if I found that there was anything the matter with her.

"We were still discussing the matter, when a messenger arrived in great haste: 'My good friends,' said he, 'one would think you were invited to a fray instead of a feast, you are so slow in coming. Have you forgotten that it is the handsome Theagenes who has prepared it, and that the greatest of heroes, Neoptolemus, presides at it? Come, then; do not make us wait until evening; we are only waiting for you.' Charicles whispered to me: 'This man's invitation is somewhat rude;[1] he shows no signs of the good manners of Bacchus, although he has imbibed pretty freely. But, let us go, for I am afraid that he may in the end proceed to violence.' 'You are joking,' I said; 'however, let us go.' As soon as we had arrived, Theagenes placed Chariclea next to himself, and also treated me with respect for his sake. But why need I weary you with lengthy details of the feast, the dances of maidens, the music, the Pyrrhic dance of the youths in armour, and other entertainments with which Theagenes graced his magnificent banquet, and the exquisite dishes which rendered the repast more agreeable and conduced to conviviality? I will, however, tell you things which it is necessary you should know, and which it will give me pleasure to relate. Theagenes assumed a look of cheerfulness, and forced himself to entertain the company, but I saw in what direction his thoughts were tending. He kept rolling his eyes: from time to time he heaved a deep sigh without any apparent reason; at one time dejected and deep in thought, he suddenly became more cheerful, as if he were conscious of his manner and wished to recover himself; in short, he passed rapidly from one extreme to the other. The mind of a lover, like that of a drunken man, is changeable and inconstant; both seem to be tossed upon the

[1] Literally, "He has brought the invitation of the stick."

waves of passion; wherefore a lover is prone to intoxication, and a drunken man to love.

"At last, when he appeared overcome by languor and ill at ease, all the guests were convinced that he was unwell. Then Charicles, who had observed nothing but his changes of humour, whispered to me: 'Some evil eye has also looked upon him; he seems to me in the same state as Chariclea.' 'The very same, by Isis!' I replied; 'and not without reason; for, next after her, he was the most observed in all the procession.' When the time came for the cup to be handed round, Theagenes, although against his will, drank first to the health of all his guests. When it came to me, I thanked him for the compliment, but said I would not drink; whereupon he darted at me a look of rage, considering himself slighted. Charicles, perceiving this, said: 'This man drinks no wine and does not eat the flesh of any creature that has lived.' When Theagenes enquired the reason of this, he said: 'He is an Egyptian from Memphis, and a priest of Isis.' When Theagenes heard these words, he was suddenly filled with a great joy, and, rising upright, like one who has lighted upon a treasure, he asked for water, and, having pledged me, said: 'O wisest of men, at least take this cup from me; it contains the liquor that you love best, and let this table conclude a league of friendship between us.' 'So be it, noble Theagenes,' I answered; 'I have long been well disposed towards you.' With these words, I took the cup and drank.

"Then the banquet came to an end, and each of us prepared to retire; I also withdrew, after Theagenes had taken a warmer farewell of me than our existing acquaintance justified. When I reached my lodging, I could not sleep; I could think of nothing but Theagenes and Chariclea and the meaning of the last part of the oracle. When it was midnight, I thought I saw Apollo and Diana (if indeed I did not really see them). They handed over to me Theagenes and Chariclea, and, addressing me by name, said: 'It is time for you to return to your native land; such is the decree of Fate. Leave this country; take with you these two young people; treat them as your children, and lead them out of the land of Egypt, where and how the gods shall please.'

"Having thus spoken, they disappeared, leaving me convinced that it was not a vision, but a reality. I did not doubt that what I had seen was a reality, but I did not know to what country or people I was to lead them." "This you will be able to tell me afterwards," said Cnemon; "but how can you assert that the gods really appeared to you in person, and that it was not a dream?" "In the same manner as Homer the sage tells us in a riddle, which has passed unheeded by many. He says somewhere: 'I recognised the traces of his feet and legs, as he departed; the Gods are easily known.'" "I confess," said Cnemon, "that I myself am one of the many; perhaps you have only quoted this passage to convince me; I have never attached any deeper meaning to it than the ordinary one, which I found in it when I heard it for the first time; I did not know what theological principles were contained in it."

After a few moments' silence and reflection, during which he seemed to be meditating upon some holy mystery, Calasiris went on to say: "The gods and spirits come to us and leave us most frequently in human form, rarely in the shape of other animals, that they may be known to our fancy in the likeness of ourselves. Although the profane do not recognise them, they cannot escape the eyes of the wise; they may be easily distinguishd by their fixed eyes and eyelids, which never move, but even more readily by their walk, which does not consist, like ours, in the alternate movement of the feet; they seem to glide and fly rapidly through the air, which they cleave rather than traverse. For this reason, the Egyptian statues of the gods have the feet joined; Homer, being an Egyptian and skilled in sacred lore, also knew this, and expressed it symbolically, leaving it for those to understand him who were able. Thus, of Pallas he says, 'her terrible eyes flashed fire'; of Neptune, 'I recognised the traces of his feet and legs, as he departed,' where the word *hrei* refers to his 'flowing motion,' and does not mean 'easily,' as some have wrongly interpreted it."

"O most divine Calasiris," said Cnemon, "you have initiated me into a holy mystery. But I notice that you have two or three times called Homer an Egyptian, which perhaps no one has ever heard; I do not indeed disbelieve it, but, as your statement greatly surprises me, I beg you will not leave it

unexplained." "Although it is foreign to my subject, I will endeavour to satisfy you in a few words. I am quite willing that other countries should claim the honour of being the birthplace of Homer; the wise man's country is the world; but he was in fact an Egyptian, born at 'hundred-gated Thebes,' as he himself calls it; his father was Mercury, although commonly supposed to be one of the priests of that god. The truth is that, when the wife of this priest, having performed certain purificatory rites, went to sleep in the temple, the god lay with her and begat Homer, who at his birth bore traces of his illegitimate origin. When he came into the world, one of his thighs was covered with long hair. He was called Homer, because he wandered from one country to another, chiefly in Greece, singing his poems. He himself did not mention his own name, nor that of his native place, nor of his family; but those who knew of the mark on his body, gave him this name."[1] "But why, my father, did he say nothing about his native country?" "Perhaps he was ashamed of having been driven from it; for he had been banished by his father, when he presented himself for initiation on arriving at man's estate, because the mark on his body betrayed his bastard origin; or perhaps he in his shrewdness refrained from giving the name, so that, by concealing it, he might claim every city in the world as his birthplace."

"What you say seems probable," said Cnemon. "When I think of his poems, which contain a mixture of the sublimity and charm of Egypt, and are transcendent in style, they would assuredly never have so excelled all others, had they not been built upon a divine foundation." "But, after you had detected the gods according to the indications given by Homer, tell me what you did next." "I remained awake as before, reflecting amid the silence of the night, so favourable to meditation. I rejoiced that I had succeeded beyond my hopes, and at the thought that I should soon return to my country; but I was deeply grieved at the idea that Charicles would be deprived of his daughter. I did not know how I should take the young people away and prepare them for their departure.

---

[1] Apparently deriving it from *ho mēros*, the thigh.

I was at a loss how I was to keep our flight a secret and which way I should direct my course; whether we should travel by land or sea; I was tossed by a storm of anxious thoughts, and could not close my eyes.

"It was hardly daylight, when I heard a knocking at the door of the hall, and the voice of a young man calling. When my servant asked who it was that knocked and what he wanted, he replied: 'Say that it is Theagenes the Thessalian.' I was delighted when I heard that it was the young man, and ordered him to be admitted, thinking that Fortune herself offered me the opportunity of carrying out my plans. I thought that, having learnt during the banquet that I was an Egyptian and a priest, he had come to ask my assistance in his love-affair, being, I imagine, of the same opinion of the majority of mankind, who erroneously believe that all Egyptians are equally learned. There is one kind of knowledge which is vulgar, and, so to speak, crawls upon the ground, the handmaid of idols ever busied with dead bodies, engrossed in the study of herbs and devoted to incantations, as useless to itself as to those who consult it, and in many ways self-contradictory; its successes are mean and sordid, chimeras in place of realities and frustrated hopes; in short, it is the inventor of abominable practices and the minister of infamous pleasures. The other kind, my son, which is truly wisdom, of which the former is the bastard daughter, is practised by us priests and ministers of religion from our earliest days. It lifts its gaze aloft to heavenly things, holds converse with the gods, and participates in the higher nature, investigating the movements of the heavenly bodies, and thence acquiring a knowledge of the future; far removed from all the ills which afflict humanity, it studies to arrange everything with a view to what is good and profitable for mankind. It was this wisdom that exiled me from my country for a time, to avoid, if possible, the evils which it foretold to me and the fratricidal quarrel of my sons. But let the Gods and the Fates decide; the issue rests with them. It was not so much, I believe, in order to spare my eyes this dreadful sight, as to make me discover Chariclea, that they have banished me from my native land, as you will learn from the sequel.

"When Theagenes had entered my room, after mutual salutations, I made him sit down upon my bed, and asked him what pressing business had brought him to me so early. Having passed his hand several times over his face, he replied: 'My happiness is at stake, but I am ashamed to tell you the reason,' and then he was silent. I perceived that it was time for me to act the wizard, and to pretend to divine what I already knew. I looked at him kindly and said: 'Although you are afraid to speak, nothing can be concealed from the Gods and our wisdom.' Then, after a few moments' silence, arranging some little pebbles in my hand, as if counting, although I had nothing to count, I shook my locks, like those possessed by prophetic frenzy, and said: 'My son, you are in love.' At these prophetic words, he started; and, when I added the name of Chariclea, thinking that my knowledge was divinely inspired, he was ready to throw himself at my feet and worship me. When I restrained him, he embraced me several times, and thanked Heaven that he had not been deceived in his hopes, and entreated me to save him, declaring that he could not live without speedy assistance; that the violence of his affliction and the ardour of the passion by which his heart, which had never felt the fire of love, was consumed, required prompt treatment. He swore that he had never known a woman, that he had always spurned them and despised the idea of love and marriage, until Chariclea's beauty had proved to him that he was naturally weak, but that he had never until then beheld a woman worthy of his love. At the same time he shed tears, to show that he had been overcome by a woman against his will. I tried to comfort and console him, saying: 'Do not despair, since you have had recourse to me; she will not be able to prevail against my wisdom. It is true that her morals are austere, and that it may be a hard task to bring her to love, since she hates even the very name of Venus and marriage; but for your sake I will do all I can; art can conquer nature; only do not lose courage, and be ready to obey my commands implicitly.' He promised to follow my instructions, even though I should bid him walk over naked swords.

"While he thus entreated me and promised me his whole

fortune as a reward, a messenger came from Charicles. 'Charicles begs you will go to him,' said he; 'he is here, hard by, in the temple of Apollo, where he is chanting a hymn to appease the god, having been alarmed by a dream. I immediately got up, dismissed Theagenes, and hurried to the temple, where I found Charicles sitting in a chair, overwhelmed with grief, and sighing. I went up to him and asked him why he was so gloomy and sorrowful. He replied: 'How could I be otherwise? I have had a fearful dream; and I have heard that my daughter is ill, and that she has not closed her eyes all night. Her sickness is the more grievous to me, since tomorrow is the day on which the priestess of Diana, in accordance with the laws, ought to present a torch to the armed runners and bestow upon them the prize of victory. Thus, one of two things must happen; either Chariclea will violate established custom by absenting herself, or, if she takes part in the ceremony against her wish, she will aggravate her malady. Wherefore, even if it could not be done before, assist her and apply some remedy; justice, friendship, and the respect due to the gods demand this from you. I know that it is easy for you, as you say yourself, to cure the charm of an evil eye, if you will; nothing is too difficult for the priests of your country to perform.' I confessed that I had been somewhat remiss, in order to mislead him, and asked him to give me a day to prepare some medicine for her. 'For the present,' I said, 'let us go and see your daughter, examine her condition, and comfort her as best we can. At the same time, I wish you would say something about me to the girl, and make her better acquainted with me; so that, becoming more familiar, she may have greater confidence in my power to cure her.' 'Be it so,' he replied; 'let us go.'

"I need not describe the condition in which we found Chariclea. Her affliction had overwhelmed her; the roses had faded from her cheeks, and the fire of her eyes had been quenched by the constant flow of tears. However, when she saw us, she composed herself, and endeavoured to assume her ordinary voice and expression. Charicles, having kissed and fondled her, said: 'O my daughter, will you not tell your father what ails you? Now that an evil eye has fascinated

you, do you keep silence, as if you had done wrong, and had not received an injury from the eyes that have looked upon you so balefully? But, be of good cheer. I have entreated the wise Calasiris to find some means of curing you; he can do so, for he excels all other men in divine knowledge, being a priest, and, what is more, our especial friend. Wherefore you will do well to receive him with confidence; put yourself in his hands, whether he wishes to employ incantations or any other means of healing you. Besides, you are not averse to the society of the learned.' Chariclea made no reply, but nodded her head, in token that she would be glad to listen to my advice. We then left her. Charicles reminded me of my promise that I would do my best to find a way to arouse in Chariclea an inclination to men and marriage. I gave him my word that his wish would soon be satisfied, and sent him on his way rejoicing.

University of St. Francis
GEN 880.8 C616
Miller
The Greek Classics v.7
3 0301 00035102 9